





THE *Ben-Jure*
WORKS
OF

Mr. Thomas Brown,
Serious and Comical,
In PROSE and VERSE.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

*The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected, and much En-
larged from his Originals never before publish'd.*

WITH
A KEY to all his WRITINGS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, and Sold by R. Smith
and G. Strahan at the Royal-Exchange; W. Taylor,
Pater-noster Row; J. Browne without Temple-bar;
J. Hooke against St. Dunstan's Church; J. Graves,
St. James's-Street, and J. Morphew near Stationers-
Hall. 1715.



T H E
W O R K S
O F
M^r. T H O M A S B R O W N ,
Serious, Moral, Comical, and Satyrical,

In Four V O L U M E S .

C O N T A I N I N G

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| <p>Amusements Serious and Comical, calculated for the Meridian of London.</p> <p>Dialogues of the Dead.</p> <p>A Dialogue between two Oxford Scholars.</p> <p>Essays on several Subjects.</p> <p>A Satyr against Women.</p> <p>A Satyr against Marriage.</p> <p>A Satyr on the French King, occasion'd by the Peace at Reswick.</p> <p>Mr. Brown's Petition to the King and Council, when in Prison.</p> <p>A Declamation of <i>Adverbs</i> in Latin.</p> <p>The same in English.</p> <p>Mr. Brown's Table-talk.</p> <p>— his Pocket-book of Common Places.</p> <p>— Walk round Westminster.</p> <p><i>Aeneas Sylvius's</i> Letters.</p> <p>The Dispensary; a Farce.</p> <p>his London and Lacedaemonian Oracle.</p> | <p>Mr. Brown's <i>Laconics</i>; or Maxims of State and Conversation.</p> <p>— his Fables</p> <p>— his Translation of <i>Horace</i>, <i>Martial's</i> Epigrams, with his <i>Poems</i>, <i>Translations</i>, and <i>Miscellanies</i>, in Prose and Verse.</p> <p>Remarks on Marriage and Cuckoldom.</p> <p>Mr. <i>Alfop's</i> State of Conformity.</p> <p>Mr. Brown's Sermon at the Quaker's Meeting in Two Parts.</p> <p>— Collection of Letters, all Originals, address'd to several of his Friends.</p> <p><i>Aristanetus's</i> Epistles, out of the Greek, and Letters out of the best Latin and French Authors.</p> <p>Letters from the DEAD to the LIVING, and from the LIVING to the DEAD, in Three Parts.</p> |
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To which is prefix'd,
A Character of Mr. BROWN and his Writings,
By JAMES DRAKE, M. D.

The Fourth Edition, Corrected; with large Additions, and a SUPPLEMENT.

London: Printed for Samuel Briscoe. 1715.

THE WORKS OF M. THOMAS BROWN

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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Character of M. Thomas and his Works
 BY JAMES DRAKE, M.D.
 Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.
 SUPPLEMENT.

London: Printed for Samuel Baskin, 1791.



TO HIS GRACE,

JAMES,

DUKE of ORMOND, &c.

MY LORD,

BEING desir'd to submit the
WORKS of the late Inge-
nious Mr. Brown to the
Protection of some Great Man,
I knew not where to address
my self so properly as to Your LORDSHIP,
A 2 whose

The Epistle Dedicatory.

whose Courage, good Sense, and Breeding have equally endear'd You to both English and Irish, and made those Nations (impatient of Servitude, and even sometimes of a Just Obedience to their Princes) the Sincerest Slaves to Your LORDSHIP'S Affability and Goodness.

THO' the Greatness of Your LORDSHIP'S Actions, Your Valour and Success abroad, the memorable Stories of Landen and Vigo, afford a Subject for a sublimer Genius than that of the Author I present you with; yet it must be acknowledg'd, that the Illustrious Roman, who, like Your Grace, protected Learning and the Muses, bestow'd his Smiles on the engaging Wit of Horace, as well as on the bolder Labours of Virgil: The last of these was able to transmit to Future Ages such a Hero as an Offory, or an Ormond; yet, perchance, the Richness of Fancy, the Genteel Way of Writing, and Surprising Thoughts of Mr. Brown, may divert Your LORDSHIP, and entertain Your Grace's Hours, when unbent from your Country's Service.

Mr. BROWN was a perfect Original in his way of Writing, and less a Plagiary than

The Epistle Dedicatory.

than any of our Modern Authors: His Works introduc'd themselves into the Favour and Applause of a malicious Age, in spite of all Opposition; and tho' the Unhappy Humour of the Times branch'd into different Parties and Factions, yet all Men of Sense and Learning admir'd the Comic Stile of Mr. Brown, in which no Man yet has equal'd him: And even the Parties and Perswasions that felt his Satyr, acknowledg'd his Reflections judicious, his Expressions smart, and his Idea's of Things alike pleasing and beautiful.

HIS Wit, in the last Reign, brought him once under the Displeasure of the Government, but his Parts rescu'd him from its Resentment: And indeed, my LORD, that Person must have been of a very agreeable Sense, that could soften and unbend the Temper of King William.

THO' Mr. Brown may be suppos'd to have taken some part of his Design from Lucian, and imitated that witty Grecian in his Dialogues of the Dead, yet certainly the many and beautiful Embellishments in all his Works (which laugh'd at the Follies of Mankind, and crush'd the Vices of the Times) were perfectly his own; and the Age we
live

The Epistle Dedicatory.

live in is as much oblig'd to the first for his Improvement, as the last for his Invention.

THE prefixing any Name but that of Your LORDSHIP'S to these Volumes, would be Injustice to the Memory of the Dead; for, the first remarkable Essay of Mr. Brown, in Poetry, was an ODE, Congratulating the Recovery of His Grace your Grandfather, from a Dangerous Fit of Sickness; and these his last Remains were intended as an humble Offering to Your Grace's Protection.

PERMIT then, My LORD, your Smiles to the Labours of a Poet, who is not qualified to beg so Great a Favour for himself, but who, so far as the Dead are capable, will resent the Honour you shall do him; as will, in a most particular manner, he who is

Your GRACE'S

Humble and most Devoted

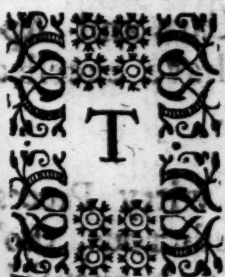
Servant.

A
CHARACTER

OF
Mr. THO. BROWN,

And his WRITINGS.

Written by **JAMES DRAKE,**
M. D. Fellow of the College
of PHYSICIANS and ROYAL-
SOCIETY.

 **HE** unfair and injurious Li-
berties that have been taken
with Mr. BROWN, since his
Death, render it necessary,
by a just *Character*, to re-
move that Load of Dirt and
Ribaldry, which have been thrown upon
his

Dr. DRAKE'S Character

his Ashes; and to vindicate his Wit and Learning from the rude Insults of those that have neither. *Oxford* was an early Witness of his extraordinary Genius, which he signaliz'd at *Christ-Church*, whilst yet very Young, by divers Odes, and Copies of excellent *Latin* Verses, and other extraordinary Exercises, many of which are extant in some of the Printed Exercises of that *University*, under other Names; a Practice very frequent there, for the Youth of better Quality with their Productions, and especially necessary to Mr. BROWN, whose Fortune obliged him to prefer Money (which he only wanted) to Reputation, of which he had enough. There's but one (as I remember) preserv'd with his own Name to it, which is Printed in the First Volume of the *Musæ Oxonienses*, under the Title of *Soteria Ormondiana*; which tho' written while he was very Young, is equal to any Modern Ode whatsoever. This may suffice to give the Learned Reader a Taste of the Delicacy of his *Latin* Poetry, which would his Fortune have allow'd him to have cultivated with due Care and Application, he might perhaps have excelled any Modern whomsoever in it.

By this Talent, and some witty Pieces in *English*, which because ludicrous, tho' ingenious, and such as are not only excused, but

of Mr. THO. BROWN.

but admir'd in Youth, he took no Care to preserve, he became Famous in the University. But the Disadvantages of a narrow Fortune, and an Education in a private Country School, which entituled him to no Academical Preferment, would not suffer him to continue very long there, where the Expence was like to be too great for him, and the Prospect of Preferment too little. From thence he came to Town, without any other Recommendation than a stock of Wit and Learning sufficient to have advanc'd him to a much better Fortune than he ever lived to see. His Wit soon procur'd him a numerous Acquaintance here, who being greater Admirers, and more competent Judges of that, than of his Learning, made him more Ostentatious of it, and perhaps think it the surer Recommendation. His Conversation was always pleasant and entertaining, seldom serious, but like his Humour, which was negligent and cheerful, fitter for Company than Business, which made it very much coveted by those who knew no other Use of Time, than to pass it away agreeably. By these he was much esteem'd and cherish'd; and as they were the most fond of him, so they were the most agreeable to his Temper, which was naturally averse to Business and severe Thinking; for it's probable, if his Fortune had been easier, the World had seen

Dr. DRAKE'S Character

less of his Writing. But these merry Companions that robb'd him of his Time, were not the Men that could provide for his Subsistence: A Jest and a merry Tale, tho' they might sometimes pay for his Wine, would not find Cloaths and Lodging: For those he was forced to have Recourse to his Pen, Wit and Learning being the only Revenue he had to subsist upon. The first Piece which made him known to the Town, was an Account of the Conversion of Mr. Bayes, in a Dialogue, which met with a Reception suitable to the Wit, Spirit, and Learning of it.

BUT this, tho' it brought him abundance of Reputation, did not add much to his Substance; for tho' it made his Company exceedingly coveted, and might have recommended him to the Great, as well as to the Ingenious, yet he was of an Humour not to chuse his Acquaintance by his Interest, and slighted such an Opportunity then, as others, by improving Wisely, have risen to great Dignities and Preferment by.

THE Stile of his Dialogue was like that of his ordinary Conversation, lively and facetious, and the Matter full of sound Argument and fine Learning, but managed according to his natural Temper, with a
great

of Mr. THO. BROWN.

great deal of Humour, and in a Burlesque way, which make both the Reasoning and the Reading, which are abundantly shown in 'em, extremely surprizing and agreeable. The same Manner and Humour runs thro' all his Writings, whether Dialogues, Letters, or Poems; of all which kinds of Writings, he has left behind him not a few. The only considerable Objection which the Criticks have made to his Writings, is, That some of 'em have thought they wanted Delicacy, not considering, that Delicacy is not the Character of Humour, and perhaps scarce consistent with it. But in answer to this, it may be affirm'd, that there is as much Delicacy in his Writings as the Nature of humorous Satyr, which is the chief Beauty of his Works, will admit; which requiring *strong* Ideas, will sometimes unavoidably have 'em *hard* too. But that Delicacy which they so much require, by too much softening the Colours, weakens the Drawing. Others have complain'd, That his Writings are unequal, a Fault that no Man that hath writ much, ever avoided, not *Homer*, *Horace*, or *Virgil* themselves excepted. That this was not his Fault, beyond the unavoidable Condition of Humanity, is apparent from the Equality of his Dialogues, of which the Second and Third Part of Mr. *Bayes's* Conversion are not inferior to the First; nor were they worse receiv'd

Dr. DRAKE'S Character

receiv'd in the World; a Fate which has befallen few Second and Third Parts. The same may be said of his other Dialogues, in which kind of Writing no *English-Man* has hitherto excell'd him, perhaps few will hereafter equal. His Letters, tho' written loosely, and in a careless way to private Friends, bear the true Stamp and Image of their Author, and the same Humour and Spirit runs through 'em. The variety of his Learning may be seen in the *Lacedaemonian Mercury*, where abundance of Critical Questions of great Nicety are answer'd with a great deal of Solidity and Judgment, as well as Wit and Humour. But that Design exposing him too much for his Humour to the Scruples of the Grave, and to the Curiosity of the Impertinent, he continued it not long.

BUT perhaps one, and that the main Reason, why Mr. BROWN has been charged with Inequality in his *Writings*, is, that most of the Anonymous Things that took with the Town were father'd upon him.

THIS, tho' an Injury in reality to him, is a plain Demonstration of the Universality of his Reputation, when whatever pleas'd from an unknown Hand was ascrib'd to him: And thus he came to be the reputed
Author

of Mr. THO. BROWN.

Author of many Things very unworthy of him. In *Poetry*, he was not the Author of any long Piece; of which if any be found less correct than might be expected from a Man of his Judgment and Learning, it must be imputed to his being unambitious of a Reputation in that kind: however, that Negligence is abundantly recompenc'd by the Richness of his *Fancy*. His *Poems* are most of 'em Imitations of *Antiquity*, and so call'd by him, but generally so improv'd under his Hands, they may justly be esteem'd Originals. They were generally *Odes*, *Satyrs*, or *Epigrams*; and tho' most of 'em be admirable, and some almost inimitable, yet, perhaps, they are not much out in their Judgment, who think his *Poetry* not the best part of his *Works*.

OF his Translations in *Prose*, &c. much need not be said; they were many, and of various kinds; but, in general, thus much; That he was just to his Authors, and understood *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French* excellently well, which were the Languages out of which he translated; nor was he ignorant of the *Italian* and *Spanish*. His *English* was pure, his *Stile* strong and clear, and if he was not so nice in the Choice of his *Authors* as might be expected from a Man of his Taste, he must be excus'd; because doing those Things for his Subsistence, he did not

Dr. DRAKE'S Character

not consult his *Own* Liking so much as his *Booksellers*, taking such as they offer'd the best Price for. Nor can he be blamed for this, since Fortune having provided no other way for him to live by, Prudence directed him to prefer the Drudgery of *most Gain*, before a more spacious one of *Applause*, and taught him not to barter his *Ease* and *Profit* for the Reputation of being *Nice*.

To sum up all, if he can't be call'd one of our *best Poets*, he was undeniably one of our *greatest Genius's*; and tho' some may have excell'd him in some Particulars, scarce any one has reach'd him in all. 'Twas his Misfortune to appear on the Stage of the World when Fears and Jealousies had sour'd the Peoples Blood, and Politicks and Rôle-micks had almost driven Mirth and Good Humour out of the Nation: so that the careless gay Humour, and negligent cheerful Wit, which in former Days of Tranquillity would have made him the Delight of Princes, was in a quarrellsome contentious Time lost upon a parcel of Thoughtless Men, whom either want of Interest or Ambition render'd incapable of serving themselves or others.

THESE, because they did not like some Things that were at that time done; or because they did not care a farthing what

was

of Mr. THO. BROWN.

was done, possess themselves first of Mr. BROWN, as a Man whose Conversation was the best of their Entertainment: And he, on the other hand, who aim'd at nothing more than living pleasantly, indulg'd his own Humour amongst 'em; and living at his Ease, without Care, sought no farther. Thus, tho' in his first Dialogue he Was so happy, both in the Choice of his Subject, and in the Execution, as to be read and known by Name to the Ingenious of all Ranks and Conditions, yet he was so regardless of his own Interest, as scarce to make himself known by Face to any body about the Court, where his Work was at that time in the highest Esteem. But this Careless Humour, which lost him that Opportunity, follow'd him thro' the whole course of his Life, and submitted him to some undeserv'd Ill Usage and Insults, giving Courage to petty Scriblers, who env'y'd his Merit, to arraign him upon his Fortune, who yet were never so proud as when their Trifles were taken for his; and took a Pride in attacking him, tho' by it they acquir'd only the Reputation of having neither Sense nor Manners.

SOME Things have been publish'd on him since his Death, with as little Truth in Fact as Wit in the Performance; the
Authors

Dr. DRAKE's Character, &c.

*Authors of which have shewn but one Sign
of Sense, which is, in suppressing their
Names.*

Tho. Brown's EPITAPH,

By Dr. DRAKE.

Juxtà depositæ sunt Reliquiæ
THOMÆ BROWN,
Poëtæ inter celeberrimos non postremi,
Quorum plerisq; Ingenio cum non cederet,
Variâ Eruditione longè præstitit.
Viventi Natura multum indulgit,
Fortuna parum. (tus est,
Livore & Injuriis Malevolorum, quos Vivens exper-
Ipsa nec Mors eripuit.
Luxuriantis reus Ingenii;
Scurrarum Juridico pœnas dedit,
Non quod meritò, sed quod impunè.
Dialogorum Conditor mirus (fertor.
Lepidissimos complures reliquit Salibus, facetiisq; re-
Quin & Poëmatia & Epistolas; (leant.
Leviuscula quidem, sed quæ indolem Authoris redo-
Pari Musarum Indulgentiâ,
Tam Latiis, quàm Britannis familiaris:
Hunc fructum retulit unicum
Cultor Sororum egregius;
Quod ab earum fautoribus honestè repositus
Inter Concelebres requiescat.
Agro Staffordiensi oriundus, obiit, &c.
Abi Lector, Ingenio assequere, Fortunà anteverte.

C.
Sign
their

Tho. Brown's EPI T A P H,

English'd by Dr. BROWNE.

H,

Near this Place lyes the Remains
OF THOMAS BROWN,

(lebrated ;
A Poet not of the least esteem, among the most ce-
Mahy of whom, as he was not inferior in Wit,
So he excell'd in Learning.

To whom, when living, Nature was very liberal,
Fortune very sparing.

Death itself cou'd not preserve him from Envy,
And the Injuries of malicious Men,
Whom in his Life-time he fully experienced.

He had a luxuriant Wit,
And gave the ill-natured World its due ;
Not as it deserved, but without Punishment.

Being an excellent Master of Dialogue,
He left many witty Ones, (ry ;
As well as Poems and Letters very Jocosé and Mer- (show

Which indeed, though they are wanton, yet they
The Author's Genius.

By the like Indulgence of the Muses,
The *Latin Tongue* was as familiar to him as his own.

As he was a great Improver of Poetry,
He reap'd this Advantage only by it,
That being carefully Buried by the Patrons thereof,
(and Learning.

He Rests among the most Eminent, for Wit

Go Reader, pursue Wit, and despise Fortune.

THE



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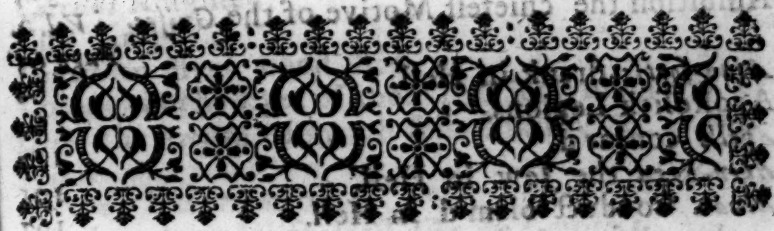
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THE



THE
WORKS
OF
M^r. THOMAS BROWN,
In PROSE and VERSE.

VOLUME I.

A Dialogue between Two Oxford Scholars.

A.



ELL! I see thou art resolv'd to leave us. I will not say, Go and be hang'd ; but, Go turn Country-Parson.

B. That's almost as bad, as the World goes now : But thanks to my Stars, I know a better Trick

than that.

A. It may be thou art fallen out with all Mankind, and intendest to turn Quack, or, as they call it in the Country, Doctor.

VOL. I.

B

B. No

B. No such Matter, the *French* can kill Men fast enough; and for the Women, thou knowest my Kindness —.

A. But some of them have lived too long; and there are others so miserable, that even Compassion will incline thee to help them out of the World. I can assure thee 'tis a profitable Calling; for whether thou dost kill or cure, thy Fees will be put into thy Hand, and Ladies Bed-Chambers, thou know'st, are comfortable Places.

B. Yes, when they are found. But prithee speak no more of it, for I am resolv'd against it

A. What then, art thou resolv'd for the Law? methinks thou should'st have too much University Learning, and too much Wit for that Profession.

B. And too much Honesty —. But I'll spare thee the pains of guessing, and tell thee in short what my Condition is, and what I design. My Portion is all spent, save Fifty Pound; and with that I am resolv'd for *London*, or some other wealthy Place, where Conventicles abound; and, as a Man of a Tender Conscience, and infinitely dissatisfy'd with several Things in the Church of *England*, I will endeavour by some Means or other to force myself into an Acquaintance with some of their Leading Men, and more especially with some of the most zealous and powerful Women among them: And this Point once gain'd, I doubt not, but before my Stock is half spent, I shall receive a Call to be a Pastor or Holder-forth in some Congregation or other —. Why do'st smile?

A. At my Friend's Design. And I cannot but admire how it came into thy Head. Thy Ability to manage such a Design, I know very well, but how thou wilt dispence with the Knavery of it; I am yet to learn.

B. That's a small Matter. As the World goes, one must practice a little Knavery, or resolve to leave the World. Dost not know that Religious Cheats are Licens'd by a Law? And shall I live and die without taking Advantage of it? Believe me, Friend, Nature

has fitted me pretty well to be one of the Godly Mountebanks, and a little Art, together with a few Months Conversation with that Sort of People, will supply all Natures Defects. Cannot I put on, when I please, a grave and serious Countenance; and with Head depending on one Shoulder a little more than on the other, sigh for the Iniquities of the Times, and the Corruptions of the Church? Cannot I wipe mine Eyes with the fair Pocket-cloth, as if I wept for all your Abominations? Cannot I groan in Spirit, as if ready to burst with Grief and Compassion? And cannot I likewise, when Time serves, and Company is dispos'd to be kindly affected with it, smile and fleer as takingly? And what hurt is there in this? Sure I may use my own Fee as I please, *Et si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*

A. But where's your Conscience all this while?

B. Why, 'tis to be pretended for all this, and several things more. ——— And the Pretence of Conscience is a good Legal Warrant against all Opposers. In short, Sir, I must live, and my Conscience tells me so, and must help me to live; it is my own, and neither you nor any other Mortal has any thing to do with my Conscience.

A. A pure Rogue! But what if my Conscience force me to discover the Roguery, when thou art too far engag'd in it to make a fair Retreat?

B. Behold the Blindness of Mankind! the Folly of Humane Learning! How much better is one Dram of Grace, than all the vain Philosophy of the World? Let me tell thee, my Friend, and I do it from the very bottom of my Bowels, That it is a very dangerous Thing to suffer Conscience to command thee: Thou hadst better command it — Verily, Beloved, it is better to command it: 'Tis good, 'tis good, I say, to bring it under the Yoke. Believe——Alas, that you will be so hard of Belief! You break my Heart, indeed you do, by your Impersuadableness.—

A. Go, go, thou Canting Rascal, to the Conventicle, and there be a Reproach to thy Mother, and to all Old Acquaintance.

B. And go thou to some pitiful Country Vicaridge; or, if thy Stars favour thee, get the biggest Parsonage in thy County: and I'll wager my Head against thee, I'll get more Money in one Year, in a small Congregation of the Saints, than thou wilt do in three.—

A. But a little gotten in an honest Way, and with an upright Heart, will be sweeter than all thy Gains.

B. I intend not to dispute with thee about Honesty. It was much commended, and but little practis'd, when the World was better than it is now. But I'll undertake to convince thee, that the Conventicling Way is the only Thriving Way, and the best Way for me to take at this Time.

A. Do so then, I'll hear thee with a great deal of Patience, though I know there is nothing but Hypocrisy at the Bottom.—

B. First then: If I have a desire to take Orders in your Way, I must to a Bishop; and before the good Man, with two or three of his Presbyters, will lay Hands upon me, I must undergo an Examination in several Points of Divinity, as they please. This must needs go much against me, because I am well aware that I am but a small Divine.

A. Very right.

B. Then, supposing I am so fortunate as to pass Muster, I cannot be Ordained before I have subscribed and taken some Oaths. Neither of which will pass very well, if I am ever so little Popishly inclin'd, or Socinianis'd, or have entertain'd any odd Crochets in any Point of Religion. (and 'tis but seldom that great Wits are without some) or if I know myself to be of a proud and pragmatistical Temper, not very apt to own any Superiors, and consequently not very able to withstand the Temptations I am like to meet withal to Faction, Sedition and Rebellion.

A. Right still.

B. But supposing me to swallow all this, and to be Ordain'd. Before I go to exercise my Office, the Bishop's Secretary or Register will present me with some Parchments and Wax, and these I must take for

Two OXFORD SCHOLARS. 5

my Credentials ; for which I must present him with some Crowns, which from a poor Man that knows the worth of Money, will go like so many Ounces of his best Blood. Is not this, think you, a very fine and hopeful Beginning ? And can a Man hope to thrive that takes not better Steps at first setting out ? But now all this I clearly escape in my design'd Way. I have no need of any outward Call, one from within will do my Business ; and a pack of Phrases, without much Divinity, together with a demure Look, and some other remarkable Signs of Grace, either in my Face, or in the Fashion of my Cloaths, will do as much as all the Parchment and Wax in the World. By Vertue of which I can hold-forth the Gospel boldly, and bray out a Nonsensical Sermon, without fear of any Spiritual-Court ; and scratch and tickle the Ears, the itching Ears of my godly Hearers, till they cry out, O precious Man ! How sweet and gracious are his Lips ! O happy People, upon whom the Honey of the Gospel does drop so sweetly so abundantly ! O that we were sensible of our Happiness ! O that we had but enlarg'd Mouths to receive it ! ——— And besides this, I am at Liberty (O precious Liberty, who would part with it for a Kingdom !) to find Fault with any thing my Superiors do. I can compare your Bishops to *Baal's* Priests, and your Civil Governours to those that lick up the Spittle of the *Whore of Babylon* : I can bewail their Blindness with all the Signs of Grief and Compassion, and with all the Spight I am capable of entertaining, inveigh against their Malice to the Truth—— And the more I spend my self this Way, the more enlarg'd towards me will the Hearts of my good People be, and the more open their Purses. ———

A. A subtle Rogue !

B. But then, in the second Place, in your Way, when I have done what I have said before, I cannot exercise the Office, which cost me so dear, to any Purpose or Profit, without some Curacy, Vicaridge or Parsonage ; and after either of these, I may hunt

till my Pocket is as empty as 'twas when it came from the Taylor. I may possibly meet in a short Time with some rich Impropiator, who receives two or three Hundred Pounds a Year in Tythes, who may, out of his Christian Charity, or Generous Liberality, vouchsafe to promise me Ten Pounds a Year, beside a *Sunday* Pudding, for which I must wear out mine Eyes and Lungs, and humour the imperious Gentleman as much as his Groom or Butler. Or the like Fortune may befall me under a goodly Pluralist, who will not favour me much more, though he may condescend to call me Brother. But to put the best Case, in short, we will suppose a Vicaridge or Parsonage to become vacant, of an Hundred Pound Value in common Estimation, and the poor painful Priest standing fair in the Opinion of the Neighbourhood, is recommended to it; it is ten to one but there is an *Abigail* in the Patron's House, that must be married, or there is a Steward that has look'd after his Worship's Business at very small Wages for several Years, and he must be gratified; or (as it often happens) the Gentleman's Hounds and Whores have weaken'd his Estate, and he must be dealt withal in the Way of Bargain and Sale; or if he be in a better Condition, it may be he has a Fancy to some of the Churches Revenue, and thinks no Money so sweet as that which comes from the Clergy. And which of these soever it is, poor *Pil Garlick* is but in sorry Circumstances. If there be nothing but Matrimony in the Case, 'tis two to one but that he is undone. If there be not any thing of that, but all must be done by hard Silver or Gold, or something Equivalent, as a Lease of Tithes, or the like — I am certainly ruin'd; the Oath of *Symony* will be a continual Scourge to me, and I may wear away my unhappy Life before I shall recover the Money I have paid, or engag'd to pay. —

A. This is not to be deny'd.

B. But suppose my good Fortune brings me a Presentation to a Benefice in the most honourable Way; I must

Two OXFORD SCHOLARS. 7

I must first go with my Presentation to the Bishop, and if my Patron's Title and my own Testimonials be accepted of, I must again subscribe and swear. And from him I am sent to an Arch-Deacon or Rural Dean for Induction, with Wax and Parchment to the value of five or six Pounds; and this Charge, with that of Journeying, will render the little Clergy-man as poor as *Job*. And when he comes to the long wish'd-for Place, 'tis Five to One he finds an old rotten House, ready to fall upon his Head, and the little Ground about it laid Waste, (for Vacancies are generally Benefices for poor Knaves) and a poor disconsolate Widow, with several Children about her, ready to die at the sight of him, and all her Relations and Friends come flocking about him, to desire him to compassionate her Condition, and to allow her one Years Profit at least. This is the Joy that poor Booby must expect to meet with, when he knows very well he has need of Peoples Charity himself.

- A. This may be too true.

B. But then, when I have got over all these Rubs, and begin to shew myself in my Parish, and expect that something of Money should come in unto me to defray my former Charges, the Church-Wardens tell me, that they have a Sequestration upon my Living, and the Profits are at their Disposal till I have taken it off; and withal, that a considerable Sum of Money has been disburs'd by them, for the Service of the Cure, during the Vacancy, which must be repaid them. Which sad News puts me upon another Journey, and costs me a Pound, or a Mark at least. And when this is done, I find my Living is in the King's Books, and the First-Fruits must be compounded for, and paid, which will make me much worse than nothing, (as they say) and I must live upon the Credit I have gotten by my Title to the Benefice. — But now, my Friend, in my intended Way, there is nothing of all this. If a Church will not call me, I can call a Church, and without a

Penny Charge, receive the Profits thereof, being King, Bishop, Arch-Deacon, and every thing myself. I shall be wholly on the gaining Side, and not one Person the better for my Preferment.

A. very good.

B. Let me then suppose myself to be settl'd in my Vicaridge or Parsonage, I shall quickly feel my Goings-out. Besides Tenths to be yearly paid to the King, and the Charges of Visitations by way of Procurations, Synodals, and I know not what more, the Charge of attending upon my Superiors when they are pleas'd to command me; the Charge of entertaining Officers, and I know not how many Sorts of Men coming to me upon Publick Business; I shall find a Charge to lie heavy upon me from my own Parish: Hospitality must be kept, and none of my Parishioners must go from me with dry Lips, or empty Bellies. I must contribute equally with all of them, to the Maintenance of the Militia, the Poor, and I know what besides, and upon some Occasion or other some of them will be spunging on me every Day.——What this may cost me every Year, let my Friend compute it if he pleases. I proceed to another Charge, which poor Country Parsons do at this Time find more heavy than all. No Act of Parliament passes for Money for the King, but the Clergy are included in it. And tho' they have no Representatives, or Votes by Representatives in Parliament, (except you will say a Knight or two in a County, are entrusted to Vote for them) and have not the least Power, either as Commissioners or Assessors in Levying of Taxes, which puts them in a worse Condition than the meanest Freeholder that can expend Forty Shillings a Year, and lays them open to the Malice and Spite of every Atheistical or Factious Knave in the Neighbourhood; they must pay equally with their Neighbours, whose Estates have no such Burthens upon them, and are Estates of Inheritance: Equally did I say? I may say double to what they pay; for I am sure, upon good
and

and certain grounds, that considering the Charges they are at in the ways before mention'd and that the far greatest part of what they can claim as due to them by Law, must come from a Multitude of People, some of whom are Poor and cannot pay, and others Knavish and will not pay, except they be compell'd by Law, which, as the Case stands with the Clergy, is a Remedy worse than the Disease; that the Country-man that has but Forty Pounds a Year is in a far better condition than the Parson that has Fourscore, tho' he has that Forty Pounds a Year but for his Life, as the Parson has his Fourscore.

A. I can readily believe all this; for 'tis but three days since I heard an honest Country Parson say, That his Charge was so great upon the Accounts mention'd, that he did not know how to maintain himself and his Family in any tolerable sort, tho' his Living was commonly reputed worth Sixscore Pound a Year. And he told me and others very seriously, That by the late Assessments which were made and deliver'd into the Commissioners upon Oath, he had paid, and was to pay for Threscore Pound a Year, as much as some of his Neighbours did for Sixscore Pound of good Land of Inheritance. And, which is more, he told us that a profest Papist in his Neighbourhood, who by the late Act of Three Shillings in the Pound was to pay double for his Estate, was not charg'd with so much as himself for the same value in Tithes and a small Glebe. But nothing troubl'd him so much as that, after all this, he and his poor Brethren, who would gladly part with their Benefices, if it could be done lawfully, for less Money than three Pound, should be made Gentlemen, and forc'd to pay Twenty Shillings a piece as such, tho' some of them hardly know how to get Bread to eat.

B. Very well on my side. A wonderful Encouragement indeed 'tis for a Man to turn Country Parson! May I rather be a Hog-herd. But there is this of comfort in it, for those that look that way, that this may occasion a great fall in the price of Pre-

sentations. But let so much suffice for that, and let me proceed to something farther, *viz.* That as I shall be quickly sensible of the Charge I must be at in my new Parsonage, so when I come to demand my Dues for defraying of that Charge, and the maintenance of my Family, I shall find it a hard matter to get them. If I be minded to Farm out my Tythes, my Parishioners will bid me half the-worth of them. If I will take them in Kind, they will cheat me of little less than the half. And that which will vex me most of all, I must not dare to tell them of their Injustice; for if I do, I shall certainly have their ill-will, and as many mischievous Tricks plaid me as they can possible. And should I lay aside all Care for their Souls, to watch their subtle Practises, and do no more for them than any Lay Impropiator does where he is concern'd, they would be too hard for me in many things, so full of Cunning and Knavery are Clouted Shoes—

A. Well, let them pass; for I can easily think of many things relating to them and their Cheats, which need not take up our Time. I desire to have a short Account of the Advantage thou dream'st of in thy intended way.

B. Dream, do you say? You shall hear and confess, that I think and speak nothing but Demonstration. Suppose me then in a Congregation as their Pastor, Teacher, Holderforth, call it what you please, you must know, that they will be a select number of People (not like your Churches, a Herd made up of a few Sheep and a Multitude of Goats) most of them of the sweet Female Sex (whose kindness towards their Spiritual Pastors or Teachers is never less than their Zeal for what they teach them) scatter'd up and down, here and there in several of your Parishes. And for the better Edification of these precious Souls, it will be in my power to chuse the place of my Residence or Abroad: And if I do not chuse a convenient place 'tis my own Fault. Instead of an old rotten Parsonage or Vicaridge House, I promise
my

Two OXFORD SCHOLARS. II

my self Forty, Fifty, or Threescore good Houses, where I shall be entertain'd with such fulness of Delight, yea and Empire too (not like your pitiful Curates or Chaplains that must sneak to the Groom and Butler) that even the Gentlemen that pretend to make Gods of their Landlords will be apt to envy me. And if I resolve to enter into the Matrimonial State, I shall be strangely unfortunate, if instead of an *Abigail*, I meet not with some Opulent Widow, or some tender-hearted Virgin of no ordinary Fortune, who with yearning Bowels will offer me her best Assistance and Endeavours to *build me a House*—

A. Excellent! 'Tis the common Fortune of a Conventicle.

B. Suppose me then a House-keeper; I dare promise my self at least an Hundred Pounds a Year, which will be paid me Quarterly without the least Trouble or Charge. I say, I dare promise my self so much, because I am well assur'd that several Holdersforth about mine own size, receive two or three Hundred Pounds a Year. And all this, if I please, may be spent on mine own dear self; for besides this, That no Obligation to Hospitality will lye upon me, I shall be troubl'd with few Visitors but such as will bring their Entertainment with them, if they send it not before them, or will pay me richly for what I give them, I shall not be liable to pay one Penny out of my Income to Bishops or Chancellors, to Church or Poor, no, nor to the King and Queen. And what a Happiness, think you, will this be, to live under a Government, and to enjoy so much Good under its Protection, and not part with one Farthing towards the support of it! And pardon us (my Friend) if we think our selves much the Happier, that your poor Parsons, Vicars and Curates, do with so much Charge nourish the Tree, under which we sit so safely, and enjoy our selves so pleasantly.—

A. Very pleasant indeed! But methinks, to a generous Soul this should be a very disagreeable way of Living.

B. That's

B. That's thy Ignorance Friend. For what can be more agreeable to thee than that which comes freely, which is so far from being Extorted, as your Tythe-Pigs and Geese are, that it is even forc'd upon us? And if the good Wife does rob from the Husband, or the Husband does substract a little from You to oblige and cherish Us, it will not be the less, but rather the more sweet unto us. You never yet heard that the *Israelites* were offended with their Jewels and other fine things, because they were the Spoils of the *Egyptians*.——

A. Very true; but prithee don't prophane Scripture: And tell me whether thou must not be a Slave to the Humours of thy precious People for all this? and how thou hopest to bring thy self to it?

B. Alas! That a Man should live so long in the University, and have his Eyes and his Ears open to get some Knowledge of the World, and yet ask such a Question, and have need of Instruction! I'll resolve and instruct thee in few Words, because I must hasten from thee upon necessary Business. Know then, that they are generally People that will be easily manag'd, and it can hardly be imagin'd that they should be otherwise, because they have been Teacher-ridden for many Years. Their Understandings have been so baffl'd with Phrases and Distinctions, that they have but little use of them: And for their Affections, I shall be at Liberty to turn my self into any shape to command them; and I don't doubt in the least but I shall have as Absolute an Empire over them, as ever the Pope of *Rome* had over the best-natur'd of our Fore-fathers. But if any should prove more intractable or less ductible than others, I shall not be without some Tricks for 'em, which will not cost me half the pains as your Parsons are forc'd to be at, to keep a poor Interest among their Parishioners.—— But whereas you speak of my being a Slave, let me tell you in short, that I know no greater Slaves than the *Church of England Clergy* are; and I have never thought of them of late, but the Fate of

Issachar

Iffachar has come into my Mind, *a strong* and patient Creature *crouching down between two Burdens*. On one side there are Laws or Acts of Parliament, on the other Canons; and lest these should not pinch you enough, there comes ever and anon Declarations, Injunctions, Orders, and I know not what besides, which must be submitted to, or the poor Creature must suffer for it. There was a time indeed when you were accounted one of the Three Estates of the Realm, and the first and greatest of the Three; but now you are swallow'd up by the other Two and you stand but for Cyphers in the Government. Your Privileges are daily lessened, and your Burdens are daily increas'd; for, besides the Burdens which your Predecessors did bear, and you as Clergy-men do bear still, many of the Burdens of the Laity are laid upon you, whilst you enjoy the Privileges of neither. You are made meer Tools for the Great Ones to work their Designs by; and when they have compassed their Ends, they expose you to Contempt and Scorn, and encourage the vilest of People to tread you under foot. Your Power and Authority as Ministers of Christ, is next to nothing. You may talk in your Pulpits as Mountebanks upon the Stage, but few think themselves oblig'd to mind what you say. And as for your Censures, which formerly were dreaded as Thunder-Bolts, they are generally contemn'd, and there is one bare Word which will defend the vilest and most scandalous Man against them all. Some parts of your Office (in some cases at least) you cannot execute according to your Rule, without galling your Consciences; and if you fail to do it, there is a cruel Whip ready for your Backs. And tho' your Principles are infinitely serviceable to Government, Order and Peace, yet you are treated rather like Enemies than Friends thereunto, as Men of pernicious Principles, and of no Conscience. Whilst others, whose Principles are big with Nonsense and Irreligion, and who draw Consequences from them destructive to all Government, and pro-

14 A DIALOGUE *between &c.*

productive of Anarchy and Confusion, are favour'd and respected as Men of Conscience, Sobriety, and Godliness, because they scruple the wearing a Surplice. Sir, If you know not these things you know nothing. Judge then, whether you may not be accounted Slaves. I would add something of the Freedom of the Conventicle Holders-forth.—Free as the Light they are, and safe as the Sun in the Firmament. They are ty'd to no Rules but their own, and those they may change as they please themselves.—But I must leave thee at present for the Dispatch of necessary Business.

A. One Word before thou goest, *viz.* That as Happy as the Conventiclars are at present, the Case may quickly be alter'd with them and us.—

B. Ycs, when the World becomes Wise: But that is not to be expected in this its declining state.

A. But there is, thou knowest, an Union design'd between all disagreeing Parties: And good Men hope it will quickly be effected.

B. But they who have their Eyes in their Heads, know very well, that it will not be done by the ways of Condescension and Comprehension, except there be a Miraculous Change wrought upon the Dissenting Parties. Make it once their Interest to Unite with you, and do something to save their Honour, and then I shall entertain some Hope; But till this is done, I'll prepare my self for what I said at first was my Design. And do thou turn Country Parson or be —



An Essay on Satire of the Ancients.

HORACE entitles his two Books of Satires indifferently, *Sermones* and *Satire*; And since these two Names give different Ideas, for certain Reasons it is necessary to explain what the *Latins* understood

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE. 15

understood by the Word *Satire*. The Learned *Casaubon* is the first and only Man that has with Success attempted to shew what was the *Satirical Poesie* of the *Greeks*, and the *Satire* of the *Romans*. His Book is an inestimable Treasure, and I confess I have had great Helps from it; which is the use we ought to make of the Works of those extraordinary Men, who have only gone before us to be our Guides, and serve us as Torches in the thick Darkness of Antiquity. But you must not have your Eyes so continually fix'd on them, as not to regard whither they lead you; for they deviate sometimes into Paths, where you cannot safely follow them. This Rule I my self have observ'd, in forsaking my Guides, and past that Way which no Body before me has done, as the following Discourse will convince you.

Satire is a kind of Poesie, only known to the *Romans*, being not at all related to the *Satirical Poesie* of the *Greeks*, as some Learned Men have pretended. *Quintilian* leaves no doubt upon this Point, when he writes in Chap. 10. *Satira quidem tota nostra est*. The same Reason makes *Horace* call it in the last *Satire* of Book 1. *Græcis intactum Carmen*. The natural and true Etymology is this: The *Latins* call'd it *SATUR*, *quasi plenum*, to which there was nothing wanting for its Perfection. Thus *Satur color* when the Wool has taken a good Dye and nothing can be added to the Perfection of it. From *Satur* they have made it *Satura*, which they wrote sometimes with an *i*, *Satira*: They us'd in other Words the same Variation of the Letter *u* into *i*, as *Maxumus*, *Maximus*, *optumus*, *optimus*. *Satura* is an *Adjective*, which has reference to a Substantive understood; for the Ancient *Romans* said *Saturam*, understanding *Lancem*. And *Satura Lanx*, was properly a Bason fill'd with all sorts of Fruit, which they offer'd every Year to *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, as the First Fruits of what they had gathered. These Offerings of all different things mix'd together, were not unknown to the *Greeks*, who call'd 'em *παναγερὸν θυσιαν*, a Sacrifice of all sorts of Fruit, *πανσπερμια* & *πυρα*.

ovave *Nav*, an Offering of all sorts of Grain, when they offer'd Potherbs. The Grammarian *Diomedes* has perfectly describ'd both the Custom of the *Romans* and the Word *Satura* in this Passage, *Lanx referta variis multisque primitiis, sacris Cereris inferebatur & a copia & Saturitate rei, Satura vocabatur; ejus generis lancium & Virgilius in Georgicis meminit, cum hoc modo dicit,*

Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta,
and—*lancesq; & liba feremus.*

From thence the Word *Satura* was apply'd to many other Mixtures, as in *Festus*; *Satira cibi genus, ex variis rebus conditum.* From hence it pass'd to the Works of the Mind; for they call'd some Laws *Leges Saturas*, which contain'd many Heads, or Titles, as the *Julian*, *Papian*, and *Popean Laws*, which were called *Miscellas*, which is of the same Signification with *Satura*; From hence arose this Phrase, *Per Saturam legem ferre*, when the Senate made a Law, without gathering, and counting the Votes, in haste, and confusedly all together, which was properly call'd, *Per Saturam sententias exquirere*, as *Salust* has it after *Laelius*. But they rested not here, but gave this Name to certain Books, as *Pescennius Festus*, whose Histories were call'd *Saturas*, or *per Saturam*. From all these Examples 'tis not hard to suppose, that these Works of *Horace* took from hence their Name, and that they were call'd *Satura quia multis & variis rebus hoc carmen refertum est*, because these Poems are full of a great many different Things, as *Porphyrus* says, which is partly true. But it must not be thought it is immediately from thence; for this Name had been us'd before for other things which bore a nearer resemblance to the Satires of *Horace*; in explanation of which a Method is to be follow'd, which *Casaubon* himself never thought of, and which will put things in so clear a light, that there can be no Place left for Doubt.

The *Romans* having been almost four hundred
Years

Years without any *Scenical Plays*, Chance and Debauchery made them find in one of their *Feasts* the *Saturnian* and *Fescennine Verses*, which for sixscore Years they had instead of *Dramatic Pieces*. But these Verses were rude, and almost without any Numbers, as being made *extempore*, and by a People as yet but barbarous, who had little other Skill than what flow'd from their Joy and the Fumes of Wine. They were fill'd with the grossest sort of Raileries, and attended with Gestures and Dance. To have a livelier Idea of this, you need but reflect upon the honest *Peasants*, whose clownish Dances are attended with *extempore Verses*, in which, in a wretched manner, they rally one another with all they know. To this *Horace* refers in the first Epistle of his second Book,

*Fescennina per hunc inuenta licentia morem,
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit.*

This Licentious and Irregular Verse was succeeded by a sort more correct, fill'd with a pleasant Rallery, without the mixture of any thing Scurrilous; and these obtain'd the Name of Satires, by reason of their Variety, and had regulated Forms, that is regular Dances, and Musick, but undecent Postures were banish'd. *Titus Livius* has it in his seventh Book, *Vernaculis artificibus, quia Hister Tusco verbo Ludio vocabatur, nomen Histrionibus inditum, qui non sicut ante Fescennino versu similem compositum temere, ac rudem alternis jaciebant; sed impletas modis Satiras, descriptio jam ad Tibicinem cantu, moresq; congruenti peragebant.* These Satires were properly honest Farces, in which the Spectators and Actors were rallied without Distinction,

Livius Andronicus found things in this posture when he first undertook to make Comedies and Tragedies in imitation of the *Grecians*. This Diversion appearing more noble and perfect, they ran to it in Multitudes neglecting the Satires; for some modell'd'em into a purpos'd Form to act at the end of their Comedies,

medies, as the *French* act their *Farces* now. And they alter'd their Name of *Satires* for that of *Exodia*, which they preserve to this day. This was the first and most ancient kind of *Roman* Satire. There are two other sorts, which tho' very different from this first; yet both owe their Birth to this, and are, as it were Branches of it.

This I shall prove the most succinctly I can.

A Year after *Livius Andronicus* had caus'd his first Efforts to be acted, *Italy* gave birth to *Ennius*, who being grown up, and having all the leisure in the World to observe the eager Satisfaction with which the *Romans* receiv'd the Satires, of which I have already spoken, was of Opinion that Poems, tho' not adapted to the Theatre, yet preserving the *Gall*, the *Railings* and the Pleasantness, which made these Satires take with so much Applause, would not fail of being well receiv'd; he therefore ventur'd at it, and compos'd several Discourses, to which he retain'd the name of *Satires*. These Discourses were entirely like those of *Horace*, both for the Matter and the Variety. The only essential difference that is observable, is, that *Ennius*, in imitation of some *Greeks*, and of *Homer* himself, took the liberty of mixing several kinds of Verses together, as *Hexameters*, *Iambics*, *Trimeters*, with *Tetrameters*, *Trochiacs*, or *Square Verse*; as it appears from the Fragments which are left us. These following Verses are of the *Square* kind, which *Aulus Gellius* has preserv'd us, and which very well merit a place here for the Beauty they contain:

*Hoc erit tibi Argumentum semper in promptu situm,
Ne quid expectes Amicos, quod tute egere possies.*

I attribute also to these Satires of *Ennius* those other kinds of Verses, which are of a Beauty and Elegance much above the Age in which they were made; nor will the sight of them here be unpleasant.

*Non habeo denique nauci Marsum Augurem,
Non vicanos aruspices, non de Circo Astrologos,
Non Iliacos Conjectores, non Interpretes Hominum;
Non enim sunt ii aut Scientia, aut Arte Divini;
Sed Superstitiosi vates, Impudentesque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas Imperat;
Qui sui questus caussa fictas suscitant sententias,
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam,
Quibus devitias pollicentur, ab iis Drachmam petunt,
De devitiis deducant Drachmam, reddunt cetera.*

Horace has borrow'd several Things from these Satires. After Ennius came Pacuvius, who also writ Satires in Imitation of his Uncle Ennius.

Lucilius was born in the Time when Pacuvius was in most Reputation. He also wrote Satires; but he gave 'em a new Turn, and endeavour'd to imitate, as near as he could, the Character of the old Greek Comedy, of which we had but a very imperfect Idea in the ancient Roman Satire, and such as one might readily find in a Poem, which Nature alone had dictated, before the Romans had thought of imitating the Grecians, and enriching themselves with their Spoils. 'Tis thus you must understand this Passage of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace.

— *Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus,
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem.*

Horace never intended by this to say that there were no Satires before Lucilius, because Ennius and Pacuvius were before him, whose Example he followed. He only would have it understood, that Lucilius having given a new Turn to this Poem, and embellish'd it, ought by way of Excellence to be esteem'd the first Author. Quintilian had the same Thought, when he writ, in the first Chapter of the Tenth Book, *Satira quidem tota nostra est, in qua primus insignem laudem adeptus est Lucilius.* You must not therefore be

of

of the Opinion of *Casaubon*. who building on the Judgment of *Diomedes*; thought the Satire of *Ennius*, and that of *Lucilius* were entirely different. These are the very Words of the Grammarian, which have deceived this Judicious Critick. *Satira est Carmen apud Romanos, non quidem apud Græcos maledicum, ad carpenda hominum vitia, Archæa Comædia charactere compositum, quale scripserunt Lucilius & Horatius, & Persius. Sed olim Carmen quod ex variis Poematibus constabat, Satira dicebatur, quale scripserunt Pacuvius & Ennius.* You may see plainly that *Diomedes* distinguishes the Satire of *Lucilius* from that of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; the Reason which he gives for this Distinction, is ridiculous, and absolutely false. The good Man had not examin'd the Nature and Origin of these two Satires, which were entirely like one another, both in Matter and Form; for *Lucilius* added to it only a little Politeness, and more Salt, almost without changing any thing; and if he did not put together several sorts of Verse in the same Piece, as *Ennius* has done, yet he made several Pieces, of which some were entirely *Iambics*, and others *Trochiac's* as is evident from his Fragments. In short, if the Satires of *Lucilius* differ from these of *Ennius*, because the former has added much to the Endeavours of the latter, as *Casaubon* has pretended, it will follow from thence, that those of *Horace*, and those of *Lucilius* are also entirely different; for *Horace* has no less refin'd the Satires of *Lucilius*, than he those of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. This Passage of *Diomedes* has also deceiv'd *Doussa* the Son. I say not this to expose some light Faults of these Great Men, but only to shew, with what Exactness, and with what Caution their Works must be read, when they treat of any thing so obscure and so ancient.

I have made appear what was the ancient Satire that was made for the Theatre; I have shewn, that that gave the Idea of the Satire of *Ennius*; and, in fine, I have sufficiently prov'd, that the Satires of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, of *Lucilius* and *Horace*, are but one

one kind of Poem, which has received its Perfection from the last. 'Tis time now to speak of the second kind of Satire, which I promised to explain, and which is also derived from the ancient Satire; 'tis that which we call the *Varronian*, or the Satire of *Menippus*, the Cynic Philosopher

This Satire was not only composed of several Sorts of Verse; but *Varro* added Prose to it and made a Mixture of Greek and Latin. *Quintilian*, after he had spoken of the Satire of *Lucilius*, adds, *Alterum illud est, & prius Satiræ genus, quod non sola Carminum varietate mistum condidit Terentius Varro, vir Romanorum Eruditissimus*. The only Difficulty of this Passage is, that *Quintilian* assures us, that this Satire of *Varro* was the first; for how could that be, since *Varro* was a great while after *Lucilius*? *Quintilian* meant not that the Satire of *Varro* was the first in Order of Time, for he knew well enough, that in that Respect he was the last: But he would give us to understand, that this Kind of Satire, so mix'd, was more like the Satire of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, who gave themselves a greater Liberty in this Composition, than *Lucilius*, who was more severe and correct.

We have now only some Fragments left of the Satire of *Varro*, and those generally very imperfect; the Titles, which are most commonly double, shew the great Variety of Subjects, of which *Varro* treated.

Seneca's Book on the Death of *Claudius*; *Boetius* his *Consolation of Philosophy*, and that of *Petronius Arbiter*, are Satires entirely like those of *Varro*.

This is what I have to say in general on Satire; nor is it necessary I insist any more on this Subject. This the Reader may observe, That Satire in Latin, is not less proper for Discourses that recommend Vertue, than to those which are design'd against Vice. It had nothing so formidable in it, as it has now, when a bare Mention of Satire makes them tremble, who would fain seem what they are not; for Satire, with us, signifies the same Thing, as *exposing* or *lashing* of some Thing, or Person: Yet this different Accep-

tation

tation alters not the Word, which is always the same; but the *Latins*, in the Title of their Books, have often had Regard only to the Word, in the extent of its Signification, founded on its Etymology; whereas we have had respect only to the first, and general Use, which has been made of it in the beginning, to mock, and deride; yet this Word ought always to be written in *Latin* with an (*u*), or (*i*), *Satura*, or *Satira*, and in *English* with an (*i*); those who have wrote it with a (*y*) thought with *Scaliger*, *Hensius*, and a great many others. That the Divinities of the Groves, which the *Grecians* call'd *Satyrs*, the *Romans* *Fauns*, gave their Names to these Pieces; and that of the Word *Satyrus*, they had made *Satyra*, and that these *Satyrs* had great Affinity with the Satirick Pieces of the *Greeks*, which is absolutely false, as *Casaubon* has very well prov'd, in making it appear. That of the Word *Satyrus*, they could never make *Satyra*, but *Satyrica*; and in shewing the Difference betwixt the Satirick Poems of the *Greeks*, and the *Roman* Satires, Mr. *Spanheim*, in his fine Preface to the *Cæsars*, concerning the Emperor *Julian*, has added new Reflections to those which this Judicious Critick had advanced; and he has establish'd, with a great deal of Judgment, five or six essential Differences between those two Poems, which you may find in his Book. The *Greeks* had never had any thing that came near this *Roman* Satire, but their *Silli* [σίλλοι], which were also biting Poems, as they may easily be perceived to be yet, by some Fragments of the *Silli* of *Timon*. There was however this Difference, that the *Silli* of the *Greeks* were *Parodious* from one End to the other, which cannot be said of the *Roman* Satires; where, if sometimes you find some *Parodia's*, you may plainly see that the Poet did not design to affect it, and by Consequence the *Parodia's* do not make the Essence of a Satire, as they do the Essence of the *Silli*.

Having explain'd the Nature, Origin and Progress of Satire, I'll now say a Word or two of *Horace* in particular.

There

There cannot be a more just Idea given of this Part of his Works, than in comparing them to the Statues of the *Sileni*, to which *Alcibiades* in the *Bariquet* compares *Socrates*. They were Figures, that without had nothing agreeable, or beautiful, but when you took the Pains to open them, you found the Figures of all the Gods. In the manner that *Horace* presents himself to us in his Satires, we discover nothing of him at first that deserves our Attachment. He seems to be fitter to amuse Children, than to employ the Thoughts of Men; but when we remove that which hides him from our Eyes, and view him even to the Bottom, we find in him all the Gods together; that is to say, all those Vertues, which ought to be the continual Practice of such as seriously endeavour to forsake their Vices. Hitherto we have been content to see only his out-side, and 'tis a strange Thing, that Satires, which have been read so long, have been so little understood or explain'd; they have made a Halt at the out-side, and were wholly busy'd in giving the Interpretation of Words. They have commented upon him like Grammarians, not Philosophers, as if *Horace* had written meerly to have his Language understood, and rather to divert than instruct us. This is not the End of this Work of his. The End of any Discourse, is the Action for which that Discourse is compos'd; when it produces no Action, 'tis only a vain Amusement, which idly tickles the Ear, without ever reaching the Heart.

In these two Books of his Satires, *Horace* would teach us, *To conquer our Vices, to rule our Passions to follow Nature, to limit our Desires, and to distinguish True from False, and Ideas from Things; to forsake Prejudice, to know thoroughly the Principles and Motives of all our Actions, and to shun that Folly which is in all Men, who are bigotted to the Opinions they have imbibed under their Teachers, which they keep obstinately without examining whether they are well grounded. In a Word, he endeavours to make us happy for our selves, agreeable, and faithful to our Friends, easie, discreet, and honest to all, with whom*

whom we are oblig'd to live. To make us understand the Terms he uses; to explain the Figures he employs, and to conduct the Reader safely through the Labyrinth of difficult Expressions, or obscure Parentheses, is no great Matter to perform: And, as *Epictetus* says, there is nothing in that Beautiful, or truly worthy a wise Man. The principal and most important Business, is to shew the Rise, and Reason, and the Proof of his Precepts; to demonstrate that those who do not endeavour to correct themselves by so beautiful a Model, are just like sick Men, who having a Book full of Receipts proper to their Distempers, content themselves to read 'em without comprehending them, or so much as knowing the Advantage of them.

I urge not this because I have myself omitted any thing in these Annotations, which was the incumbent Duty of a Grammarian to observe; this, I hope the World will be sensible of, and that there remains no more Difficulty in the Text. But that which has been my chief Care, is, to give an Insight into the very Matter that *Horace* treats of, to shew the Solidity of his Reasons, to discover the Turns he makes use of to prove what he aims at, and to refute or illude that which is oppos'd to him; to confirm the Truth of his Decisions, to make the Delicacy of his Sentiments perceiv'd, to expose to open Day the Folly he finds in what he condemns. This is what none have done before me. On the contrary, as *Horace* is a true *Proteus*, that takes a Thousand different Forms, they have often lost him, and not knowing where to find him, have grappl'd him as well as they could; they have palm'd upon him in several Places, not only Opinions, which he had not, but even those which he directly refutes. I don't say this to blame those who have taken Pains before me on the Works of this great Poet, I commend their Endeavours, they have open'd me the Way; and if it be granted, that I have some little Advantage over them, I owe it wholly to the great Men of Antiquity,

quity, whom I have read with more Care and without doubt with more Leisure. I speak of *Homer*, of *Plato*, and *Aristotle*, and of some other *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, which I study continually, that I may form my Taste on theirs, and draw out of their Writings the Justness of Wit, good Sense and Reason.

I know very well, that there are now-adays some Authors, who laugh at these *great Names*, who disallow the Acclamations which they have receiv'd from all Ages, and who would deprive them of the Crowns which they have so well deserv'd, and which they have got before such August *Tribunals*. But, for fear of falling into *Admiration*, which they look upon as the Child of Ignorance, they do not perceive that they go from that *Admiration*, which *Plato* calls the Mother of *Wisdom*, and which was the first that open'd Mens Eyes. I do not wonder that the Celestial Beauties, which we find in the Writings of these incomparable Men, lose with them all their Attractives, and Charms, because they have not the Strength to keep their Eyes long enough upon them. Besides, it is much easier to despise than understand them. As for my self, I declare, that I am full of Admiration, and Veneration for their Divine Geniuses : I have them always before my Eyes, as Venerable and Incorruptible Judges ; before whom I take pleasure to fancy, that I ought to give an account of my Writings. At the same time I have a great Respect for Posterity, and I always think with more *Fear* than Confidence on the Judgment that will pass on my Works if they are happy enough to reach it. All this does not hinder me from esteeming the great Men that live now. I acknowledge that there are a great many who are an Honour to our Age, and who wou'd have adorn'd the Ages pass'd. But amongst these great Men I speak of, I do not know one, and there cannot be one, who does not esteem and honour the Ancients, who is not of their Taste, and who follows not their Rules. If you go never

so little from them, you go at the same time from Nature and Truth; and I shall not be afraid to affirm, That it wou'd not be more difficult to see without Eyes or Light, than it is impossible to acquire a solid Merit, and to form the Understanding by other means, than by those that the *Greeks* and *Romans* have trac'd for us. Whether it be that we follow them by the only force of Natural Happiness, or Instinct, or that Art and Study have conducted us thither. As for those who thus blame Antiquity, without knowing of it, once for all I'll undeceive them, and make it appear, that in giving all the advantage to our Age, they take the direct Course to dishonour it; for what greater Proofs can be of the Rudeness, or rather Barbarity of an Age, than in it, to hear *Homer* call'd dull and heavy, *Plato* tiresome and tedious, *Aristotle* ignorant, *Demosthenes* and *Cicero* vulgar Orators, *Virgil* a Poet without either Grace or Beauty, and *Horace* an Author unpolished, languid, and without force? The *Barbarians* who ravag'd *Greece* and *Italy*, and who labour'd with so much fury to destroy all things that were fine and noble, have never done any thing so horrible as this. But I hope that the false Taste of some particular Men without Authority, will not be imputed to the whole Age, nor give the least Blemish to the Ancients. 'Twas to no purpose that a certain Emperor declar'd himself an Enemy to *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Titus Livius*. All his Efforts were ineffectual, and the Opposition he made to Works so perfect, serv'd only to augment in History the number of his Folks, and render him more odious to all Posterity.



A Short ESSAY on *English* SATIRE.

IT would appear both vain and superfluous to pretend to an Essay upon the Satire of the Ancients, after what hath been already said upon that Subject in the preceding Pages, by one of the most Judicious Critics that *France* or any other Nation hath produc'd. The Reflections are Beautiful, founded upon true Learning, and give a just Reputation to their Author: But, since different Countries have their different Tastes of Wit, and the foregoing Observations were calculated for, and are naturally adapted to the Genius of the *French* Nation, I shall venture to touch upon the Original of *English Satire*, and reflect how far our Modern Authors have succeeded in that way of Writing. Posterity has been very little behold- ing to the Ancient *Greeks* for Satire; I believe *Archilochus* will be found the only Person of that Coun- try, who had a Stile and Genius capable of correct- ing the Vices of his Country-men, and Painting their Crimes in the disagreeable Colours they deser- ved; and making them as *bitter* in the Reflection, as perchance they might be suppos'd *pleasant* in the En- joyment. That Poet exerted the Vigour of Satire, and pointed his Verses with Revenge and Wit; his Ungenerous Father-in-Law, ashamed to be expos'd for Actions that render'd him unworthy Life, discreet- ly Hang'd himself, and by that means found a sure Retreat from the just Resentments of his angry Son- in-law. It must be acknowledg'd that *Lycambes* com- plimented the *Iambicks* of *Archilochus* with a most convincing Proof of their Wit and Goodness. Yet those Verses that occasion'd so remarkable a Tragedy, either by the Immorality of the Author, or the Im- propriety of the Language and Numbers they were writ in, have been lost to Mankind; and all that lives of him now, is his Name, and the Story of his Success.

Whether the *Romans* took their hint of Satire from the *Greeks*, or invented that sort of Poetry themselves, I shan't determine; without dispute, if Satire did not find its Birth in *Italy*, it did both its Improvements and Perfections.

The *Romans* had several good Satirists; but *Horace* and *Juvenal*, both whose Works have escap'd the Ruins of Time and the *Roman* Empire, challenge with Justice a Superiority above all the rest; and have divided the admiring World into two Classes of Opinions.

I shan't pretend to make any comparison between those two celebrated Authors; that Affair has been sufficiently touch'd upon by an abler Hand. I shall only observe, that from the Gentleman-like Learning of the one, and the Vigorous Morals of the other, the *English Satire* hath deriv'd both its Force and Virtues. But however it happens, tho' the *English* Language seems to have as natural a Tendency to Satire, tho' it contains as much Strength, as brisk a Fire, and Numbers as agreeable as any, to that sort of Poetry, the Latin only excepted; and notwithstanding the Genius of the *English* Nation has a peculiar richness of Thought, magnificence and force of Expression, a Natural Beauty in describing the Passions of Mankind; tho' our Notions are solid and just, and our Morals, without dispute, just as Conscientious as our Neighbours; yet it must be acknowledg'd that *England* has produc'd very few Poets who have courted the Revengeful Muses with Success.

Poetry has had its *Crisis* in these Nations, as well as other Countries. It was during the Reign of King *Charles II.* that Learning in general flourish'd, and the Muses, like other fair Ladies, met with the Civillest sort of Entertainment. The Immoralities the *English* learnt from the Court of *France*, during the unhappy Exile of that Prince, and the luxurious Idleness which succeeded the long Fatigues of our Civil Wars, frequently gave Birth to Lampoons and Satires; but as the first of these were perfectly Ma-

licious,

licious, and the last pointed too much at great Men, lashing the Persons more than the Vices; they escaped the Censure of Posterity, and are interr'd in the Tombs of Forgetfulness. Those Embrio's of Satire were succeeded by three great Wits all Contemporaries, with little difference in their Age, and great Similitude in their Writings. Satire was the principal Talent of them all: In which way of Writing, my Lord *Rocheſter* and my Lord *Dorſet* exceeded all the Modern Poets, and perchance were not inferiour to the beſt of the Ancients. *Oldham* indeed has not imitated *Juvenal* ſo well as my Lord *Rocheſter* has Paraphraſed upon *Boileau*. But then, as there is no compariſon betwixt *Boileau* and *Juvenal*, ſo there's no concluſion to be made from my Lord *Rocheſter*'s exceeding his Original, and Mr. *Oldham*'s not coming up to the Genius, Beauty, and Fire of his Roman Example.

Theſe three are the greateſt *Satiriſts* of the *Engliſh*, and have their ſeveral Beauties diſtinct and apart from each other. My Lords *Rocheſter* and *Dorſet* had all the advantages of a generous Education; the greatneſs of their Genius was improved by the Acquiſitions of Art; and their Natural Parts were cultivated by the Care of the ableſt Maſters. *Oldham* ow'd every thing to himſelf, nothing to his Birth, but little to the Precepts of *Pedants*; and ſeems, as it were, Predeſtinated to the Service of the Muſes, and the ridiculing that Claſs of Men, who of all Perſons leaſt deſerve to draw the Appellation of their Order from the Sacred Name of *Jeſus*. His Conceptions were noble, infinitely Bold, full of Fire and Vivacity; he ſeldom was flat, and generally ſpoke to the purpoſe; he always was an Enemy to Vice, and encouraged the Good and Vertuous. Yet, on the other Hand, it muſt be confeſs'd, that the ſame Author was always in a Paſſion; that he was inclinable to rail at every thing; that both his Thoughts were too Furious, and his Style too bold to be Correct, or partake of thoſe Beauties which even his great Maſter

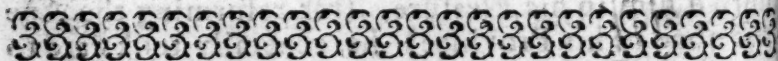
Juvenal did not think unworthy his Care. His Curfes were Cruel, and sometimes stretch'd to that degree, that his Verfes could be term'd no longer *Satire*, but rather the hot Exprefſions of ſome witty Mad-man. *Satire* is design'd to expoſe Vice and encourage Vertue; he Obedied but half of that ſolid Maxim. 'Tis true, he expos'd and rail'd at Vice; but then his purſuing both the Theme and Perſons too far, oblig'd the Criminal he expos'd to believe that the ſharpneſs of his *Satire* proceeded rather from ſome Perſonal diſguſt, than any averſion to Vice and Immorality in general. Inſtead of correcting the Manners of the Age, he fermented the Paſſions of the Vicious, and rendred their Minds only capable of ſuch Sentiments as Revenge and Fury ſuggeſted. *Juvenal* himſelf taught Mr. *Oldham* the way; and was in ſome meaſure guilty of the fault which is Univerſally objected againſt his Scholar; but then it muſt be urg'd on the Roman's behalf, that he liv'd and writ in the time of *Domitian*, the moſt ſcandalous Emperor, and moſt infamous of Men. There's no occaſion to mention his cruel Treatment of the *Chriſtians*. *Juvenal* was a *Pagan* Author, and neglected the ill uſage of the *Nazarens*; he had no other regard in the Fire of his Writings, than to reform a Luxurious, Bloody Court; a Cowardly Senate, and a Deſpicable Populace. Theſe were the proper Engines and Subjects of a Tyrant; the Immorality and Baſeneſs of the Roman Empire, might juſtly exact the heaviest Cenfures; and if *Juvenal* ſometimes forgets his Morals and Philoſophy, it muſt be attributed to the Reaſons I have mention'd; but Mr. *Oldham* could not alledge ſuch pretenſions for that ungovernable heat which appears in all his Poetry, nor indeed can the Court of King *Charles* be compared to that of *Rome*, tho' it muſt be own'd, there happen'd, but too often, ſufficient Arguments for *Satire*. whiſt he ſate upon the Throne. Whether Mr. *Oldham* would have Corrected his Writings, if he had attained to a longer date

date of Years, and seen the Turns and Changes of Fortune which happen'd soon after his Death, is uncertain ; yet, this Character ought to be allow'd his Memory, (and I believe Mr. *Dennis*, who hath Judiciously Criticised upon his Passion of *Byblis*, will admit) that he was Born a Poet, had a Genius very Bold and Sublime, that his Thoughts were generally Noble, that his Heat was Masculine, and always pointed against Vice ; that he was one of the best Translators, had a Vein rich enough of his own without borrowing from the Labours of others ; and that if Fortune had permitted him time, and those opportunities which some Poets of greater Quality enjoy'd, he had not only equall'd them, but been superior to all that went before him. The Earls of *Rocheſter* and *Dorſet* had the happineſs to addreſs themſelves to the Muſes, favour'd by a Noble Extraction, and bleſt abundantly with the Goods of Fortune. Their Natural parts wanted very little from Study, or the Precepts of the Dead ; and the Vivacity of their Wit might have preferr'd them to the eminent Station they poſſeſs, if Providence had not been ſo propitious to them in their Birth. Yet, tho' the Quality of theſe two great Men their Inclination to Poetry in general, and Satire in particular, was much the ſame ; their Learning and great Capacities not much unlike ; yet there was a wonderful difference in their Humours and Morals. My Lord *Rocheſter* was always witty, and always very ill Natured ; he never troubl'd himſelf much about correcting the Vice, unleſs it diſturb'd him in his Pleaſure, (for reforming the Age was none of his Province) he generally took care to expoſe the Perſon, and that in ſuch a manner, as uſually begat more Crimes in thoſe that were the Subjects of his Satires, than he corrected Faults. His Wit was often prophane, and he neither ſpar'd Prince nor God, from whom he receiv'd both the greateſt Abilities, a ſplendid Title and a magnificent Fortune. My Lord *Dorſet* was as much his Equal in Learning and Senſe, as he was inferior to him in Ill Nature and Invectives ;

vectives; his Natural sweetness led him to speak better of Mankind, as my Lord *Rochester* spake always worse than they deserv'd; and as my Lord *Dorset's* Morals and Integrity, his Candor and his Honour, were infinitely beyond his Rival's, so his Performance in Satire was no less. And this may be added to his Character, that his Writings contain'd as severe Reprehensions as any others, either of the Ancients or Moderns; but had the Air of Court, and a particular richness of Expression, if possible, even beyond my Lord *Rochester's*; and what was yet more Wonderful, is, that he was able to exert so vigorous a Satire, when his Compassion for Mankind, and Consideration of Learned Men, render'd him the most Generous Patron of the Muses, and the most certain Friend of good Men in Distress.

*For pointed Satire, I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good Man with the worst Natur'd Muse.*

This was my Lord *Rochester's* Character of his Lordship and all the World knows my Lord *Rochester* never flatter'd any Person. I shan't add any farther Remarks upon a Gentleman whose Worth, Learning and Judgment, all will allow, that have any of these distinguishing Qualities of their own; who was as much beyond the celebrated *Mecenas* of the Romans in Learning, and the favour of the Muses, as that Favourite exceeded him in the advantages of Riches and good Fortune.



Epitaphium Fleetwoodi Shepherd.

*O Vos qui de salute vestra securi estis,
Orate pro animâ miserrimi peccatoris
Fleetwoodi Shepherd, etiamnum viventis,
Et ubicunq; est, peccantis!*

*Qui fide exigua, & tamen spe impudentissima
Optat & spectat, quam non meruit,
Felicem resurrectionem.
Anno religionis & libertatis restauratæ tertio.
Rerum potentibus fortissimo Willielmo
Et formosissima Mariâ.*



*Per Thomam Brown Amicum Fleet-
wood Shepherd.*

S*TA Viator! siue tu Veneri, siue Baccho vixeris Idoneus;
Et si quando à Scortis vel poculis vacat,
Reminiscere defuncti in Baccho & Venere fratris Fleet-
(woodi Shepherd,*

Qui vitiis, & (quod in ipso vitiosissimum erat)

Ingenio piè renunciavit.

Apolline jam nullo, Venere nullâ,

Et, quod magis dolendum, Baccho nullo;

Cui nihil non in vultu erubescit præter frontem,

Nec ulla meretrix displicuit, præter Babylonicam

Fortitudine & sobrietate pari.

Quippe qui nulli hosti bellum nunquam indixerit,

Si excipias Sitim.

Qui Comiti Dorsetensi à risu,

Cubiculario Regio à sanctioribus bibliis.

Et Poetarum Mecænati à dactylis & spondæis.

Nihil unquam facetè dixit, quod, salvo pudore,

Nec liberè, quod salvâ religione dici potuit.

Promissorum usque & usque profusus,

Montes aureos pollicetur.

At ubi bonæ fidei hominem sperabis,

Poetam, sed sola illâ vice, verum induit,

Qui ut mensâ alienâ semper vixerit.

Sic Jocis alienis non suis inclaruit.

Nec alium edidit jocum, nisi quem

Sackvilianæ genti & fortunæ debuerit.

34 Latin EPITAPHS, &c.

*Inter Aulicos Theologum, inter Theologos Aulicum Profitetur,
Inter Magnates literatum.*

*Et (qua magna hominis modestia est)
Inter literatos nihil.*

*Anno publicæ paupertatis,
Et (si paupertati Poësis semper à tergo adhæreat)
Anno publicæ Poëseos restauratæ tertio,*

Cum de bicipite nostro Parnasso certaret,

Hinc bifrons Drydenius,

Inde bicornis Shadwellius ;

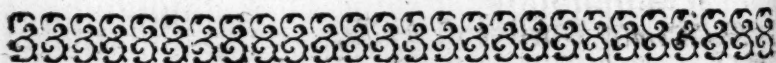
Quorum hic de facto, ille de Jure

Archipoeta cluit.



Litera Pastoralis.

QUÆ scombros, Quæ tuus meruit, damnatur ad ignes,
Longaque funereo est pompa parata rogo :
Purpurei adstant Carnifices, hastataque cingit
Turba, edunt raucos ære recurva sonos.
Proh pia pompa rogi ! proh gloria funeris ! Auctor
Non meruit fato nobiliore mori.



An Oration in Praise of Drunkenness.

Design'd to be spoken at Oxford in the time of the Act.

THIS Dome, this Lycaum, is only Consecrated to such, whose smiling Aspect bespeaks them Friends to the Good-natur'd God of Wine, whose Sacred Rites I esteem, and whose eminent Perfection, Drunkenness, I intend to make the Subject of my ensuing Discourse. Nor must the Philosophers or Divines here exert their Austerity.

or interpose with their Maxims of Decency and good Manners. I acknowledge myself of no Sect but that of *Epicurus*, whose drunken Atoms reel'd into Order, and fram'd a World infinitely beautiful. A World that produces ten Thousand Pleasures, but none so great or agreeable as those that proceed from the soft Enchantment of the *Vine*, a Plant that has greater Power over the Minds and Nature of Mankind, than the subtle Draughts of *Circe* or *Medea*: You smile, and think me in the Condition, I would persuade my Audience to be. But, Gentlemen, — you are mistaken, I am sober, to my own Misfortune; and soberly, I desire, I exhort you all to be drunk: Sobriety makes a Man revengeful, or fit to ruin the Common-Wealth: In Drunkenness, the Injur'd forgets his Sentiments of Passion remembers neither the Blows of his Enemies, nor of Fortune; is as great as an Emperor, and if he speaks a little Treason, or so, never acts any against the Government. 'Tis Wine that enlivens the Conversation, makes the Soldier bold and daring, refines the Politics of the Statesman, and makes the Casuistical Divine most Orthodox in his Opinions. If we look back into the Primitive History of the first Ages, into the Originals of Nature, from the very first Structure of the World, we shall find that Drinking to Excess has been a Custom approv'd of by all Nations. Our Great Grand-mother *Eve* was certainly drunk with the Grape, before she lusted for the Apple; and if she had had any Conscience, she might well have been contented with the first, without coveting the latter. The Confusion of *Babel* was a parcel of Drunkards, who fell out among themselves, when they had taken a Cup of the Creature; and they separated themselves into several Troops and Companies, in order to raise that agreeable Plant which gave them so comfortable a Liquor. But why do I dwell upon a Truth that is notorious to all manner of People, or endeavour to convince the World of the Antiquity of

of Drunkenness, which now stretches itself thro' all the Universe? The Custom of Nations is the Law of Nations, and the wise *Athenians* obliged their Common-wealth to submit to such Customs as were of three Years standing, as if enacted in the most solemn Manner. But Drunkenness has possess'd the World, and been a Practical Vertue, these three Thousand Years and upwards, and only younger than the Divine ones are. I see, Gentlemen you begin to change your Sentiments, and this Assembly must acknowledge, that Drunkenness may justly challenge a Priority in Practice, before all other Vertues whatsoever. The Annals of our Fore-fathers can produce no Custom so Primitive, or fitter to be imitated by Posterity. The Custom of Drunkenness we receiv'd from our Fathers, to whom the same Virtue was transmitted from their Ancestors, and made Illustrious by the Tradition of so many Ages. I am of Opinion, that if the *Jews* had been as careful in collecting Transactions of this Nature, as recording to Futurity the respective Births of their Sons and Daughters in some Folio of Bulk and Piety, this Sage Practice would appear much ancients than the Books of *Moses*; and even to extend itself backwards to the Patriarchs of the Anti-deluvian World. *Noah*, the *Janus* of Antiquity, pass'd away the melancholy Hours of Confinement in the fine Wooden World of his own Structure, with a consoling Bottle; and in Gratitude to the Juice with which they made the Patriarch so Merry during the most dreadful Convulsions of Nature, upon his happy descent from that floating Castle, he planted a Vine, and drank heartily thereof: He bless'd his Sons, and his Blessings are as permanent as the Heavens. To enumerate all the Merits of Drunkenness, would exceed the Limits of my intended Harangue; I shall only insist upon the Prudence of those good Patriots, who with great Wisdom first instituted to the great *Bacchus*, Mysteries celebrated by the greatest Part of Mankind; and however the Names and Appellations of
such

such Tracts, or drunken Ceremonies may differ, yet the Faët and Practice is the same in all the Polite Governments of *Europe*; *Spain*, *France*, and *Italy*, have their Carnivals; The drunken *Mahometan* his Days of Excess before the *Biram*; the *Protestants* and *Lutherans* their Holy-days and this Reverend City, what the Learned call their *Aët*. These are Times dedicated to Drinking, and all the Irregularities that attend the wanton Fumes inspired by the God of Wine; such Hours slide away with Pleasure, indulge the wearied Senses, soften the Soul with extreme Delight, and flatter the Mind with endearing Thoughts of Happiness: The Melancholy are not entertain'd upon these Occasions with other Objects than such as are likely to dispel the dismal Clouds of Miseries, such as render the Soul serene and gay. Superstition, and the dull Religious, meet in these Rencounters, with no Hobgoblins or dancing Fairies, no Stories of Purgatory, or the Punishments of the Dead; the Priests impose no longer on Mankind, nor amuse the People with empty Representations of what they give no Credit to themselves. Methinks I see some among you inclin'd to contradict my Assertions, and ready to run upon Invectives against the celebrated Rites I have been discoursing of; but let me tell you, besides the injustice you do the generous Liquor of the Grape, you speak against a Truth confirmed by common and daily Experience, by the Use of the Ancients, and the Practice of the Moderns. To satisfy you of the stupendious Effects of Drunkenness, and its unlimited Power and Advantages to all Orders of Men, reflect upon those Scenes which a Thousand times have been obvious to your Eyes: Look upon that sober Mechanick, how dull, how heavy is the Animal, scarce by his Intellects to be distinguish'd from the Inhabitants of the Desarts, the Beasts of the Fields, or Fowls of the Air! but when Wine ferments the grosser Particles of his Brain, and lends its kind Assistance, he then proves himself a Rational

tional Creature, turns Politician ; argues upon the Right of Empire, makes War and Peace, beats the *French* with his Stratagems, rallies the *Germans*, and laughs at the slow *Portuguese* ; he turns a State-Critick, and harrangues his Audience upon the most important Affairs. The same Divinity encourages the Youth of this University, obliges them to lay aside their Modesty, so Injurious to their Fame ; they find Rhetorick, Divinity, Physick, Philosophy, Law, and all other Sciences in a Bottle ; they take their Degrees without the usual Formalities and Expence ; boldly set up for Doctors. and Preach upon the nicest points of Knowledge, with the utmost assurance imaginable ; they expect to be made Deans and Bishops, and think their Parts give them a just Title to so Eminent a Station. Nor does the Young only reap the Benefits that proceed from the force of Wine ; the Old, whom Age and Diseases have render'd almost incapable of Action, or partaking in the Pleasures or Business of the World, find themselves Vigorous and Lusty by drinking full Bumpers of that sparkling Juice ; from thence they find their Nature and Inclinations chang'd, as well as Strength renewed. They dance away the Laziness of Age, make Love as if they had recover'd Time, and had never seen above Twenty Winters, when their Hoary Heads confess their Years, and stupifie the World with so powerful an alteration : But what is equally surprizing, their Temper is chang'd, their darling Humour, Avarice, is lost, and their Hearts become unbounded, and free as the God by whom they are possess'd. Wine gives all things, it makes the Dull Ingenious, the Modest Bold, the Fearful Brave ; refines the Judgment of the Doctors, and makes their Opinions most Canonical. It must be confess'd that the Notion of Liberty is deeply imprinted in our Hearts, there being certainly nothing more advantageous, nothing more beneficial, more pleasing and agreeable to Human Reason. 'Tis Liberty that by its Origin and Excellency imparts to us a great resemblance,

semblance, and as it were, unites us with the Divine Nature it self: For the Gods, tho' they enjoy immense Pleasures, yet their highest Excellency consists in having their Will unlimited by any Superiour Power. You that are Enemies to Drunkenness, consider seriously the Course of all Sublunary things; consider whether 'tis not the Drunkard, that before all others can boast of this Liberty, and acts as uncontrollable as the Gods themselves. If such an one affronts his Friend or his Neighbour, the Civil Magistrate, or the Government, 'tis imputed to Wine; the considerate World say, *The Man was not himself*; he escapes publick Justice and private Revenge, and that Liquor that renders him happy in his Thoughts, makes him also secure, and protects him in his Person. If the Drunkard commits a Murder, he will be Hang'd when he is Sober, so that he has all the Reason in the World to repent of, and avoid Sobriety: If this seems a Paradox, I beg the Favour you would try the Experiment, and put such a Crime in execution. If an honest Gentleman is a little too much heated with the Fumes of Wine, and plays the Hero in the Streets, affronts the Men, ruffles the Women, roars like a Lyon, and becomes as Mad as the Tygers that draw the God he pays Obedience to; Such a Person meets with all the Civility imaginable, every one is ready to flatter him, to speak the softest Words, and use the tenderest Actions in order to reduce him to Reason; but when he returns to his Senses, when the next Morning has dissipated the Divine Fumes of the last Night's drinking, What Plagues must the poor Sober Mortal undergo? His Spouse, who addrest herself within some few Hours so kindly, raves like a Fiend, the Tune is now altered, she breaks out,——Is this the Course you take? Must I be always a Slave to your Humour? Is this the effect of a Gentleman-like Education? Is it thus you provide for your Family? What occasion is there for more Arguments to prove what in it self is so apparent and beyond contradiction?

tion? That there is no comparison in happiness betwixt a Sober and a Drunken-Man, no more than betwixt the most Miserable and the most Happy, since the first linger away their Lives in perpetual Drudgery, in Slavery and Obligations; the last enjoys all the Sweetness of an unbounded Liberty; those have their Chains, whilst these are as unconfin'd as the greatest Monarchs, and scarce inferior to the Celestial Beings. What lustre has a Crown, and what Pains do Mankind take to extend an Arbitrary Sway over their fellow Creatures? Ambition has very often carried Mankind from the Paths of Justice; and how many Thousand have been Sacrificed for the attaining the Royal Dignity? Now if I can make it appear by undeniable Instances, that a Drunkard does not only fancy himself a King in his own Conceit, but acts, is respected and attended as such, and purchases this Sovereignty only with a few Bottles, which is sometimes obtained by the Great, by Perjuries and Blood-shed; you must confess that he is as happy, if not much happier, than a King. What can appear more like a great Prince, than to see a Drunkard seated in an Elbow Chair, Majestically spewing, while one Servant holds the Bason, and another fetches him Cordials, and a third pities his Condition, and uses the softest expressions to divert his Masters Peevishness or Fury? The Royal Drunkard uses his Hands and Feet very briskly, and upon the least occasion his Domesticks feel their Sovereign's Resentment. 'Twas in these Pleasures *Heliogabalus* spent his Imperial Hours, in drinking the most Noble and Generous Wines, and eating the greatest Rarities that Art or Nature could produce. He neglected the other advantages of Empire, and sought a more pleasing and solid satisfaction in the enjoyment of Wine and good Company. Drinking largely got *Prometheus* his Reputation, and *Anacreon* was as famous for a Bottle, as he was soft and pleasing in his Poetry. Let us Drink then, my Friends, for to morrow we may Dye. Pray how do you

you like these Assertions? You seem to approve them well enough; but you will be better pleas'd, when I assure you, that those who take delight in Drinking, commonly make a graceful appearance both in their Bodies and Faces. Perhaps you will answer, How can Drunkards seem agreeable? Well—I wonder at you; for if we measure Beauty, either by Bulk or Complexion, the Drunkard in either of these makes a most glorious Figure. Without surveying the whole frame of his Body, pray take notice of his Belly, how plump and round it is! Of what a magnificent Circumference! How strong and large are his Leggs, fit and proportion'd to support the Noble Structure above! Next, pray view his Face, how round, how smooth his Cheeks, like those the *Painters* give to Infant Angels, or the illustrious Son of *Semele*, as Purple as his Wine, and always smiling like the God of Love! The Drunkard's Voice is Hoarse and Manly, not like the squeaking Trills of an *Eunuch*, but like the Martial Kettle-Drum; and gentle Sleep concludes the Story, assists the God of Wine, and renders himself obedient to the Divine Boy, when the Thunder of *Jove*, nor the Arrows of *Cupid* can't command him. Oh! Charming Virtue, Drunkenness! Mistress of all Pleasures, that Conquers all things, all the Race and Generations of Men! What Hero of Antiquity can the Fables of the *Greeks* or the Histories of the *Romans* produce that hath held, and yet does, so many Nations and so great Personages in Chains? In vain does *Hercules* boast of all his Victories, of his *Hydra*, and *Amazons*, and the Hellish *Cerberus*. Wine has overcome more Ladies and greater Monsters than e'er the Son of *Alcmena* could subdue. All Empires and Kingdoms submit themselves to Drunkenness; she makes them stagger with the Power of her Breath; she Reigns Imperially in *Germany* and *Denmark*, Lords it over *Poland*, *Sweden* and *Norway*; among the *Dutch* she is a Stadt-Holder, and even extends her Dominion to this University; reigns over the Doctors, Fellows and

and Students. — But hold, perhaps you'll affirm, that only the thinking of strong Liquors has had the same effect upon me, as the drinking of them occasions in others: and that I am too tedious and prolix in a matter obvious in it self to the meanest Understanding: I shall therefore trouble my Audience no farther than only to add, that 'tis highly reasonable, that a Custom establish'd and continu'd since the beginning of the World to this Day, ought to be preserv'd inviolable; that a Custom fram'd and cemented by Nature, supported by Reason, and practis'd with success, ought to be deliver'd down to Posterity, be maintain'd with Honour, and had in Veneration by all succeeding Ages.



A Bantering Adverbial Declamation, written by Mr. Tho. Brown, upon a Pair of Bellows at Mother Warner's in Oxford: For the Use of Mr. Alfred Carpenter.

Divitis Cujusdan Avari Filius Templum Æsculapio
vovit, si readolescat Pater, Pater readolescit, &
exheredat Filium. Contra Patrem.

QUandoquidè enim verò (Judices) nec sanè Laboriosè
satis & anxie, præterea mediùs fidiùs; Curiosè nimis
& sedulò meherculè, nec enim alièr aut rectè aut eru-
ditè, violentèr parùm & negligentèr protinus, nimirùm
olim sicuti & nunc candidè juxtà & officiosè, quippè tam
diù lautè quàm diù pecuniosè, nec rectè nec prosperè sicut
semper. extemplò scilicet & inconsideratè, priusquàm quan-
doquidè olim, necnon itaque cum ubique turpiter & inho-
neste, idcirco nec gloriosè parumper & humiliter; sed quid
opus est pluribus?

*Ferunt Achillem Darii Reges Gazas evolventem, quem
turpiter prope Persianos Montes fudit Julius Cæsar, Par-
thorum*

A Declamation of A D V E R B S. 43

thorum Imperator iratum subinde Alexandro fuisse, quod fracto cum Hispanis fœdere Hectori Gallia Regi Bellum indixit, non nisi Luctu & Lachrymis Memorandum. Quippe cum Germanicos Agros Tybris jam inundasset, multusque Fluvii Sonitus in ipsis aëris Plagis Terræ motum movisset; Jam prope periisset Tybris nisi secundas messes misisset Nilus Ausonia Fluvius. Sed quid facit Virtus, si Fortuna contrarietur? Aut quid prodest suum Marito Jus, si Conjux interim induat Femoralia? Recte semper mihi visus sapuisse Consul, qui Fabium Maximum Ignavia condemnavit, & Avaritiam aiebat cujusque Mali Originem. Quapropter ob has rationes (nec Asiaticæ, sed Laconice loquor) Corulos verisimile est Legatos ad Equinoctialem misisse nuper Cassiopeæ Cathedram, quam summa tunc Temporis Fraude invaserat Innocentius, ejus nominis Millesimus. Equator autem (ut fere accidit in adversis Rebus) Copiarum nihil pollicitus est, sicut & Satiricus erudite Observavit,

Ille autem in lectis pedibusque Stragulis,
Textis purpura & ostro dormiturus sæpe cubabat.

Coluri igitur extemplo Argonavim instruxere Armis, cum Antarctico Polo Amicitiam contrahere (nuper in Eclipticâ summâ cum Laude Gladiatorum Munus exhibuerat) Pleiadesque & geminum Ursa sydus multâ cum Æsculapii Phalange circumcingere ceperunt. Memorabile est de Romulo, qui cum Julii Cæsaris Mortem audisset, protinus Hermophraditum peperit. Quod ad Me spectat (Judices) de Patris Hereditate dejicior, non aliam ob rationem, quam propter Amorem & Charitatem; fateor me esse Cupidissimum & Patri simillimum, & quovis Asino Membrosiorem, quod vel ipsæ Vicinorum Conjuges testari possunt. Dicunt me esse inopem Ingenii, & ipso Corabo impudentiorem; si quis tamen, Judices, rite perpenderit, quomodo à me transigitur Tempus, non mirabitur si non Latini tantum mihi suppetat Sermonis, quantum (ut aiunt vulgo) me ad Lectum refectorium afferre posset. Post peractas Matutinas Preces, quibus raro intersum utpote quas parum intelligo, rursus Lectum peto; illic, instar Pecudis, jaceo,

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jaceo, donec Promptuarium accedere & Venter & Tempus
postulant; cum sonandis Tympanis Hora vocat altera si
quis me vellet reperire in Turri, inveniet (among the
Bells); tum itur in Culinam & illic ambulatur donec à
Togatis in Aulam vocatur; sed quid ridetis Amici?

Quid potestis dicere de illo Persiano?

De Jove quid vos sentiris Mundoque futuro?

Si Catonis Distica unquam legistis, meliores à Vobis
Mores expectarem sed non vobis est novum fumerè Murum
de Melioribus Vestris, & Ludibrium facere de quovis Inge-
niosissimo. Cohibete Risum, socii bibacissimi, & Matri
Joannæ persuadebo, ut credat mihi pro his 12 Botellis,
quas crastina nocte clamantes & cantantes potabimus,

Ocyus Ventis, & agente nimbos

Alfred C—r.

Ocyus Euro.



Thus Translated by Mr. Brown.

FOrasmuch really, worthy Auditors, (under the
Rose be it spoken) as I hope to be sav'd, sin-
cerely by Jove; neither diligently enough, nor care-
fully, as in the days of Yore, but helter skelter, flap-
dash, confusedly; not indeed otherwise than his
Right, and topsy turvy; for by the By, Gentlemen,
notoriously enough, and manifestly, that hereafter,
nay for the future, hastily, rashly, and so forth. But
what need I bring more Topicks for Illustration,
since you see its as plain as a Cows Thumb? For upon
this account it was, that Achilles, that fam'd Arith-
metician, as he was looking over Darius's Money
Bags, was a little before so cursedly mumpt by Jul-
ius Caesar, King of the Parthians, by the Mount Da-
nubius, not a Stones cast from the River Atlas, that
he had scarce a word to throw a at Dog, fell immedi-
ately

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tely into a great Huff with *Alexander Magnus*, Haber-
dasher of Small Wares, because, contrary to the
League with the *Spaniards*, he fell foul upon *Hector*
Boetius King of *Gallia*; the Reason, as the Event
sheweth, was not without good ground, and indeed
every why hath its wherefore; For the River *Tiber*
a little after over-flowing all *Germany*, and the great
Noise the Deluge made causing great Earthquakes in
the Atmosphere, all *Thessaly* had in the twinkling of a
Shoeing-horn been certainly undermin'd by *Lobsters*, had
not the *Ausonian* River *Nile* been as good as his word, and
sent them good store of *Garlick* and *Onions*. For my
part, 'tis a hard matter to pass ones Judgment upon
such disputable Questions: But I am verily persua-
ded in my Conscience, that *Socrates* was not beside the
Cushion, when he condemn'd *Fabius Maximus*, a Roman
Shoe-maker, of *Lingridge*, and swore before the Senate,
till he was black in the Face, that Avarice was the
Root of all Evil. You wou'd stare perhaps, worthy
Auditors, shou'd I in sober sadness tell you, that
this same unlucky Business made the *Coluri*, *Saturn's*
Coach-Horses, send an Embassy to the Equator about *Cas-*
siopeia's Chair, which was about that time invaded by
Pope Innocent. (*ejus nomines Millestinus*) The Equator
indeed (as it commonly happens to those that are
down in the Wind, and under the Hatches) sent
neither Ammunition, Horse nor Foot, as it is some-
where egregiously observ'd by the *Satirist*,

She in a Bed, that had Back, Mat and Tester,
Snor'd all Night, and nothing did infest her.

However, the *Coluri*, that sure were blustering
Bullies, and never hung an Arse for the Matter, but
slap dash Rigg'd the Ship *Argo* with new *Pallisadoes*,
and made Articles with the *Anatarctick* Pole who had
lately, to his great Credit, (for he play'd excellently
well at *Back-Gammon*) shew'd notable Signs of his
Experience at *Quarter-staff* at the *Bear-Garden* in the
Ecliptick, till at last he routed *Sagittarius*, *Orion*, and
the

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the rest of the Enemies, and so made himself *Dominus fac totum* of the Field. To prove this, Gentlemen, you may see the Story of *Romulus*, who when he heard that *Julius Caesar* was put out of the Commons, and gon the way of all Flesh, fell into such a Passion, that he was straightway deliver'd of an *Hermophradite*. For my Part (Judges) and a Fig for you, I can say so much of myself. Thou canst take off thy *Potus, Alfred*, as well as e're a Man of 'em all ; and for a Fellow that is well hung, never a Stallion or Coach-Horse can come near thee. If you doubt of this, go into *St. Abbs*, and ask the *Ash-Woman* there. And thou art as like thy Father, as if thou hadst been pick'd out of his A——. They say indeed that I had a Knock in the Cradle, and am somewhat White-liver'd ; if they dealt squarely with me, and consider'd how Times go with me, they'd scarce at all wonder, if I had not so much Latin as wou'd bring me to Bed. After *Morning-Prayer*, which I seldom come to, because in an unknown Tongue, I presently lie down again, and take a civil Nap, till both my Belly and Time warn me to the *Buttery*. Then from Nine till Ten I am ringing the Bells ; if any one hath any Business with me, he may find me in the *Tower*. Then I walk as grave as a *Coach-Horse* up and down the *Kitchen*, till my Belly tells me it has struck Eleven. But Faith, Gentlemen, it seems you had never very good Breeding, thus to laugh at my Ingenuity, and sport so rudely with my Wit. But, hark ye now, be Civil and a little Graver, so my learned Lads, I'll make my Mother *Jone* trust me for two Dozen of Bottled Ale, which we will take off in full Bumpers, tearing and singing,

*Swifter than Winds and Lightning,
The Ale our Spirits heightning.*



The Beauties, to Armida.

EASIE to Love, much eăsier to Change,
 Uncircumscrib'd my wanton Passions range.
 With sure Success each fair Enchanter sets,
 Toils for my Heart, and spreads her blooming Nets;
 The faithless Wantan soon a Freedom gains,
 And from another feels repeated Chains.
 To every Saint I most devoutly fall,
 My superstitious Love adores them all;
 I swear by Love, and by the Pain he brings,
 My Soul's inconstant as the Wanton's Wings,
 No lovely Maid cou'd ever fix my Mind,
 Or all my Heart in Love's soft Circles bind;
 Too partial Fate, to frame my Soul for Joys,
 Which my uncertain Temper soon destroys:
 Whilst for each Fair, successively I burn,
 My Roving Heart meets no sincere Return.
 Come then, Great God of Love, and take my Part,
 And fix for ever my inconstant Heart;
 Why will you see your faithful Slave abus'd,
 The pleasing Pain of loving long, refus'd?
 Why must I make my solemn Vows in vain?
 I, who your Empire did so well maintain?
 I, who so far did Loves soft Power extend,
 And made the Chaste before your Altars bend?
 Hear but this once with a propitious Ear,
 And by yourself and *Venus* Eyes, I swear,
 A Thousand Offerings each returning Day
 My grateful Heart shall most devoutly pay;
 Hear me, Great God, and grant my last Request,
 Since no Terrestrial Maid can charm my Breast;
 Make one on purpose, and from every Fair,
 Some *Beauty* snatch, to make the Charmer rare:
 There to begin, whence Love himself does rise,
 Let her have *Sylvia's* kind engaging Eyes,
 In which dear Circles all Incentives move,
 To cause, confirm, and entertain my Love.

His

His surest Net, there wanton *Cupid* lays,
 And as he wounds, about her Eye-balls plays.
 Sometimes how soft and charming they appear!
 Sometimes Tyrannick, with a Look severe,
 They drive the worthiest Lover to Despair.
 Wisdom and Sense in vain her Victims aid,
 To break her Chains, too strong her Eyes persuade.
Armida's Neck with grateful Motion turn,
 Where purple Streams in winding Channels run;
 Next Place, *Serena's* white enchanting Breast,
 On which imperial Love himself might rest;
 To meet the Touch, those lovely Hills arise,
 And every Motion does our Sense surprize;
 But oh! two snowy Mounts so near her Heart,
 Still keep it cold, and quench Love's hottest Dart;
 Between those Hills, a Milky Way there leads,
 Not to the Skies, or the *Elizian-Meads*,
 But here's a Path to greater Pleasures shown,
 For which the Gods have oft forsook their own.
 Happy's the Man enters this sacred Grove,
 And treads the Mazes of Mysterious Love.
 And next, great Love, below this charming Breast,
Lesbia's engaging Belly must be plac'd,
 A Cupulo to thy most awful Shrine,
 Whence comes your Pow'r, which Mortals make
 Divine.

This is the truest *Heliconian* Spring,
 By which inspired Bards first learnt to sing;
Venus her Charms, *Phæbus* his Silver Bow,
Jove does his Thunder to the Poets owe.
 The Gods themselves by their Assistance live,
 Eternal Fame their deathless Pages give.
 If more Perfections you expect below,
 Her Legs and Feet must bright *Almeria* show.
 Gods! How she takes me with a vast Surprize!
 Oh Love, how charming is thy Paradise!
 Next, over all, must *Phryne's* Skin be drawn,
 Lucid and clear as the first Orient Dawn,
 Thro' which most lovely and unfaithful Sc reen,
 The various Passions of the Soul are seen;

And all the Tumults of her Virgin Breast,
 By Fear, Disdain, or softer Love possesst.
 To *Laura's* Waste, let *Lydia's* Air invite,
 A dear Temptation to that strait Delight :
 From her *Apelles* might his Pattern take,
 From her alone a brighter *Venus* make.
 Let her, like *Cloe*, tread an even Pace,
 And print in every Step she takes, a Grace ;
 May she in Measure, like *Clarinda* move,
 And sing as charming as the Saints above.
 Let *Laura's* Air in every Act appear,
 Raising Desire, and yet commanding Fear.
 And next, great God, that she may nothing want,
 Of all that I can ask, or you can grant,
 Let her, Oh let her like dear *Claria* Kiss
 Like her transport me with surprizing Bliss.
 Help me ye Powers of Love, I faint, I die,
 The Thought screws Nature to a pitch too high,
 Scarcely my Breast my fleeting Soul retains,
 And Gusts of Pleasure hurry thro' my Veins.
 One touch of hers——
 More Bliss contains than pamper'd Prelates prove
 In snacht Embraces of forbidden Love.
 To my last Prayer, propitious Love be kind,
 And make the Fair bewitching in her Mind,
 Good Sense and Wit in the same Person joyn'd,
 Seldom our strictest Inquisitions find ;
 Unite two Stocks to form the witty She,
Dorinda's Sense, and *Flavia's* Repartee.
 The wanton God smil'd on his humble Slave,
 As when *Adonis* he his Mother gave ;
 When strait Heaven's Gates by Love's supream Com-
 mand,
 Were open set ; for what can Love withstand ?
 Soft breezing *Zephyrs* bring the Virgin down,
 A Gift Divine that must my Passion crown ;
 I threw myself devoutly at her Feet,
 Where all Perfections, all the Graces meet,
 But by the God commanded to arise,
 I saw *Armida*, to my vast Surprize ;

So rich in Charms, and so divine her Air,
 The Queen of Love was scarce herself so fair.
 With eager Arms I clasp'd the lovely Maid,
 My humble Thanks to mighty Love I paid,
 And as I wanted nothing else, for nothing pray'd.



Soteria Ormondiana.

Tandem querelis modum pone tuis,
 Juverna, tandem desine luctum,
 Revixit Ormondus, Caduci
 Grande decus, columeque Regni
 Gaudete sacra Pieridum Domus,
 Eblana gaude, Templaque Cynthio
 Dilecta, quantum non Cithæron,
 Non Viridis juga tonsa Pindi.
 Evæ! Recentis Conscia Gaudii
 Sonent Canoris Littora plausibus,
 Et saxa respondent Camænis
 Pulsa meis. Iterentque carmen
 Ceca impiorum turba Rebellium,
 Invisa semper principisque cohors,
 Zeliq̃ue mentita sub umbra,
 Doctas pias adhibere fraudes.
 Quo bella, quo vos desert Impotens
 Tandem Cupido? sistite Barbaros
 Motus fatigatumque Martem,
 Immodicis prohibete votis.
 Ille, ille regno est redditus & sibi,
 Qui pervicaci fræna Licentia,
 Turbaque ferratas catenas,
 Injiciet male contumaci.
 Lanugo vultus vix nova ceperat
 Vestire pulchros, induitur sagum
 Ormondus, & Scotos frementes,
 Auspiciis pepulit Secundis.
 Qualis Juventâ fervidus impigrâ,
 Mutavit Armis prima crepundia,

Pompeius

Pompeius, & pulchro subegit
 Pene puer, Numidas Triumpho.
 Quis fata versa dicat Hyberniae,
 Pulsasque Musas templaque caelitum
 Disiecta non levi ruina?
 Funera quis memorare dignis
 Speret querelis? Oh Heliconidum
 Eblana sedes! O nemora! O sacrae
 Laurus, & optandi recessus!
 Fontibus O celebrata Tempe!
 Fortuna quæ vos illachrymabili
 Mersit ruina? Quid nisi nomina
 Tum nuda, desertæque Cautes
 Pieriis caulos ferarum
 Celâstis Antris! sæpe caput gravi,
 Mærens Ierne vulnere saucium,
 Narratur ostentasse nato,
 Sæpe preces gemitusque miscens.
 Per ista, (dixit) per generis decus,
 Per spem tuorum, per lacrymas meas
 Fletusque, per siquid paternum
 Grande tibi est, miserere gentis,
 Assurge & Iras concipe vindici
 Virtute dignas, quaque tuis patet
 Arena bellis, in negatas
 Quære vias aditusque rumpe.
 Quali Medullas fulgere percitus
 Ormondus Arsit! Flamma capacibus,
 Quæ infusa venis cum protervo,
 Indomitum scelus ire Cursu
 Passim videret, me nova buccina,
 Me poscit ingens militiæ labor,
 Me dixit in bellum resorbens,
 Unda fretis rapit æstuosis.
 Vester beatum Carolidæ genus,
 Vester Cohortes in medias feror,
 Si totus obluetetur orbis,
 Vincit amor studiumque recti.
 Hæc Elocutus Caesaris caput,
 Devovit aris, nec violabile,

Dixit Sacramentum, ter aræ,
 Ter subita tremuere flammæ,
 Exinde quali turbine proruit
 In bella, quali fertur anhelitu,
 Viresque vultusque Impetumque
 Fulmineo similis Gradivo!
 Heu! quantus ille sub Jove torrido,
 Sudor! quot illum, non timidum mori,
 Pericla circumstant! quot arces
 Perfidia manifestus ultor!
 Defecit acri (plus vice simplici)
 Belli procella! Barbaricas opes,
 Curvasque Scotorum secures,
 Et trabes ducibusque signa
 Detracta testor; Testor ad arduos
 Affixa postes signa triremibus
 Erepta Captivosque currus,
 Et galeas clypeosque centum
 Perfossa telis. Quid fera prælia,
 Quid arma tantum, regnaque prosequor,
 Collisa bellis? Ille ramo
 Tempora palladio revinctus.
 Jani ferocis Limina clausit, &
 Leges Ierne restituit suas,
 Deditque pacem, quam nec arma,
 Nec litui strepitusque rumpent;
 Qualis beatis incubuit locis,
 Cum pulsa nondum cesserat Impiis
 Astræa terris, & beatas
 Rura dabant inarata messes,
 Simplexque passim turba feracibus
 Spectaret arvis, nectaris uberes
 Errare Rivos, atque truncis
 Lapsa cavis trepidare mella.
 Ah! ne serenos protinus inquinet,
 Sodes iniqui turbinis impetus,
 Canam, nec Ormondi senectam,
 Sors Levis in nova bella trudat.
 Eheu veremur! dii procul arceant
 Omen nefandum, ne labor arduus,

*Fatumque Juvernæ ruentis,
Immineat duce restituto.
Sat ille Martis pertulit horridi,
Duros tumultos, & fremitum gravem:
Sat ille distrinxit minacem
Pro patria gladium ruenti.
Fallor ne? gentis dux bonæ Hybernæ,
Te possit ingens regia Galitum;
Fallor ne an illustris triumpho
Signa dedit manifesta tellus?
Magnum Stupentes hinc iter ad polos,
Emense qualis, quantus & aspici,
Incedis? & Garvise calcas
Siderei spatia ampla cæli.
Unde illa Mundi pars quota sit, vides,
Subjecta tellus terrigenum metus,
Crebrosque in angusto recursus,
Et steriles miseratus artes:
Sic post laborum difficiles vices,
Et post subactum totius Impetum
Junonis, Alcidi paternæ,
Emerito patuere sedes.*

T. Brown, ex Æde
Christi Oxon.

*The same in English, upon the Recovery of the
Duke of Ormond.*

Such cruel Accents, sad Ierne, spare:
Cease these untimely Sighs and needless Care,
Ormond's recover'd, who for Greatness born,
The labouring State protects and does adorn,
Ye sacred Domes, where Jove's bright Daughters dwell,
The happy Change in lasting Numbers tell.
Dublin rejoyce, than whom Apollo more
Cytheron loves not, nor the Delian Shore.
The conscious Rocks, loud Acclamations reach,
And Joys luxurious rend the Ouzie Beech.

54 *On the D. of Ormond's Recovery.*

The Cliffs and Hills, my echoed Thoughts rehearse,
 Applaud my Subject and approve my Verse.
 Rebellious Croud, sincere Religious Foe.
 Averse to Kings, and God that made them so,
 Who pious Frauds, and most Religious Lyes,
 With better Art than cloystered Priests devise.
 What Lust of Power, or what nefarious Charms,
 Ferment your Blood and boil you into Arms,
 The God of War far from your Thoughts remov'd
 Nor break his Slumbers with the Queen of Love,
 By Heavens Command, he is to Health restor'd,
 Whose prudent Councils or decisive Sword,
 With gentle Calms this happy Isle shall bless,
 Shall Foreign Storms and Civil Feuds suppress.
 E're rising down to shade his Cheeks began.
 His Worth and Actions fully prov'd him Man ;
 His early Youth in Loyal Arms did shine,
 And drove the vanquish'd *Scots* beyond the *Tyne*.
 Great *Pompey* thus with Thoughts of Glory fir'd,
 From Youth's soft Joys and Household Gods retir'd,
 Vanquish'd *Numidians* by his Arms undone,
 Ne'er greater Battles lost nor *Romans* won.
 Ye tuneless Sisters, who the Ruin know,
 The dismal Fate of sad *Ierne* show,
 Your Sacred Seats by cruel Rage o'erthrown,
 And Gods exil'd from Temples once their own.
 Sacred to Arts *Eblana*, calm Retreat
 Of Vertue, Science, and the Muses Seat.
 Oh Shades indulgent to the Poets Dreams !
 Oh Groves ! oh Laurels ! oh eternal Streams.
 In Learning's School, young *Wolves* and *Leopards* ran
 And play'd secure from the Destroyer, Man ;
 Say what hard Fate oppress'd your Reverend Fame,
 Then only Ruins, and an empty Name,
 Whilst Tears of Blood from pale *Iverna* run,
 She shews her Wounds to her illustrious Son ;
 Conjures his Aid, and Valour early known,
 By his Paternal Vertues and his own.
 To assert her Right, Revenge her cruel Harms,
 And free his Country by the Force of Arms,

On the D. of Ormond's Recovery. 55

The piercing Accents swift as Lightning burn,
Consume his Soul, and thro' his Marrow run.
Once more, says he, *Bellona* me invites,
To Seas of Blood and execrable Sights.
Fain would my Soul the Calms of Peace have try'd,
Snatch'd to the Main by the returning Tide,
My Sword, Great *Charles*, and injur'd Virtue draws,
The best of Masters, and the justest Cause.
Fresh Laurels Fate does for my Brow prepare,
Tho' all Mankind oppose the Holy War ;
Cesar to aid, and end Rebellious Strife,
He vows his Fortune, Honour, and his Life.
Presaging Fires around his Temples shine,
The Conscious Omens of a Will Divine,
As Lightning swift, or Storms of Hail and Rain,
Dreadful as *Mars* upon the *Thracian* Plain.
To Battel flies, near bright *Simois* Streams,
So look'd the God with such refulgent Beams,
What Toils, what Dangers must the Hero run,
What Heat endure by a too scorching Sun,
Expos'd to Death, which he disdains to shun ?
The Rebel Troops, no rest his Fire allows,
Scourge of their Crimes, and violated Vows,
What various Armour spread the purple Fields,
What Colours torn, what glitt'ring Helms and Shields ?
Neglected Horses range along the Plain,
Their Chariots broke, and generous Riders slain !
Not with Success alone the Hero fought,
But also Peace unto his Country brought ;
That gentle Goddess did serenely smile,
And *Olive Branches* crown'd his finish'd Toil.
His Prudence shut fell *Janus* brazen Doors,
And Law and Justice to the State restores.
So blest *Ierne*, when *Astrea* Reign'd,
When Man and Beast one common Shed contain'd.
E're impious Ploughs to wound the Earth began,
And floating *Pines* were steer'd by daring Man.
Oh! may no Cares disturb the Hero's Life,
His happy Hours not intermixt with Strife ;

56 *On the D. of Ormond's Recovery.*

May all his Days be white, his Joys serene,
 And Sorrow only by his Foes be seen.
 I fear, (may Heaven avert the dire Prefage)
Juvena's Fortune may embroil his Age;
 Too much of War his honour'd Worth hath known,
 Drawing the Sword of Justice and his own.
 May Fate his Grace late from these Isles remove,
 To Realms Divine, and Heaven's high Court above.
 His Mind enlarg'd, and boundless as the Sky,
 Shall unknown Worlds and Heaven's Recesses spy.
 The fierce Emotions that disturb Mankind,
 Our Hopes and Fears that shake the trembling Mind,
 From thence he'll view, and with Contempt look
 down,
 Both on the Pains and Pleasure of a Crown.
 Thus after all the Toils impos'd by Fate,
 By angry Gods and conscious *Juno's* Hate,
 Divine *Alcides* breathes Celestial Air,
 Bless'd with a Goddess ever young and fair.



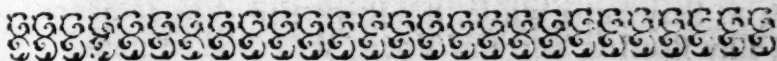
*The beginning of the first Satire of Per-
 sius imitated.*

The PROLOGUE, addrest to Mr. Midgly.

'T IS true, nor is it worth Denial,
 My Verse has never yet stood Trial
 Of *Poetick Smiths* that meet still,
 At *Urwin Tom's*, or *Urwin Will*;
 (For thus, Sir, Modern Revolution
 Has split the *Wits*, t'avoid Confusion,
 And set up Brother against Brother,
 That they mayn't clapper-claw each other.)
 That I should think myself a Poet,
 And vainly dare in Print to shew it:
 I, who never pass'd, as yet,
 The Test of the mis-judging Pit,
 Nor i'th' Galleries tickl'd Crowd,
 'Till they have clap'd and laugh'd aloud: Nor

The PROLOGUE to PERSIUS. 57

Nor from the tender Boxes e'er
 Yet have drawn one pitying Tear:
 Nor with *Sir Courtly*, Roundelays
 Have made to garnish out new Plays;
 Nor *Virgil's* great majestick Lines
 Melted into enervate Rhimes;
 Nor witty *Horace*, e'er did venture
 To burlesque into modern Banter;
 Nor gentle *Ovid* e'er did force
 To zounds a River for a Horse;
 Nor, in sharp *Juvenal's* stronger Verse,
 Perverted into Dogrel Farce;
 Nor ever durst, as yet, presume
 To venture on a meer Lampoon;
 Nor, in short, few Words being best,
 E'er could make a bawdy Jest.
 I'll tell you then, since you'll needs know it,
 Why I set up now for a Poet;
 'Tis not for what most of us write,
 To fill my Purse, or shew my Wit;
 But purely out of real Affection,
 To fill up my Friend's Collection.
 Therefore, sweet Sir, in haste, adieu tye,
 For I'll adjourn now to my Duty.



The beginning of the first Satire of Persius imitated.

Poet. **O**H the preposterous Cares of Human Kind!
 Which in each Action and each Wish
 we find!

Friend. Prithee that *Cant* give o'er, or who will read?
 You preach as solemnly, as 'twere your Trade.

58 *The first Satire of PERSIUS.*

P. Speak you to me? F. To thee say'st? yes egad—
Why surely, *Jack*, thou'rt absolutely mad,
For none will on such formal Verses look,
But damn the Author, and despise the Book.

P. None, say you, Sir? F. Or one or two at most;
And is't not hard to've *all* your Labours lost?
To have your Works on Bulks all dusty lie,
And *all* your Thoughts for want of Readers die? }
Your precious Lines serv'd up to Nocks, or Pye? }

P. Mistake not, Friend, I chase not empty *Fame*,
Nor write to please the Town, or get a Name.
Let the *Vain Herd* of noisy Wits and Beaux,
To whom they please, their worthless *Praise* dispose,
It ne'er one Moment shall break my Repose.
Or what care I, if th' undiscerning Town
Prefer dull *A*— to me, or *perter Br*—*n*;
Let *his* tagg'd Nonsense, & *others* Wilds of Wit,
With Cits and Boys still fond Applauses get:
But you, my Friend, steer a securer Course,
And by the common Judgment ne'er form yours,
Most Men, by publick Vogue, *condemn* or *praise*,
And never weigh the Merits of the Cause:
Let not that Balance you to either side,
By Wisdom's *Noble Rule*, your Sentence guide.
Oh! that I could, spight of my beardless Youth,
With a prevailing *Force*, now urge the Truth!

F. Stay but a while, till Reverend Age comes on,
(Thy fleeting Years of Youth will soon be gone)
Then will Grey Hairs on all thou say'st print Awe,
A dictatorial Youth does Envy draw,
Authority with all thy Precepts go,
Tho' from his Pen the noblest Truths do flow.

P. Oh! that's too long, I must before that Time,
Lash the vile Town with my Satiric Rhime.

F. That must not be--pray take a Friend's Advice.

P. Prithee no more, indeed thou'rt o'er-nice.
I can no longer hold, nor silent see
Such numerous Pamphlets on each Quarter fly,
Some in Prose, and some in mightier Verse,
Which each will daily to his Friends Rehearse.

Here

The first Satire of PERSIUS. 59

Here a *Pert-Sot*, with six Months Pain brings forth,
A strange, mishapen, and ridiculous Birth :
A Glimps of Human Stamp it has, the rest
Is Serpent, Fish, and Bird, but larger Beast :
In that odd Monster *Horace* once design'd,
We may some *Method* and some *Meaning* find,
Tho' differing Parts, yet distinct Parts it had,
Tail of Fish, Horfes Neck, a Human Head:
Nor Head, nor Tail, nor any Part, is here,
Through the whole Lump, no certain Forms appear,
'Tis Chaos all — Mark how the jarring Seed
Of ill agreeing Things, perpetual Discord breed
Together huddled, now this, now that prevails,
HOT Summer now, and now *COLD Winters Tales* !
More pondrous *GUESS*, with lighter *BANTER* meets,
With clashing Fury each the other greets ;
MOIST spreading *Scandal*, with *DRY Dulness* fights,
But oh ! 't requires this Mortal Strife to end,
A stronger Judgment, a diviner Mind
Than his ; for whatsoe'er the World may think,
Pudding's his Food, and drowsy Mum his Drink :
For read his Trifles, and scarce in one Line,
You'll find him guilty of the least Design.
By the thick Fogs, which from his Diet rise,
His Sense is smother'd, and his Judgment dies.
Well has he then the Seven Sleepers grac'd,
By Yearly Sacrifice, and Annual Feast,
For sure his Studies are but Sleep at best ;
And all the Town must needs be in a Dream,
When such wild Ramblings got him some poor Fame.
But quitting now this poor Prose Pamphleteer,
To mightier Verse I must my Vessel steer.
But here the chiming Fops so numerous grow,
And in such various Follies dress'd they go,
'T would be an endless Task to lash 'em all,
And now I find my Muse grows something dull.
F. Enough for one Time, sure is one such Fool.

A SATIRE against WOMAN.

To a Lady who let a fine Gentleman die for Love of her.

FOolish *Lucinda*, think what is thy due,
 Since witty *Strephon's* dead, and dead by you.
 Think what your Folly, and your Crime demand,
 Which all your treach'rous Arts cannot withstand.
 In vain your Eyes with Coquetry you Arm,
 The false Advances are to me no Charm.
 I shun the Rock where *Strephon* has been split,
 And like *Ulysses* will serenely sit,
 Regardless of your Beauty, or your Wit.
 Thy Syren Sounds, 'tis true, assault my Ear,
 But the frail Joy's forbid by juster Fear;
 For while I *Strephon's* Memory maintain,
 Your warbling Sounds attack my Soul in vain.
 When Wit and Honour you in him despise,
 Your Pertness has no Charm, no Force your Eyes;
 To Fools and Knaves you are the destin'd Prey,
 Fate is your Judge, and your Tormenters they.

May'st thou a Maid be still, in Thing or Name,
 Without the Pleasure, may'st thou lose thy Fame,
 Let lustful Wishes rack thy guilty Mind,
 Yet no Relief in the Possession find.
 Let every Man thou see'st give new Desires,
 And not one quench the rank salacious Fires;
 'Till the devouring Heat with Envy joyn'd,
 Rivel thy Body and distort thy Mind;
 While the Green-sickness, Stone, and loathsome
 Itch,
 Consume thy Youth, and burn thee for a Witch.

But if it be thy Fate at last to win,
 Some Wood-cock, Coxcomb, to thy Nuptial
 Ginn;

May

A Satire against WOMAN.

61

May thy curs'd Days and Nights be never free,
From disappointing Impotence and Jealousy;
May that thy Nuptial Pleasures still destroy,
And this thy strong Attempts at lawless Joy.
Ill Humours, Anger, Drubs, be all thy Lot,
And, more to raise thy Pain, be *Strephon* ne'er forgot
His Honour, Love and Merit, haunt thee still,
And by lost Joys enhance thy present Ill.

But why on thee weak Curses do I spend,
For thoughtless Crimes, which come out of thy Kind
The Sex are all *Pandora's*; Mischiefs all,
Which only on your foolish Vassals fall,
The happy Man, that scorns your idle Charms,
Lives most secure from all their racking Harms;
While he that yields to your insulting Eyes,
Jilted, deceiv'd, betray'd, in Sorrow dies.

What lasting Pleasures can from Woman spring,
Woman, that various and that changeful Thing?
Fleeting and anxious are the Joys we gain,
But strong and lasting, as the Cause, the Pain.
Who can suppose that Sense shou'd e'er prevail.
Where Ignorance and Folly never fail?
That Truth and Love success shou'd ever find,
In the fantastick Heart of Womankind;
All *Show* themselves, only by *Show* they're won,
And to their Ruin, *Truth* they're sure to shun,
And hug Deceit, by which they are undone.

The boisterous Bullies, or the fraudulent Knave,
The cunning Hypocrite, and cringing Slave,
Are sure to gain upon the thoughtless Kind,
With ease they vanquish their unguided Mind.
Oh! gaudy Source of all Mens Hopes and Fears,
Foil of their Youth, and Scandal of their Years;
To what vile Crimes dost thou still draw us in?
At once the Cause and Punishment of Sin.
All their Allurements they with Art display,
To cause frail Man to deviate from his Way.

Alter-

62 *A Satire against* W O M A N.

Alternate Smiles and Frowns, both insincere,
 Gay Laughter now, then Sighs, with an ensnaring
 Tear,
 Insulting Pride succeeds, and then dissembled Fear.
 Now sprightly Motion arms her wanton Eye,
 Then in soft Languishments she'll seem to die,
 Thus all the unguarded Passes of his Mind she'll try;
 'Till vanquish'd by her strong bewitching Charms,
 He falls a willing Pris'ner to her Arms,
 There meets a Veng'ance of ne'er ending Harms.

To shun this Mischief, know its Vices well,
 And listen while I all the Sex reveal.

Of wild and various Lusts, of Ignorance,
 Of Avarice strange, and yet profuse Expence;
 Of superstitious Craft, Profaneness bold,
 Of windy Nonsense, Follies manifold;
 Of Cruelty, Inconstancy and Lyes,
 Envy and Malice, deep Hypocrisies;
 Of Hate and Anger, and impetuous Rage,
 That Reason cannot cure, nor Time assuage;
 Revenge implacable, and lawless Fires,
 Of impotent, still varying Desires;
 And of ten Thousand nameless Vices more,
 Is this vile Idol made, which Men adore.

We need not rake the Brothel and the Stews,
 To see what various Scenes of Lust they use,
 There the lewd Punks of Want may plead Excuse.
 But let us to proud Palaces repair,
 And out of Choice see what is acted there;
 Where unconstrain'd, by want of Choice they lie
 Wallowing in all the Filth of boundless Luxury;
 They set no Limits to their wild Desires,
 But each possesses what she now admires.
 Footman and Groom successively they know,
 The sooty Negro, and the pulvill'd Beau,
 The brawny Coachman, and the Porter too.

Fools

Fools of all sorts, with Pleasure they admit,
While they palm Virtue on the suing Wit.

'Till cloy'd with Incest and Adultery,
To Lusts more strange, with eagerness they fly ;
The Crimes in Natures Bounds they think too few,
And therefore out of Nature seek for new,
Lais in *Phryne's* Arms will now expire.
And with strange Art would quench the growing
Fire,
Still raging with unsatisfy'd Desire.

I strive in vain, the varying Crimes to trace,
Of this salacious and destructive Race ;
Let it suffice that I at once declare,
No Law can bind them, and no Love endear,
Nor shall I hear their drunken Nights unfold,
The Tale's too black and shocking to be told ;
Or how in Gaming they their Hours employ,
While thus their Husband's Fortune they destroy ;
Or pay their Losings with forbidden Joy.
Nor shall I touch their secret Murthers done,
To hide their Lewdness by Abortion ;
Or when by Rage and blind Revenge possess'd,
They point Fools Swords against each others Breast.
Let it suffice that all the Tales of old,
That have of their strange Vices long been told ;
Passphæ, *Byblis*, *Phædra*, are out-done,
By Nymphs more lewd and wicked of our own ;
For every House in Modern Times can show,
Medea and a *Massalina* too ;
Quite tired of the nauseous Theme, I end,
And quit the Sex for Bottle and for Friend.

Celia alone's exempt from all these Crimes,
At once the Charm and Honour of these Times.
To make this *Phoenix* of the Age divine,
Obliging Humour, Wit and Beauty join ;
No Affectation checks the Joy she gives,
For she no Pride from all her Worth derives.

64 *A Satire on MARRIAGE.*

If you ask more, to unknown Worlds repair,
And try to make the strange Discovery there,
For our known World can only boast of her.
More than *Columbus* wou'd thy Search obtain,
But cease, the fruitless Toil will be in vain.



A SATIRE on MARRIAGE.

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in Danger, she always in Motion ;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcass,
Twice ventures a Drowning, and Faith that's a hard Case ;

Ev'n at our own Weapons the Females defeat us,
And Death, only Death, can sign our *Quietus*.
Not to tell ye sad Stories of Liberty lost,
How our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Pleasure all crost ;

This Pagan Confinement, this damnable Station,
Suits no Order, nor Age, nor Degree in the Nation.

The Levite it keeps from Parochial Duty,
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty ?
The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
And a poor Beast you know, can scarce carry double ;
'Twas invented, they tell you, to keep us from falling,

Oh the Virtue and Grace of a shrill Caterwauling.
But it palls in your Game. — Ah, but how do you know, Sir,

How often your Neighbour breaks up your Inclosure ?

For this is the principle Comfort of Marriage,
You must eat, though a Hundred have spit in your Porridge.

If at Night you're unactive, and fail of performing,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Bloodshed next Morning.
Cries

A SATIRE ON MARRIAGE. 65

Cries the Bone of your Side, thanks dear Mr. *Horner*,
This comes of your sinning with Crape in a Corner.
Then to make up the Breach, all your Strength you
must rally,

And labour and sweat like a Slave at the Gally.
Yet still you must charge, oh blessed Condition,
Tho' you know, to your cost you've no Ammunition.
'Till at last my dear mortify'd Tool of a Man,
You're not able to make a poor Flash in the Pan.

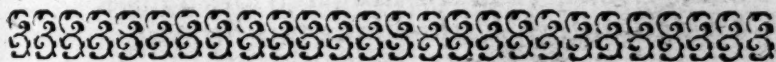
Fire, Female and Flood, begin with a Letter,
And the World's for them all not a Farthing the
better,

Your Flood soon is gone, and your Fire you may hum-
If into the Flame store of Water you tumble; (ble,
But to cool the damn'd Heat of your Wives Titil-
lation,

You may use half the Engines and Pumps in the
Nation,
But may piss out as well the last Conflagration.

Thus, Sir, I have sent you my Thoughts of the
Matter,

Judge you as you please, but I scorn for to flatter.



A Satire upon the French King, on the
Peace of Reswick.

*Written by a Non-Swearing-Parson and dropt out of his
Pocket at Sam's Coffee-House.*

Facit indignatio Versum.

AND hast thou left Old *Jemmy* in the Lurch?
A plague confound the Doctors of thy Church.
Then to abandon poor *Italian Molly*,
That I had the firking of thy Bumb with Holly.

Next

66 *A Satire upon the French King:*

Next to discard the Prince of *Wales*,
 How suits this with the Honour of *Versailles*?
 Fourthly and Lastly, to renounce the *Turks*,
 Why this is the Devil, the Devil and all his Works,
 Were I thy Confessor, who am thy Martyr,
 Dost think that I'd allow thee any Quarter? }
 No——thou shoud'st find what 'tis to be a Starter. }
 Lord! with what monstrous Lyes, and senseless
 Shamms

Have we been cullied all along at *Sam's*?
 Who could e're believ'd, unless in Spite,
Lewis le Grand wou'd turn rank *Williamite*?
 Thou that hast look'd so fierce, and talk'd so big, }
 In thy old Age to dwindle to a *Whigg*, }
 By Heaven, I see thou'rt in thy Heart a Prigg. }
 I'd not be for a Million in thy Jerkin,
 'Fore *George* thy Soul's no bigger than a Gerkin.
 Hast thou for this spent so much *Ready Rhino*?
 Now, what the Plague will become of *Jure Divino*?
 A Change so monstrous, I cou'd ne'er ha' thought, }
 Though *Partridge* all his Stars to vouch it brought, }
 'Slife, I'll not take thy Honour for a Groat. }
 Ev'n Oaths with thee, are only Things of Course,
 Thou, 'Zoons, thou'rt a Monarch for a Horse.
 Of King's distress'd, thou art a fine Securer,
 Thou mak'st me Swear, that am a known *Non-Jurer*.
 But tho' I swear thus, as I said before,
 Know, King, I'll place it all upon thy Score.
 Were *Job* alive, and banter'd by such Shufflers,
 He'd out-rail *Oats*, and curse both thee and *Bufflers*.
 For thee I've lost, if I can rightly scan'em,
 Two Livings worth full Eightscore Pounds *per Annum*,
Bona, & legalis Angliæ Monetæ,
 But now I am clearly routed by the Treaty.
 Then Geese and Pigs my Table ne'er did fail, }
 And Tythe-Eggs merrily flew in like Hail, }
 My Barns with Corn, my Cellars cramm'd with }
 Ale. }

The Dice are chang'd, for now, as I'm a Sinner,
 The Devil, for me, knows where to buy a Dinner.
 I might

A Satire upon the French King. 67

I might as soon, tho' I were ne'er so willing,
Raise a whole Troop of Horse, as one poor Shilling,
My Spouse, alas! must flaunt in Silks no more,
Pray Heav'n, for Sustainance, she turn not Whore;
And Daughter *Peggy* too, in time, I fear,
Will learn to take a Stone up in her Ear.
My Friends have basely left me with my Place,
What's worse, my very Pimples bilk my Face.
And frankly my Condition to disclose,
I most resent th' ungratitude of my Nose,
On which, tho' I have spent of Wine such store,
It now looks paler than my Tavern Score.
My double Chin's dismantled, and my Coat is,
Past its best Days, *in Verbo Sacerdotis*.
My Breeches too this Morning, to my Wonder,
I found grown Schismaticks, and fallen asunder.
When first I came to Town with Household Clog,
Rings, Watch, and so forth, fairly went for Prog.
The Ancient *Fathers* next, in whom I boasted,
Were soon exchang'd for primitive boild and roasted.
Since 'tis no Sin, of Books to be a Glutton,
I truck'd St. *Austin* for a Leg of Mutton.
Old *Jerom's* Volumes next I made a Rape on,
And melted down that Father for a Capon.
When these were gone, my Bowels not to baulk,
I trespass'd most *enormously* in Chalk.
But long I had not quarter'd upon Tick,
E're Christian Faith, I found, grew monstrous sick:
And now, alas! when my starv'd Entrails croke,
At Partner *How's* I dine, and sup on Smoke.
In fine, the Government may do its Will,
But I'm afraid my Guts will grumble still.

Dennis, of *Sicily*, as Books relate, Sir,
When he was tumbled from the Regal State, Sir,
(Which, by the bye, I hope will be your Fate, Sir.)
And his good Subjects left him in the Lurch,
Turn'd Pedagogue, and *tyranniz'd* in Birch:
Tho' thus the *Spark* was taken a Peg lower,
Some feeble Signs of his old State he bore,
And Reign'd o'er Boys, that govern'd Men before.
For

68 *A Satire upon the French King.*

For thee I wish some Punishment that worse is,
Since thou hast spoil'd my Prayers, now hear my
Curfes.

May thy Affairs, (for fo I wish by Heavens)
All the World o'er at Sixes lie and Sevens.
May *Conti* be impos'd on by the *Primate*,
And forc'd, in haste, to leave the Northern Climate;
May he rely upon their Faith, and try it,
And have his Belly full of *Polish Diet*.
With *Maintenon*, tho' thou so long hast kept her,
May *Brand Veneraal* singe thy Royal Scepter.
May all the Poets, that thy Fame have scatter'd,
Un-god thee now, and damn what once they flatter'd.
May Pope and thou be never Cater-Cousins,
And *Fistula's* thy Arse-hole seize by Dozens.

Thus far in Jest; but now to pin the Basket,
May'st thou to *England* come, of *Jove* I ask-it,
Thy wretched Fortune, *Lewis*, there to prop,
I hope thou'lt in the *Friars* take a Shop,
Turn Puny-Barber there, bleed lousy *Carmen*,
Cut Corns for Chimney-Sweepers, and such Vermin,
Be forc'd to Trim (for such I'm sure thy Fate is)
Thy own *Hugonots*, and us *Non-Jurors*, gratis.
May *Sarvey* with thee hither pack,
And carry a *Rare-Show* upon his Back.
May all this happen, as I've put my Pen to't,
And may all *Christian* People say *Amen* to't:



*Being committed for the foregoing Satire, he
wrote the following Petition to the Lords in
Council Assembled, by which he receiv'd his
Enlargement from Prison.*

P I N D A R I C K.

Humbly Sheweth,

S Houd you order *Tho. Brown*,
To be whip'd thro' the Town,
For scurvy Lampoon,

Grave

The Petition of THO. BROWN. 69

Grave S———n and Crown,
Their Pens wou'd lay down.

Even *Durfey* himself, and such merry Fellows,
That put their whole Trust in Tunes and Trangdil-
loes,

May hang up their Harps and themselves on the Wil-
lows,

For if Poets are punish'd for libelling Trash,
John Dryden, tho' Sixty, may yet fear the Lash,

No Pension, no Praise.

Much *Birch* without Bays,

These are not right Ways,

Our Fancy to raise,

To the writing of Plays,

And Prologues so witty,

That jirk at the City,

And now and then hit,

Some Spark in the Pit,

So hard and so pat,

'Till he hides with his Hat,

His monstrous Cravat,

The Pulpit alone,

Can never preach down,

The Fops of the Town.

Then pardon *Tho. Brown*,

And let him write on ;

But if you had rather, convert the poor Sinner,
His foul Mouth may be stop'd with a Dinner ;

Give him Cloaths to his Back, some Meat, and
much Drink,

Then clap him close Prisoner without Pen and Ink,

And your Petitioner shall neither Pray, Write, nor
Think.

THOMAS BROWN.



A Satire upon an ignorant Quack, that murder'd a Friend's Child, and occasion'd the Mother, upon the News of it, to Miscarry.

TH O' 'twas thy Luck to cheat the fatal Tree,
 Thanks to the partial Herd that quitted thee;
 And, to the lasting Scandal of our Times,
 Thou'rt still reserv'd to act anew thy Crimes,
 Think not to 'scape the Justice of my Rhimes.
 Th' impartial Muse, in pointed stabbing Verse,
 Shall all thy several Villanies rehearse;
 With Wreaths of Henbane she'll adorn thy Head,
 She'll hunt thee Living, and she'll plague thee Dead.
 Base sordid Monster! Mercenary Slave!
 Thou Church-Yard Pimp, and Pander to the Grave,
 Death's busy Factor, Son of Desolation,
 Thy Country's Curse, and Grievance of the Nation.
 Thou motly Lump of Ignorance and Pride,
 In all the scoundrel Arts of Killing try'd;
 How shall I tell thy Guilt, or how begin
 To lash a Villain crufted o'er with Sin?
 Sure in some Powder-mill, that hot-brain'd Sot
 Thy Father in the Dog-days thee begot;
 And some She-Bear, in horrid Woods alone,
 Suckled thee young, and nurs'd thee for her own.
 Hence thy sour brutal Temper first began,
 The Beast was thinly plated with the Man.
 No Beams of softning Pity touch thy Breast,
 Too vile a Cell to harbour such a Guest.
 Oh hadst thou liv'd in that curst Tyrant's Reign,
 By whose Command the Innocents were slain,
 Herod might then have sav'd his Men the Pains,
 At *Bethlem* to knock out the Children's Brains.
 Thy Pills alone the fatal Work had done,
 And soon dispatch'd them, every Mother's Son.
 Why with our Laws, vain Volumes do we fill,
 If such as thou have privilege to kill?

Mean,

Mean, lousy Felons, for less Crimes by far
 Have oft receiv'd their Sentence at the Bar :
 I'ch' Face of Day, thou robb'st us of our Health,
 And yet art never question'd for the Stealth.
 Sure some dire Planet all thy Steps pursues,
 Name *All-kill*, and a Sicknefs strait ensues.
 Thro' thy destroying Skill Diseases reign,
 Nor did a Blacksmith teach thee first in vain ;
 Not Sword, nor Plague, nor Famine ravage more,
 Thou kill'st, and Fate has hardly Time to score.
 Death, tho' unsought, waits on thy murdering Quill,
 Attends each Dose, and lurks in every Pill.
 With little Pains, and very little bribing,
 Whole Nations might be kill'd by thy prescribing.
 But know, dull Sor, the dreadful Hour's at Hand,
 When before awful Justice thou must stand.
 The Muse her ancient Freedom does assume,
 Then tremble, while she thus proclaims thy Doom.
 For *Grubstreet* Doggrel furnish out a Tale,
 And be the Jest of Midwives o'er their Ale :
 For Scalded Heads most learnedly advise,
 And in the Case of Kibes, seem monstrous wise:
 Be ne'er consulted 'bove a Boil or Blister,
 And to my Lady's Lap-Dog give a Glister.
 If thou hast a mind to pick up nasty Pence,
 Set up for Farrier in thy own Defence.
 Cure Hogs of Measles, visit labouring Swine,
 And order Doses for thy Neighbour's Kine.
 Reign over Beasts from *Bersheba* to *Dan*,
 But never, never meddle more with Man.
 May none seek Help from thy damn'd Remedies,
 But senseless Brutes that Health and Fame despise.
 But Sots, on whom each canting Fool imposes,
 And Carted Bawds, and Strumpets without Noses,
 Be the most scorn'd *Jack-Pudding* in the Pack,
 And turn Toad-eater to some foreign Quack.
 Gout, Pox, and Stone, with all attending Ills,
 Thou hast so often threatned in thy Bills,
 Thee, with fresh Rage incessantly devour,
 And leave their pointed Darts in every Pore.

Let

Let them with Force united make thee smart,
 And own thy self a Blockhead in thy Art,
 From these insulting Tyrants find no Quarter,
 But to thy own Prescriptions fall a Martyr.
 On thy vile self the baleful Potions try,
 Then damn old *Galen*, and by piece-meal die.
 But let no Fever, (for I'll once be kind)
 Or Pestilence to thee admission find;
 Those generous Foes too soon conclude their Rage,
 I'd have thee tortur'd for at least an Age.
 May all that Malice, fruitful to torment,
 All that Revenge of Priesthood can invent;
 All that on Earth despairing Wretches fear,
 Light on thy Head, and kindly center there.
 Mark'd with Heaven's Stamp, like *Adam's* murdering
 Son,

Thro' the whole Globe, a branded Villain run,
 And all Mankind the raving Monster shun.
 Despis'd, abandon'd, rove from Pole to Pole,
 Thy Carcass jaded by thy restless Soul.
 Where-e'er thou goest, a Mother's Curses meet,
 Pale Nurses thee with Execrations greet,
 And wrinkled Witches, when they truck with Hell
 Invoke thy Name, and use it for a Spell.
 Blaspheming leave the World, and never know,
 The least remitting Interval from Woe.
 Dire Conscience all thy guilty Dreams affright,
 With the most solemn Horrors of the Night,
 The Screams of Infants ever fill thy Ears,
 And injur'd Heaven be deaf to all thy Vows and
 Prayers.

Thus have I eas'd in part my wrathful Spleen,
 Nor canst thou say the Muse has been too keen.
 What-e'er the fiercest Satire can inspire,
 Falls vastly short of what thy Crimes require.
 What Punishment can too severe be thought
 For thee, by whom such num'rous Ills are wrought?
 The Living sent to an untimely Tomb,
 And unborn Infants murder'd in the Womb.

A SATIRE on a QUACK. 73

For seiz'd with Grief, that by thy fatal Aid
Her much wrong'd Child was of its Life betray'd,
The expiring Parent, whom scarce Art could save,
Paid an untimely Tribute to the Grave.
To what degree do Quacks like thee, annoy,
Who can ev'n Life, before it comes, destroy ?

An Inscription upon a Tobacco-Box.

By Dr. Spratt, Bishop of Rochester.

CUM tetrīs Pandorā armarent fata venenis,
Fatali erupit pyxide dira lues.
Jam faciles secūra dederunt munera Divi,
Una fuit pestis pyxidīs, una salus.

An Imitation of it in English.

By Mr. Brown.

WHEN with rank Poison Heaven equipt *Pandora*,
She ope'd the Box like a confounded Whore-a,
And of Diseases strait flew out a Score-a.
But now, since *Jove*, like a good-natur'd Brother,
Gives us the *Indian Weed* to funk and smother,
One Box has made Attonement for another.

Upon burning some Antimonarchical Books, to the
Memory of King CHARLES I. in the
Year 1691.

CAROLE gentis honos, sate Carole sanguine Divum,
Qui major magnis annumeraris Avis,
Religio accepit, quo Principe, nostra coronam,
Quo vivente decus, quo moriente fidem.

VOL. I.

E

Hæc

*Hæc damus ultrici damnata volumina flammæ,
 Manibus inferias, sanctæ Monarchæ, tuis,
 Seu tulerint Batavæ funesta venena poludes,
 Seu dederit sævam Scotia dira lucem.
 Sic semper pereat, quæcunque laceffere Charta
 Vel Reges ausa est, vel tetigisse Deos.*



To a Young Lady, who appeared frequently leaning out of her Chamber Window.

WHen *Venus* naked from the Sea arose,
 She did not half so many Charms expose,
 Nor when for the decisive Fruit she strove,
 Shew'd *Paris* half so rich a View of Love :
 Nay, when she clasp'd *Adonis* in her Arms,
 The melting Goddess had not half your Charms :
 Less firm her snowy Breast, her Skin less white,
 Her lovely Limbs less tempting to Delight.
 How shall we then express those Charms below,
 Which you and Nature both forbear to show ?
 So fair an Hostess, and so fair a Sign,
 Would force a Trade, and recommend bad Wine.
 Water from such a Spring is sweeter far,
 Than all the Clusters of the Vintage are.
 Let Bacchanalians and the empty Beaux,
 Hunt out *Champain*, *Burgundy*, and *Bordeaux*.
 To fetch some Drops from that dear shady Well,
 Wou'd all the Nectar of the Gods excell.
 Your Eyes assure us that you can dispense
 Peculiar Joys for each peculiar Sense ;
 Then having let us see, pray let us taste
 Those dear conceal'd Delights below the Waste ;
 'Twere Madness to expect to keep ones Heart,
 When *Cupid* lies intrench'd in every Part.
 How shall we guard our Freedom from Surprize,
 When your least Charms are in your conquering
 Eyes ?

Upon a Lady's being disappointed by a young
Scotch Lord.

I.

Young Caledon has all the Charms
That can engage the Fair,
A Tongue that every Heart disarms,
A soft bewitching Air.
But see what Fate attends a Drone!
He loses what he takes,
And when the Fortrefs is his own
His Victory forsakes.

II.

At her Expence this fatal Truth,
Melissa late did prove,
Neither her Beauty nor her Youth
Could long secure his Love;
The lavish Hero fir'd too fast,
So vain was his Ambition,
That when three poor Attacks were past,
He wanted Ammunition.

III.

Were it Inconstancy alone,
Art might the Youth reclaim;
But when Love's vital Oyl is gon,
What can revive the Flame?
Ye Gods, by whom my Hopes are curst,
Once grant me what I pray,
Give Caledon less Heat at first,
Or better Funds to pay.



*The Temperate EPICURE, written by that
Celebrated Wit of France, Monsieur la
Fontaine, when troubled with a Rheuma-
tism.*

Imitated in English by Mr. Tho. Brown.

Since my Day's spent so near the Night,
Why should I beat my Brains to write?
'Tis better far with prying Look,
To read the World's amazing Book,
And Nature's mystick Springs to know,
And the vast Mind that does bestow
Motion and Life on all below.
When this is done, what should deny
To take our fill of harmless Joy?
Joy we may taste a thousand Ways,
And still find something new to please:
Whether by some cool River's side,
We see the silver Waters glide,
The Fishes sport, and Sun-beams gay,
On the smooth liquid Surface play;
Or seek some lonely Sylvan Shade,
Or glimmering Bower, or russet Glade,
Where the dark Horrors of the Wood
Solemn Thoughts inspire and good.
Sometimes at Table, when we dine,
We may dissolve our Cares in Wine,
And o'er the generous Nectar sport,
And laugh at City and at Court:
And sometimes too a new Amour,
May serve to pass an idle Hour.
Long with the Fair we must not stay,
But from the Charmers part away.
Love does unseen the Flame impart,
And finds a Passage to the Heart.
But is it not alas high Time,
To chase the *Calia's* from my Rhime,

When

When the grave City is preparing
To give our Damsels * *Indian Airing*.
Oh ! that my persecuting Pain,
Would with these Ladies cross the Main,
And never visit me again !

Cruel Disease ! old *Saturn's* Son,
Quit this Abode and get thee gon.
Some lazy Prelate's Limbs invade,
Or Lawyer's batt'ning on his Trade ;
Or with thy dire Attendants wait
On some dull Minister of State ;
But why, thy Visits never timing,
Should'st thou intrude to spoil my Rhiming ?

The Devil a Verse can from me creep,
But shews what Company I keep.

If this be thy felonious Aim,
To chill my Muse, and damp her Flame,
Prithee to some new Host repair,
And all this needless trouble spare :
In few Months more, without thy Aid,
Old Age will spoil me for that Trade.

* He means the Magistrates of Paris, who had ordered that all convicted Whores should be transported to the West-Indies,

~~~~~  
*An Epigram upon Sir R. B.*

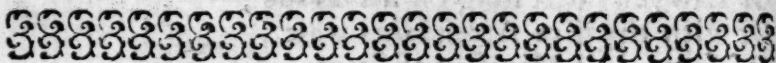
SUCH swarms of Wits on *Blackmore*; most absurd!  
Two Thousand Flies attack a new-fall'n T—,  
In which great Fray, each unsuccessful Fly  
Loses his Sting, beshits his little Thigh:  
From whence this useful Moral's clearly shewn,  
Better the Fly had let the T— alone.

~~~~~  
An EPIGRAM.

A *Saph* takes the wisest Course,
To prop three sinking Nations ;
For *Partridge* only bribes the Stars,
But he the Revelations.

An EPIGRAM upon Stantia non poterant testā probare Deos.

PErpetua infidos reddi tibi crapula gressus,
Et titubas plenus numine Bacche tuo;
Scili cet hinc madida pende tibi Gloria vitis,
Non meruit vini qui stetit esse Deus.



On a Blind Man in Love.

IF Argus with a Hundred Eyes, not one
Could guard, hop'st thou to keep thine, who hast
none?



*Observationes quædam in Virgilium, Ovidium,
Homerum, &c.*

Series remigum summo latere ad imam carinam oblique
numeratæ ordines dicebantur & pro multiplici ordine
navis erat biremis, triremis, &c. ac eadem series
à prora ad puppim numeratæ, dicebantur Versus.

Quod sit in veterum navibus ordo remorum duplex,
triplex, quadruplex, &c. unde biremes, triremes,
quadrيرهmes, &c. Appellantur, ambiguum est. Sed quis
dicit Virgilius 5. Triplici pubes quam Dardana versu
jpellunt, terno confurgunt ordine remi. Constat,
in utroque navis latere remigum ordines surrexisse, alios
aliis superpositos, non ita tamen ut superiorum remigum pedes
inferiorum capitibus impenderent perpendiculari, ut
aiunt, rectaque linea; (sic enim latera navium extruenda
altius fuissent) sed ita, ut transtris oblique à summo ad
imum instar graduum dispositis insisterent remiges, quorum
super-

Observ. on Virgil, Ovid and Homer. 79

superior ordo ibi figebat pedes, ubi ordo inferior infidebat.

OTerque quaterque Virg. Æn. I. Ita Heroem suum lamentantem Maro introducit, nec temere. In mari siquidem interire acerbè tulerunt fortes, ubi virtuti suæ non erat locus, ut pulchre exirent vita. Adde, quod animam censebant veterum plerique igneam esse, quam in aquis extinguere naturæ contrarium videbatur; super omnia exequiarum honore destitui horrebant, sine quibus Styga transvehì per centum annos desperabant.

CArchesia. Eo nomine appellantur pocula procera, & circa mediam partem compressa, quorum ansæ à summo ad imum pertinent.

Vixi annos bis centum, nunc tertia vivitur ætas. Ovid. Met. L. 12. Hinc falsos liquet qui tres Nestoris ætates per 30 Annorum sæcula minora metiuntur, siquidem Ovidio fides.

Tumulis mortuorum lac, mel, vinum, lachrymas, sanguinem, flores, thura, alia insuper honoris causa, vel etiam ad latiorē defuncti apud inferos statum,ingere solebant. Atque hæc de mortuis sacrificia inferiæ dicebantur.

Cestus, Chirotheca species quædam est è loris bubulis, plumbo etiam ac ferro interdum insuto. His pugiles muniebant manus, eosque cubito ac humero, ne excuterentur, alligabant.

Quinquennale fuisse silentium à Pythagora Discipulis suis præscriptum voluerunt; quanquam aliud aliis æstimata cujusque solertia, non minus tamen biennio fuisse scripsit Gellius.

INarimen, Prochytenque legit, Ovid. Met. I. 14. Insula est contra Campaniam, quæ & Inaria & Ischia dicta. Vox hæc Inarime à Virgilio videtur esse conficta;

80 *Observ. on Ovid, Homer, and Virgil.*

ficta; nam Homerus locutus de hac insula dicit, "Εἰς Ἀεῖποις. Sane apud nullos ante Virgilium Authores legitur; post eum usurpata est statim ab Ovidio, Lucano, &c. quod ad conjecturam multam facit.

Historia fidem non observant Poetae ubi *Aeneas* & *Didonis* amores canunt. Siquidem *Aeneas* Annos 286. vixit ante *Didonem*.

Quid *Pandioniae* restant nisi nomen *Athenae*? Ita *Ovid. l. 15. Metam. introducitur Pythagoram loquentem. Falsissimum vero est Pythagorae tempore nihil nisi nomen fuisse Athenas. quae tunc ut cum maxime flourunt. Grave hunc & quatuor precedentes versiculos adulterinos esse non immerito censuit Cl. Heinsius. Interrumpunt etiam stilum narrationis, qua Poeta probaturus est Romam ex Trojae ruinis renasci.*

Pythagorae audiendi causa *Numam Crotonem* comes concessisse finxit *Ovidius Met. l. 15. Ut Fabulas suas consueret, cum tamen Pythagoram, Servio Tullio regnante, centum amplius post annos vixisse satis constat.*

Virgilius, *Naso, Florus, &c. Pharsalum Thessaliae urbem, ubi Caesarem inter & Pompeium depugnatum, est. cum Philippi Thraciae, ubi victi Brutus & Cassius ab Octavio & Antonio, miro sane errore, confuderunt, nisi ut poetarum mos est vicina vel ejusdem ditionis loca pro iisdem usurpare, Pharsalum atque Philippos, quae urbes eidem Macedonum regi olim parebant, pro una atque eadem belli arna promiscue sumpserint.*

Vaticinia quaedam sorte, & conjectis in mensam talis agebantur. Unde sortes pro responso, seu oraculo saepe apud Poetas.

Nivesque frequens *Sinuessa colubris. Ovid. Met. l. 15. Verissime hic loci Cl. Heinsius Columbis pro colubris reponi debere censuit. Sinuessa urbs Campaniae, quis vero nescit Plinium, l. 10. c. 37. Laudare*

Observ. on Virgil, Ovid and Homer. 81

*dare Campanas Columbas. Nivei autem hisce Colubri
in Authoribus antiquis nusquam memorantur.*

MEdiamque tenentes Orbis hamum, Delphos.
Ovid. Met. l. 15. *Parnassum montem, sub quo
Delphi Apollinis Oraculo insigne oppidum Orbis umbili-
cum statuunt Strabo, Lucanus, & alii. De Hierosoly-
mis idem nonnulli somniant.*

Homer not only makes *Achilles* invulnerable every
where but his *Heel*, but likewise bestows a
Suit of impenetrable Armour upon his invulnera-
ble Body. Bully *Dawson* would have fought the De-
vil with those Advantages.

THE Ninth Eclogue of *Virgil*, as well as the
First, seems to have been written *A. U. C.*
713. or a little after; so that *Ecce Dionæi processit
Cæsaris astrum*, cannot possibly be thought to allude
(as Mr. *Edwards* would have it) to the famous Star
which usher'd in our Saviour's Nativity, which hap-
pen'd *Anno U. 75.*



*The Men and Women Saints in an an Uproar :
Or, the Superstition of the Romish Church
expos'd.*

In a Dialogue after *Lucian's* Manner, written by
Mr. *Tho Brown*, in the Year 1687.

Scene, *the Elysian Fields.*

Enter a Messenger to Pluto.

Mess. **T**IS well your Majesty's at hand to sup-
press the Riot newly begun in this *Quar-*

82 *The SAINTS in an Uproar.*

ter of the *Saints* yonder. There is such calling of Names and giving the Lye, such Roaring and Screaming, such Swaggering and Bouncing, both among the Men-Saints and Women-Saints, that for my part, I expected every Minute when it wou'd come to downright Kick and Cuff between 'em. If you don't give immediate Orders to have a stop put to this Hubbub, the Lord knows when it will end. ——— That's all, Sir.

Pluto. Come, Friend, leave that Affair to my Management. ——— But who are the principal Bell-weather's of the Mutiny?

Mess. Why first of all, an't please you, there's St. *George of Cappadocia*, a notable Fellow of his Inches, and Metal to the Back, I warrant him. A world of angry Words have pass'd between him and a huge two-handed Lubber, St. *Christopher* I think they call him; but unless I am mightily mistaken in my Man, I dare swear the dapper *Cappadocian* will bang half a dozen such hulky Rogues as t'other, and hardly sweat for't. Then here's a *Termagant* Fury, St. *Ursula* by Name, at the Head of eleven Thousand red-hair'd *Bona Roba's*, and every one of them Virgins, forsooth, ready to fall upon the *Thebean* Legion. The Soldiers call 'em Vagrants, threaten to pluck up their Petticoats, and send them to the House of Correction. The Women on the other Hand, exclaim against *Lobsters* and *Tatterdemallions*, and desire 'em to prove 'twas ever known in any Age or Country in the World, that a Red-coat died for Religion.

Pluto. This is merry enough; but go on.

Mess. In another Corner of the Room there's nothing but Fire and Desolation denounc'd on both Sides, between the *Seven-Sleepers* and the three Kings of *Colen*. The latter call the former a Pack of drowsy sleepy Sots, who getting drunk with Poppy-water and Brandy, fancied they slept several Scores of Years at one go-down, when 'twas all Whimsey and Imagination. Ay, ay, Gentlemen, cry the
Sleepers,

Sleepers, you have great Reason indeed to pick Holes in your Neighbours Coats, when if you were stripp'd of your fine Names and Titles, which never honestly belong'd to you, you'd be found to be no better, nor no worse than three strowling Fortune-tellers. But the oddest and comical Scene is still behind.

Pluto. Come, out with it then.

Mess. A venerable old Gentleman, who they say had been High Pontiff of Rome in the Days of *Nero*, pointing to a rusty Spear, and a Cloak of Antiquity and Fashion, *I command you good People*, says he, *to pay your respect to these two most incomparable Saints and Martyrs, St. Longinus and St. Amphibalus. Upon my Infallibility they have not their Fellows in the Almanack.* Why surely, reply'd I to him, you have a mind to banter Folks out of their Senses! What, is not this a Spear? No, Sir, *his Name is Longinus, and he was one of the earliest Sufferers for the Christian Faith.* Very well, but won't you own this to be a Cloak? A Cloak, Sir! *Have a care what you say. A Cloak! Why, he was the undaunted Companion of St. Alban, his Name Amphibalus, suffer'd with him near Verulam, and for this prefer'd him to the Calendar.* But why do I trouble your Majesty with these Particulars; if you don't send a Battalion or two of your Guards to reduce them out of hand, these Revolters, for ought I know, may prove a damn'd Thorn in your Royal Foot; Don't you hear what a cursed Hurricane they make?

Pluto. Thou art more afraid than hurt. These Saints thou talkest of, may do a damn'd deal of Mischief at the Head of a parcel of *Fools*, that would be led by the Nose by them; but by themselves they can do no more harm than a Physician without his Powder and Pills, or a Lawyer without his Parchments. — However, since, as it happens, I have a spare Afternoon, no Business upon my Hands, and some of my Subjects may improve this Mole-hill into a Mountain, to the prejudice of my Affairs, I am resolved to try them myself; therefore order them
to

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to repair to me immediately ; for all their heſtor-
ing and making this boiſterous Noiſe, I know they
dare not diſobey me.

Enter St. George and St. Chriſtopher.

(St. George plucking St. Chriſtopher by the Noſe.)

Well, Inſolence, I ſhall be even with you before I
have done. Dark Nights will come, and then I'll
ſubſtantiſhly thrash you out Jacket for you. What !
ſuch a Booby as thou art, pretend to diſpute the Pre-
cedence with a Perſon of my Quality ?

Pluto. Why, how now, Bully Royster ! What's the
Meaning of this Outrage in the Face of Juſtice ?

St. George. This over-grown Beaſt here, an't pleaſe
your Highneſs, has not only reflected upon my Pa-
rentage, but calls my Valour in Queſtion. 'Tis
known to all the World, that I am the doughty
Hero that deliver'd the King of *Ægypt's* Daughter,
kill'd the Dragon upon the ſpot, and carry'd off the
Royal Virgin for my Reward. To juſtify this
Truth, I need urge no other Teſtimonies than the
common Signs in moſt Towns in *Europe*, where I am
to be ſeen moſt magnificently beſtriding my Steed,
with the Dragon under my Feet.

St. Chriſtopher. For all his bouncing and bragging, I
believe your Maſteſty will put him ſtrangely to his
Trumps, if you'll but ask him where he was Born ?
What Profeſſion he was of ? And what ſort of Ani-
mal it was he killed ?

Pluto. Come hither, Friend, and reſolve me a Que-
ſtion or two ; Where were you Born ?

St. George. Some ſay in *Cappadocia*, others in *Co-
wentry*.

Pluto. Why truly *Coventry* lies very near *Cappa-
docia*. But what a plague, can't you tell where you
were born ?

St. George. ——— And others have affirm'd, that
Alexandria in *Ægypt* was the Place of my Nati-
vity : For my Part, I cannot precisely tell where
I was

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I was born, but that I was born some where or other, I hope your Majesty has the Charity to believe.

Pluto. Most certainly : But what was thy Profession ?

St. George. Some make me a great Officer in the Emperor's Army, and others an *Arrian* Bishop, and a Persecutor.

Pluto. Thou art enough to distract the greatest Patience ; I'll allow thee indeed not to know the Place of thy Birth, because Children don't use to come into the World with their Ink-horns and Pocket-Books about them ; but the Devil's in thee if thou can'st not remember whether thou wer't a Bishop or a Soldier : Those two Professions are not so like one another, that there shou'd be any Danger of mistaking them.

St. George. 'Tis my Misfortune that I cannot. —

Pluto. Come then, Under what Emperor didst thou live ?

St. George. Some say under the Emperor *Dioclesian* ; some —

Pluto. How ! at your *Some's* again ? Thou art a true Original, I swear. Well, I have but one Question more to ask thee, What sort of an Animal was the Dragon which thou valuest thyself so much for slaying ? had it Wings, as 'tis commonly painted in the Signs, or was it a Reptile ?

St. George. Not exactly resembling it in every Particular, nor yet altogether different. As for Wings, I can say nothing to the Matter ; for I confess I was under so great an Agitation —

Pluto. I understand your Meaning, you were so terribly scar'd in the Time of Engagement, that you had not Leisure to consider the Shape of your Monster. — Come, come, honest Friend, these Shams are too gross to pass upon the World any longer ; your Dragons and flying Monsters won't go down at this time of Day, therefore take my Word for't, I'll take care to see thee turn'd out of the Almanack.

St. George.

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St. George. Well then, if it's my Fate to be ejected out of my ancient Free-hold, I hope your Majesty will be so just, as to make that huge two-handed Fellow keep me Company. I dare engage, that if you ask him the same Questions you put to me, you'll find him as deficient.

Pluto. Nay, I won't favour one more than another, that I assure you. (*To his Officers.*) Bring up that tall well-shaped Gentleman yonder to the Bar. —

Well, Sir, under whose Reign did you live? What Occupation did you follow? Who was your Father? Come, resolve me immediately, for my Time is precious.

St. Christopher. I liv'd near an Arm of the Sea.

Pluto. Very particularly answer'd. And in what Part of the World? for I suppose, you know there are more Arms of the Sea than one.

St. Chr. I can't tell, an't please you.

Pluto. That's honest however. But proceed.

St. Chr. I was a Ferry-Man by my Calling, if I may call that a Calling, which never got me a Farthing; for I was so good-natur'd a Hackney, that I used to carry Folks over for nothing.

Pluto. Why, how did you maintain your Boat and Tackle all this while?

St. Chr. I kept none, but carried the good People upon my Shoulders.

Pluto. A very pretty Story! And so you waded through this imaginary Arm of the Sea, and whipt over your Customers dryshod? Well, I shall ask you no more Questions, for this has given me enough. Turn out both those Fellows there, and Mr. Recorder, pray remember to expunge their Names out of the Calendar. (*Exit St. George and St. Christopher.*)

Enter St. Ursula, at the Head of the eleven Thousand Virgins, and St. Mauritius in the Front of the Thæbean Legion.

Pluto. Bless me! what a Fantastick Sight is here! What a motly chequer'd Assembly of Red-coats and Waste-

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Wastecoateers! Sure it must be some Quarrel of Importance, that hath put such Numbers of both Sexes into so great a Ferment. Come, Mistress, (for I know you'll have the first and last Word, whether I'll grant it you or no) what is the Occasion of this Disorder and Mutiny, that you have lately made in my Dominions?

St. Ursula. Why that furious fierce Hero, Colonel *Kickum*, had the Impudence to tell me that those ill-look'd shirtless Rascals, lost their Lives for the Christian Religion. A very probable Story indeed! that a pack of Vermin bred up to plundering of Hedges, nimming of Cloaks, rubbing out of Milk-Scores, and bilking of their Landladies, should on the sudden be so strangely troubled with Qualms of Conscience, as to lay down their Lives; for what?—Why, for their Religion, forsooth! Whereas I thought a Soldier had no Religion but his Pay.

St. Mauritius. Very pert, Miss *Termagant*! And is it not altogether as probable that eleven Thousand Virgins should come out of a little pimping Corner of *Britain*, when some honest Gentlemen of that Nation, but t'other Day assured me, that the whole Kingdom hardly affords so many at present, tho' 'tis ten times as Populous as when the Legend supposes you and your Sister Trollops to have lived there.

St. Ursula. 'Tis some Comfort to me however, *Bully Spit-fire*, that thou canst not abuse me, without falling foul upon my Country.

St. Mauritius. Now if it would not be too great a Trouble to your Ladyship, I would desire you to inform the Court, how you and your sandy-pated Companions made a shift for to cross over into *France*? Swimming-Girdles and Cork-Shoes, as I take it, were not then in Fashion; and the *British* Princes, put 'em all together, had not Shipping enough to transport such an Army of *Viragoes*.

St. Ursula. Come, come, you're impertinent, and I won't resolve you.

St. Mau-

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St. Mauritius. In the next Place, Madam, you would singularly oblige your humble Servant, to explain to him after what manner you substituted your *Cloven* Regiment, when you had got them over. What! Had you ready Cash enough among you to pay off your Scores as you march'd along, or did you manage it *a la militaire*, and lay the Country under Contribution?

St. Ursula. Thou everlasting Coxcomb! why we beat the Hoofs as Pilgrims, and the People charitably reliev'd us as we pass'd.

St. Mauritius. Nay, the *French*, I know, are extremely Charitable to the Fair Sex, and forward to relieve their Necessities; but, under Favour, such Numbers as you had with you were enough to eat up the Country. For my part, I wonder that the Wives and Grandmothers did not lock up their Doors, as you pass'd, for fear their Husbands and Relations might be tempted to trespass upon Pilgrim's Flesh.

St. Ursula. Spoke like a Soldier. You are of the Opinion, I find, that I and my vertuous Artendants are like those lewd Prostitutes, that use to follow your Armies; but I'd have you to know, we had no such Folks among us.

St. Mauritius. Well, Madam, your Soldier, as unmannerly a Fellow as he appears to be in these wicked Habiliments, knows somewhat of his Trade, for which Reason he's impatient to know what sort of Discipline you observed in your Troops; for having so jolly plump Lasses under your Care, methinks 'twas highly necessary for you to order sufficient Out-guards, and strongly intrench yourselves every Night, to hinder the Wicked from attacking you by Surprise.

St. Ursula. One must have nothing to do that has leisure enough to answer such insignificant Questions.

St. Mauritius. Besides, 'tis worth any Man's while to enquire, whether you were single or double Officer'd; whether you march'd in one Main Body, or
in

in several Columns ; how you behav'd yourselves towards the Magistrates of the respective Cities thro' which you pass'd ; what sort of Watch-words you gave ; and lastly, who wash'd your Smocks upon the Road ; for, Madam, I can hardly believe that such nice, well-bred Ladies, as those are, would stoop to so vile a Drudgery, if they could help it.

St. Ursula. Well, Sir, go on with your senseless Raillery.

St. Mauritius. — And when you had travers'd the whole length of *France* (which by the bye was none of the easiest Journey for so many silly Women to undertake) it rejoices me to consider, with what wonderful Alacrity you scamper'd over the *Alps*, and without a Farthing of Money in your Pockets, Guides to conduct you, or Safe-Guards to protect you, made your Way peaceably over those Hills, were none but *Hannibal*, and a few Generalissimo's after him, with all their Power and Wealth, were able to march any considerable Numbers.

St. Ursula. Have you done ?

St. Mauritius. No, no, the most whimsical Scene of the Farce is still behind ; and therefore, Madam, I must humbly desire you to consider, what a most noble Sight it was, when you and your Tribes were at *Rome*, to see the Pope and Cardinals visiting your Squadrons, running into your Tents, feeling your Purfes, and rummaging —

St. Ursula. Well, and where was the harm on't ?

St. Mauritius. Nay, there was no harm in't, that's certain ; the Pope's a civil worthy Gentleman, and his Cardinals a Parcel of as Complaisant Persons as any in the World. They do you any Harm ! Heavens forbid ; for tho' they subsist chiefly by the Spirit, yet no People in the Universe know better how to reconcile the Flesh to the Spirit, than they.

St. Ursula,

St. Ursula. I see there's no stopping your licentious Tongue, otherwise you would not make so familiar with the Head of the Church.

St. Mauritius. But, not to dwell any longer upon this Subject, having received the Papal Benediction, and been often refreshed by the Cardinals, 'twas now high Time for you and the rest of your She-Myrmidons, to think of settling in one Part of the World or other; so turning your Faces toward the North, and clambering over the same Mountains again, you directed your Course by the Banks of the *Rhine* towards *Lower-Germany*, where not far from the noble City of *Colen*, a Pack of Heathenish Rogues, call'd *Goths* and *Vandals*, finding you were not for their Purpose, fell upon you with Sword in Hand, and made a total Destruction of you and your virtuous Heroines. Is not this, Madam, the Truth, and the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth?

St. Ursula. Why, so they did, and I'll stand by't.

St. Mauritius. No matter what you'll stand or fall by; but I will appeal to this Honourable Bench, whether ever in this World eleven Thousand Virgins, grown to Women's Estate, were seen in a Body together, travell'd so many Thousand Leagues, and at last made so foolish an End. ——— No, Madam, talk no more of the Matter, but own yourself and the rest of your Sisterhood to be Cheats, and the Court, perhaps, may be so merciful as to forgive you the Ducking-Stool.

St. Ursula. Cheats! know thou huffing, puffing, Sconce-building Ruffian, know I am a Princess, and of a Royal Extraction.

St. Mauritius. A Princess! ha. ha, ha. a very pretty Princess indeed: You'd break a Man's Sides with laughing, I vow and swear. A Princess, good Lord! Nay, you look as like a Princess, upon second Thoughts, I say it, as a Hedgehog looks like a Rinoceros.

St. Ursula. And the Meanest of my Companions are Gentlewomen born and bred. But why do I waste my Lungs to no Purpose? ——— Come, my dear Sisters,

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Sisters, fall on, *Victoria* is the Word, and let us drub these Lobsters into better Manners.

Pluto. How ! What offer a Riot in the Face of Justice ? (*To his Guards.*) Carry off those Wastecoateers, and make them atone for this Mutiny with a Fort-nights beating of Hemp. — As for the Soldiers, send 'em to their respective Homes, if they have any. (Exeunt.)

Enter the Seven Sleepers, and three Kings of Colen.

Pluto. High-day ! Who have we got here ? Such a Sett of drowsy ill-look'd Sots I have not seen this long while. Come, Gentlemen, what's your Business ? Where have you been ? How many Gallons have you guzzled for your Morning's-draught, that you reel and stagger so ?

1st Sleeper. We are the Sle——(*yawning*)——Slee——pers, an't ple——ase your High——iness, so——fa——a——mous in His——tory, Sir.

1st King of Colen. They are Seven as errant Impostors as ever deluded the credulous World.

2d Sleeper. No, Sir, we Sle——ep too much (*yawns*) to be Impostors : But that Tri——um——vi——rate of Fortune-tellers are. —

Pluto. Why these drowsy yawning Puppies are ten times more troublesome than either the Dragon-killer and his huge two-handed Adversary, or the *Ursulines* and *Thebeans*. Come, Gentlemen, (*to the Sleepers*) don't think we'll allow you to sleep here in a Court of Judicature. If you have any thing to say for yourselves, do it quickly. —

2d King. To let your Majesty see, what abominable Cheats these Seven Dreamers are, they pretend to have slept two or three Hundred Years in a Cave ; and as they want no Impudence, have told the Lye so often, that now they begin to believe it.

3d Sleeper. For the Truth of this Matter of Fact, we appeal to *Metasthenes*, and the Golden Legend Authers of that undoubted Credit, that no Body, we presume, will call their Veracity in Question.

Pluto.

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Pluto. Tell me not of your fabulous musty Authors, they are of no Credit here. But come— How long did you sleep? *2dly*, Why did you sleep? *3dly*, How came you, after so long a Sleep, to awake?

All three Sleepers. In Time of Persecution, (the Lord knows, when and where) we retir'd into a Wood, and in this Wood found out a most solitary Cave, where we slept till we waked, and thought it had been but a common Nap; but returning to our respective Homes, we found all our Wives and Acquaintance buried; and instead of sleeping half a score Years, or so, we found by Computation, we had slept some Hundreds of Years.

Pluto. Very well! you must put these Shams upon Blockheads, and not upon me. — But as for those old-fashion'd Sparks, yonder, that pretend to be Kings, (for you shall see I'm for distributing Justice impartially to all.) Come, What are your Names?

1st King of Colen. *Melchior, Caliban, and Mamamouchi.*

2d King of Colen. No, Brother, you are mistaken, our true Names are *Rego, Trego, and Don Diego.*

Pluto. Merry enough. So I find you go by different Names. A shrewd Suspicion of your being Cheats, let me tell you, Gentlemen. But your Country, what was that?

All. *Arabia.*

Pluto. How the Plague came you to *Colen* then?

All. We were translated, an't please your Majesty— First, from *Jerusalem* to *Constantinople*.— Then from *Constantinople* to *Milan*; and, Thirdly and Lastly, from *Milan* to *Colen*.

Pluto. A very pretty Story! Come *Messieurs les Roys de Cologne*, since you are so given to Translation, you shall find I'll be so good-natur'd as to translate you once more; and so (to his Guards) see these translating Gentlemen translated to the Quarter of Lunatics.

(*Exeunt.*

Enter

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Enter St. Longinus, St. Amphibalus, and the Pope.

Pope. Lord! How weary I am with lugging these two Saints! Let me repose myself a little——So, now I have recover'd my Breath pretty well.——Most noble Monarch, having been abused by censorious Hereticks, I am forced to appeal to your Impartial Tribunal, and question not but you'll do me and these two Martyrs Justice.

Pluto. Two Martyrs say'st thou? Where the Devil are they?

Pope. On my Right-hand, an't please your Majesty. Don't you see 'em there?

Pluto. Not I; and yet I can dive as far into a Millstone, as any of my Neighbour Princes. 'Tis true, I see a Spear, and an old greasy Cloak yonder; but where are your Martyrs, with a Murrain to you?

Pope. This it is to want the Eye of Faith: I can assure your Majesty, (and I hope you don't question my Infallibility, which all the Upper World consents to own) that neither is one a Spear, nor t'other a Cloak, but two as worthy Persons as ever said the Confiteor; and their Names are St. Longinus and St. Amphibalus.

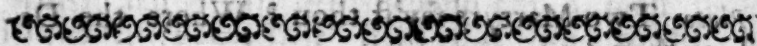
Pluto. Old Gentleman, you may give 'em what Names you please, but I am not to be banter'd out of my Senses. I tell you then, in the Face of the Court, that thou art an Elephant or a Dromedary. (*To his Officers.*) Carry that musty Cloak and Halberd there to my Lumber Office; and (*to the Pope*) I must advise you, Friend, for the future, not to be too free of your Almanack. Abundance of worthless and fabulous Scoundrils have crept into it through your Connivance; but I am resolv'd to undeceive Mankind, and reform these Disorders. The World shall no longer be impos'd upon with such idle Impostures. 'Tis pity it has been led by the Nose and cheated by them for so many Ages.

*Falshood disguis'd under Religion's Veil,
May for a time with senseless Sots prevail:
But Truth at last will gain Imperial Sway,
As Mists are scatter'd by Apollo's Ray.*

A

A Declamation in Praise of Hereditary Quality and Wealth.

Spoken by the Conde de la Titulado.



The ARGUMENT.

Justice, by the help of Æsculapius, having restor'd the Eyes of Fortune, she publish'd a Proclamation, that she design'd her Smiles should no more fall on the Unworthy; and that Merit should only hereafter thrive and be Great: On which the Conde de la Titulado, a Spanish Grandee, put in his Petition, and desir'd to be heard before this Proclamation past into an irrevocable Act. The Day being appointed, he makes the following Declamation.

MOST Catholick Godess, whose Dominion extends over all the Affairs of Mankind, it is no small Comfort to me, that being to speak in so great an Assembly, and to so awful a Judge; I do remember, that your Love to my Order is of ancient Date, and very long Prescription, your Change of Conduct new, and not yet, I hope, so fix'd, as not to be shaken with what I have to offer.

I must declare, that it is not any fear of falling under any Disadvantages myself by this new Council you have taken, that I step forth among so vast and immense a Company, whose Concern, in this unexpected Turn of Affairs, is no less, perhaps more, than mine; but out of a true and perfect Zeal for your Godess-ship's Honour, Reputation and Glory. There is nothing more prejudicial to great Power, than to own itself in the wrong, by departing from Measures, by which it has been for many Ages preserved

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served itself. It discovers a Weakness which will lessen our Veneration. Do but consider, by the Method by which you have hitherto Reign'd, you have the Devotion of all the Great, the Rich, and the Brave. Under your Auspices the Hero enters the Field, and from your partial Hand receives the Wreaths, that are not due to his Conduct or Bravery, but to your Favour. Under your Auspices, the cunning Designer gets into the Prince's Favour, and rules the Monarch, who cannot rule himself or his own Family; and this not by the Dint of his own Merit, but your Favour. Under your Auspices, this Lord, in spite of all his unpopular Actions, carries away the Hearts of the People, not by the fineness of his Address, or any peculiar Desert, but by your Favour. Under your Auspices, the Idiot abounds in Wealth he knows not how to use, and that not by his own Skill, but your Favour. This is hitherto the State of the World, and this it has been from the most antient Accounts of Time that we can produce; and this it is, that draws the Vows and Offerings of all Mankind; and *Fortune*, regards not the Merits of the Petitioner, but the Importance he uses, or the Victims he offers. 'Tis this made your Altars smook at *Antium*, this furnishes them with Offerings at this Day, over the largest Part of the Globe.

I beg you, bright Goddess, to consider what you do, when you quit that absolute Dominion you have so many Thousand Years preserv'd over Humane Affairs, to be the Creature, or Servant of *Justice* and *Nature*. If you once fix it as a Law, that none but the Meritorious shall be *Fortunate*, all your Gifts will be challeng'd as Dues; and you must be oblig'd to do whatever *Justice* shall dictate to you, or Nature demand, as your Duty. You at once divest yourself of the Godlike Power of raising whom you please, to be confin'd only to raise the Deserving. You will turn away all the Wealthy, the Great, and the Noble, who have so long enjoy'd your Smiles, to care-

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refs Scoundrels and Beggars. You will be oblig'd to invite into your Sanctuary, your *Sanctum Sanctorum*, such Wretches, whom we admit not into our Halls. Instead of the numerous Retinue that now attend you, you would become as neglected as a Favourite on his first Day of Disgrace. For those who claim this by Merit, distinct from *Quality* and *Wealth*, are few in Number, and despicable in Circumstance.

Consider again, what a vast Confusion it will raise to make the Affairs of Mankind shift Hands in so swift and preposterous a Manner. Prescription has given the Administration to us, and we only by a perpetual Use are fit for the mighty Burthen. How shou'd they know how to dispose of and manage Publick Affairs, who start from their Retirements, their Books, or extream Poverty, into Power and Wealth, when the Task is so difficult to us, who have from Generation to Generation been bred to it? The State would be like a Ship in a Storm in unskilful Hands, unable to steer into the Port of Happiness and Security. Poverty cramps the Mind, destroys all generous Notions, and damps the Spirit from all Noble Attempts; without which, Glory and Power are not to be maintain'd; while an Hereditary *Quality*, as it sets us above the common Rank of Mankind, as if of a Superior Nature, so it inspires Principles more Great and Glorious. And that there is in Nature this real Excellence in *Quality* above the Vulgar, and by consequence, that is a just Plea for the continuance of your Favour, I shall shew by an Example or two. *Scipio* being call'd by the People to account for Monies expended in the Wars against *Antiochus*, tore the Accounts to pieces which he held in his Hands, and which proved the Disbursements and Receipts to be just, disdaining to satisfy the Accusations of his Enemies. Had any but a Man of his *Quality* done this, the People had thrown him down the *Tarpeian* Rock. But his *Quality* had stamp'd a sort of Divinity in his Actions, and made the Vul-

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gar not presume to enquire into what he did, but submit to his Will and Determinations. This same Scipio being by the Tribunes of the People, summon'd into the *Forum* to answer their Accusation before the People, mounted the *Rostra*, and putting his Triumphant Wreath on his Head, cry'd out to an infinite number of People, got together on this Occasion, *It was on this Day that I forc'd Carthage in the midst of her Ambitious Hopes to submit to your Power, and wear your Chains; it is but just therefore that you all go with me to the Capitol, to return Thanks to the Gods for so eminent a Favour.* Which like the Voice of some God confounded the Designs of the Tribunes, and caus'd the Senate and the People to attend him to the *Capitol*, and left the baffled *Demagogues* with their People, and a Jest to 'em, 'till they were fain of Accusers, to become the Adorers of Scipio. Thus *Scipio-Nasica* compos'd the Rage of the People for their want of Corn for the City, saying to them in the midst of their Out-cries, *Not so loud, Gentlemen, I know what is good and necessary for the Commonwealth better than you.* Who but a Man of *Quality* cou'd have done this, and have stop'd the Sedition breaking out into such Fury?

These Examples giving a Testimony to the Excellence of *Quality* from its very opposite, the *Vulgar*, seems a Proof taken from *Nature* itself, and therefore I hope, if your Goddess-ship think fit to pursue these new-fangled Measures now laid before you, you will yet think, that *Hereditary Quality* is a just Merit to claim your Favour.

Similitude of Manners ought, and generally does Cement the Minds, that are so alike; they seem the Voice of *Nature* for *UNION*, and they are scarce free in their Choice. If this be granted, as it appears *Supream Reason* to me, I beg you, great Goddess, to survey us all thoroughly, cast an Eye over the Face of the spacious *Globe*, and see if we are not in Complaisance to

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your Diety, blind in the Dispensation of all our Favours? Has not Fancy the Direction of all our Gifts, and do we bestow any thing, but as blind Inclination leads us. If we do thus, it is an Argument of our Zeal, when the *Votary* is wholly conformed to the Nature of his *Divinity*, and what Justice can punish us for a Sin of Zeal? It is this Zeal that has opened my Mouth for your Honour, not my own Interest; since change of Councils is an Argument of Weakness, and a change of Power to Subservience is a Proof of Folly. I only therefore for your own Honour, beg you to be what you always have been, and so to continue, as long as Mankind subsists; for when once you quit these Measures, and let *Justice* and *Nature* direct all your Favours, you annihilate yourself, and *Fortune is no more*. Glory, Wealth and Power, have always been by you as the inferior Classes of Men made for our Use and Pleasure, and when once we fall from that Grandeur, let it not be by your Decree, for in that Sentence you pronounce your own Doom, and are yourself involved in our Ruin.

‘ This Speech of the Noble Lord, the *Conde de la Titulado*, had almost perverted Dame *Fortune*, and made her regret the Benefit of Eyes, which she then made use of to scowl on *Justice* and *Nature*, who had given her such Advice against her Power and Grandeur; but *Justice* and *Nature* desir’d her to have Patience to hear a Friend of theirs, who had something to say to the Cause before her, and would set Things in a truer Light, than they at present appeared in.

‘ As soon therefore, as the Applauses the *Mob of Quality* gave to the *Don’s* Oration were over, there drew up to the Bar a poor Poet of little Esteem among them, nay unknown to most of the Company, who seldom are acquainted with Merit, and who if they deviate into the Care of any of that Fraternity, seldom reach farther than a *Plausible Poetaster*. This unknown Advocate gave not a little Heart to his

‘ Enc-

A Declamation in Praise of Poverty. 99

' Enemies, who could not fear such Marks of Poverty, as too visibly appear'd in his Dress. But
' Silence being now made in the Court, he made
' the following Speech.



*A Declamation against Wealth and Quality,
in Praise of Poverty.*

By a poor Poet, without a Name.

HAD not your Proclamation surpriz'd me into a sort of Hope, that you would no longer be the Patroness of *Fools* and *Knaves*; and was I not something confirm'd in this Hope by finding Heavenly *Justice*, and *Nature* sitting by you, I should not trouble myself to answer this *Trifler's* Speech, which is of no more Weight to *Impartial Reason*, than his Merits are to *Impartial Justice*; but *any thing* from a *LORD* must go down, unless you pursue the Course you have declar'd for. Tho' I must needs say, *Timeo Danaos & Dona ferentes*, I am suspicious of the *Gifts* of an Enemy, whose fickle Temper is known to all Mankind. *Great Power*, valuable to me no farther than you are directed by *Justice* and *Nature*: Pardon me if I speak *Truth*; I am poor, never receiv'd any of your Favours, nor any from your Representatives the *Great* and *Rich*; for in this only I shall allow the Noble and Illustrious *Conde* to be in the Right, they are indeed Pictures of your *Goddeship*, not in little but e'en larger than the Life; you have sometimes smil'd on the *Worthy*, they never; you have sometimes assisted oppressed Vertue to struggle through amazing Oppositions, while they ever oppress it more. They are Deaf as well as Blind, when Merit pleads, and so the Copy exceeds the Original, and in that, if you are mov'd by the *Conde's* fine Speech to

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return to your Old Way, and discard the *Faithful*, but not flattering Councillors, *Justice*, and *Nature*, you cannot do better, than to be grateful to them that imitate you so closely, and even excel you in your own *Blindness* and *Inconstancy*.

But not to throw up the Cause, tho' before (I fear) an unequal Judge, I shall Cursorily run over all, that has any shadow of Force (for that is as much, as we can expect from a Lord) and then leave it to you to determine.

He has, it must be confess'd, acted with all the Prudence and Cunning he was Master of, when he placed the strongest of his Arguments in the Front of the Battle; since *Prescription*, I think, is the best Plea the *Great* and the *Rich* have to your Goddess's Favours and Smiles; but how weak that is in reality, *Justice* and *Nature* will inform you. For is there any Thing so foolishly absurd, any Thing so Barbarous and Inhumane, that such an Argument wou'd not defend? This wou'd have been a good Refuge to the *Egyptians* for adoring Onions and Cabbages, Cows and Crocodiles; to the *Canibals* for devouring one another; to the *Irish* for drawing with the Tail of their Horses; for Ignorance against Learning, and all those Arts, which polish and render Life agreeable, and almost Divine. Nay, it would destroy e'en that Pride and Self-Opinion he builds his own Worth upon; since in the first Ages of the World there were no Men of Quality, especially of Hereditary-Quality, in which the Tenth Generation Challenge the Merit of the *FOUNDER*, as their own, tho' they are no more allied to his Vertues, or Merits, than they wou'd be to his Person were he yet alive. But it seems to me to produce a quite contrary effect to what he designs; for if your Goddess'ship has for so many Ages been in the wrong, it is high time now to begin to be in the right; if they have had so long a Harvest of your Favours, it is time for the *Gleaners* to enter the Field. He is a pleasant Physician,

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Physician, who to Cure the Disease prescribes the Continuance of it ; asserting, That since you have been so long in the *Wrong*, to change to the *Right*, wou'd be to discover your *Error*, which wou'd be to own your *Weakness* ; but the quite contrary is true. For to remove an *Error*, is to remove a *Weakness*, for all *Error* is so ; and how the Continuation of a *Weakness* should take it away, is a Paradox, that none but such, as are skill'd in the *half-Politicians* Maxims, call'd *Mysteries of State*, can solve. To persevere in an *Error*, which we know, is *Obstinacy* ; to remain in one we do not know, is *Ignorance* ; now to cure one Hole like a true *Tinker*, he here makes two ; to save you from the *Weakness* of Change (tho' Change has ever been your natural Principle) tho' from the *Wrong* to the *Right*, he would tumble you on *Obstinacy*, or *Ignorance*, both Follies so participating of Impotence, that they shou'd never be thought capable of falling on a *Goddeß* that can see but an Inch before her Nose.

From hence it will appear, that like a true Man of *Quality* and not *Sincerity*, he would persuade you, that it is not for his own sake but yours, that he offers any Thing against your *New Resolution* : I will indeed allow, that there is such a Self-sufficiency, such an *over-weaning Conceit* of themselves in most of his Rank, that they never can endure to think so little of themselves, as to suppose any Man of more Merit, however Qualify'd. Yet when they hear of so nice a Scrutiny as *Justice* and *Nature*, that is *REASON*, is going to make into the true Merits of Men, like Cowards in the Face of Danger, their Hearts betray them, and conscious *Ignorance* delivers them up to despair of Success, against Vertue, Sense, Arts, and all manner of Learning. Before such Judges they are so far from thinking themselves something more Noble, that with a Dejectedness worthy their Understanding, they justly suppose themselves below the greatest Part ; since in *Justice* and *Reason* an honest *Cobler*

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is a more excellent and more useful Creature than a *Lord without Honour, Understanding, or Honesty*. Hence it is plain, that notwithstanding the *Comde's* smooth Appearance, and earnest Professions, he is a *true Lord*, he pretends *your* Service when he means his *own*; and had not his *own* Tenure sunk in so severe a Resolution, his Care of *your* Honour and Glory wou'd never have open'd his Mouth; for let the *Great* and the *Rich* (I speak of most of them) carry never so specious and plausible a Pretence to the Gods themselves, they are above their own Gods; to those Idols, those Calves of *Bethel* they offer up all other Considerations, both Divine and Humane. Let not your *Goddeſs ſhip* therefore be deceiv'd by the *smooth Profeſſor*, he is no farther *your* Votary, than the Teeth outward; and if you ſhou'd purſue this *Noble Courſe*, which you propoſe, he is the firſt that wou'd fly in your Face and Blaſpheme your Divinity. Yes, the ſame Motive that makes them *Atheiſts* to all other Deities, wou'd make them ſo to you, *viz. Juſtice and Reaſon*; for thoſe are Attributes they'll ne'er allow in the Gods they worſhip, becauſe they know how hard it muſt be with them, if they were to be judg'd by them.

The next Motive he urges for your Perſeverance in Error, is the Sweets of that Arbitrary Government which you have ſo many Thouſand Years exerciſed over Mankind. This is a Bait they often throw out to ſuch Gudgeon Princes as will nibble at it; this has tumbled many from their Thrones, and never ſucceeded, where there were any Remains of *Virtue and Knowledge* in the People. He pays your *Goddeſſhip* indeed a mighty Compliment, when he ſuppoſes you have no Benefit by thoſe Eyes you now enjoy of *Juſtice, Reaſon, or Nature*. He would have you more ſtupid than himſelf, or his Fraternity; he would have you have Eyes and ſee not, and Ears and hear not. He wou'd, like the Giants of Old, make War againſt Heaven, and rob you of your *Juſtice and Underſtanding*. He wou'd level you with the Ravenous Beasts

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Beasts of Prey; so far from letting you enjoy the Dignity of a Deity, supream *Reason* and *Justice*, that he wou'd not have you possess the Advantages of Men; but cast you down to the Condition of meer Brutes. Man, in the midst of his Freedom, is govern'd by the Laws and Rules of *Justice* and *Reason*, and all that we know of *Superior Powers*, raises this to a more supream Degree of Excellence; all Beings that take Counsel of *Reason* and *Justice*, can't forsake their Dictates without ceasing to be; without putting off their Nature, and so becoming of an inferior Kind; for there is no State of Perfection above perfect *Reason*. So that the *blind Power* he would persuade you yet to exercise, is a Diabolical, not Heavenly Power, the Power of a wild Beast, where the *Stronger* preys on the *Weaker*, not of Man or Gods, whose Nature is *Rational* and *Just*.

But he says it is a Godlike Pleasure to raise whom you please; but it is more Godlike to raise those that deserve it, which as the Pleasure is rational, so it destroys not, but directs the Power to work on Objects worthy of the Effect. But you will turn away all your old Acquaintance, the *Wealthy*, the *Great* and the *Noble*, to caress *Beggars* and *Scoundrels*! Alas! does he that has so long enjoy'd your Favours, so little know their Author? Does he not know, that where you smile, *Beggary* flies away, and Contempt gives Place to Adoration? This is an Absurdity worthy the Noble Conde, as if you could smile on any *Beggar* or *Scoundrel*, as he calls them; whereas 'tis you that stamp Majesty on all Men, and you that give Respect and Esteem; by you *Sons* of *unknown* Fathers have mounted to Thrones, Footmen to Lords Tables and Ladies Beds. No, no, there's nothing but the *Person's* fitted, not the *Thing*. *Beggary* can never come into your view, into your Sanctuary; 'tis those that depart out of it, that are *Beggars* and *Scoundrels*, and they will be truly so, whom you banish on this Decree, they will be *Wretches* in every Part; no *Virtue* or *Knowledge* to qualify the Disgrace, and arm them against Contempt.

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His next Care of your *Goddeſs-ſhip*, is, leſt you ſhou'd want Company; ſhou'd be deſtitute of a large Equipage. That your *Levies* ſhou'd paſs without a Throng, a numerous Reſort. As if a few *Wiſe Men* were not better Company, and more deſirable, than a multitude of *Fools*? Are not a few *Honeſt, Able, and Uncorrupt Attendants* better, than a long Train of *Knaves* and *Sharpers*? Are not a few *Knowing and Learned Men*, that ſhall ask little of you, a handsomer Ornament to your Anti-chamber, than ſhoals of *Hungry Petitioners*, that are never ſatisfied, nor will ever be deny'd? If theſe be not admitted into the very Halls of the *Great* and the *Rich*; they are the more worthy of being receiv'd into the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of a *Goddeſs*, who has *Juſtice* and *Reason* of her Council. That they have ſo little regard to *Merit*, proves how little they deſerve the Power they poſſeſs, and is a very bad Argument for its continuance. But this Objection, if of any Force, would vaniſh on this *Eſta bliſhment*; for when Men found, that Truth, Honour, Honeſty, Knowledge, Wiſdom, Vertue, Senſe and Reaſon, were the Roads to your Favour, Men would turn their Endeavours to obtain ſome ſhare in them. and being obliged to diſcard *imaginary Merit*, would ſeek the *Real*; wou'd ſwell no more on the borrow'd Greatneſs of Anceſtors, and prepoſterouſly value themſelves the more, by how much the farther they are remov'd from *One Man of Value of their Family*; but they wou'd then cultivate thoſe Talents Nature has given them, ſince by that they wou'd arrive at good Fortune and Glory.

He is next afraid, That Confuſion ſhou'd be the Effect of ſo ſwift a Change of Hands. I can't but ſmile to ſee every-where ſo great a Zeal for *others* in the Speech of a Man, who only values *himſelf*; who ſeems to apprehend, that Confuſion which he makes, and fears from the *only Cure* of the Evil, will be its *Riſe*. Can a Ship in view of a Rock be

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be too speedily taken from unskilful Hands, to be given to a Judicious *Pilot*? Whence are all the Confusions in the World? but from that Injustice in the *Rich* and *Powerful*. which corrupts all those, who have any Desires, or Hopes of succeeding with them. To be Honest, is to renounce all hopes of Prosperity; to speak the *Truth*, is to incur Punishment; to apply to *Knowledge*, is the ready way to starve: while Impudence and Ignorance, are the Masters of the Ceremonies, and introduce any Man into your Goddess's Presence and Favour.

He supposes, That long Use has made them Masters of *Politicks*, whereas he, that sets out in a wrong Way, can never arrive at his Journey's-end. It is the little Pretence of Smatterers in publick Affairs, to complain of the Burthen, and the *Abstruseness* of *Management*, and the like; whereas, if this Sett were thrown aside, and *Men of Poverty*, and *Honesty*, put in their stead, all Things wou'd be easie. The *Just* Rules of Government, are easie and obvious to a good Understanding; but when all the Laws of *Right* and *Wrong* are to be confounded, *Publick Good* made truckle to *Private Gain*, then the Management must be nice, the *Leger-de-Main* must be clean, and the *Conveyance* impenetrable to the Eye of the People.

When *Cincinnatus* was sent for from the Plough to direct the Empire. there was none of this Mystery of State; when the Messengers, that were sent from *Rome* to *Atilius*, found him Plowing and Sowing his own Ground, and invited him to Command their Forces and Govern their Empire, the Burthen was not so great, nor the Task so difficult. When *Arfaces* came from a private State of unknown Parents, to be the Founder of the *Parthian* Empire, the *Trade* of Government was not so difficult; *Tamerlain*, the Vanquisher of *Asia* had a Shepherd to his Father; and even *Oliver Cromwel*, without being a Courtier, proved himself a Man of Address in managing this

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abstruse Affair. Poverty, he says, cramps the Mind, destroys all Generous Notions, and damps the Spirits from all Noble Attempts; while an Hereditary Quality, as it puts them above the common Rank of Mankind, as if of a Superior Nature, so it inspires Principles more Great and Glorious. This he wou'd seem to confirm by some Actions of the *Scipio's*; Great Men indeed, but greater and of more Authority by the great Actions they had done, and Vertues and Wisdom they had shown, than by their Families, tho' the *Cornelian* was of as great, if not Antiquity, at least Authority, as any. The first Fact is not fully related, for when he tore his Codicils, or Paper of Accounts, he spake thus to the Senate (for before them was the Cause) *I give no Account, O conscript Fathers, of the Four Hundred Sestertii, officiating only the Place of my Brother Lucius, because by my Conduct, and under my Auspices, the Treasury has receiv'd above two Thousand; nor do I suppose the Age so deprav'd, as to make a Scrutiny into my Innocence; who have got nothing by my Conquest of all Africa to your Dominion but the Sir-name. The Treasures of Africa, nor those of Asia, have made either me or my Brother conscious of Gold but both of us are richer, and more abound in Envy of others, than in Money.* — The whole Senate approv'd a Defence that shew'd so much Constancy and Innocence, and so well justified by his Actions. The same will hold of the other quoted Heroes of Rome; they ow'd their Success to their own Deeds, not their Titles of Antiquity. Had *Cataline*, *Curio*, *Cethegus*, or any of the most Ancient Families of Rome done so without Deeds of their own to defend them, they had march'd down the *Tarpeian Rock*, as well as the lowest *Plebeian*. This destroys his Argument of innate Merit of Quality till he can produce any one Action purely proceeding from that, which could distinguish them from the Mob, except a groundless Pride. All therefore proceeds from Personal Merit, or Wealth, or Post. For a Lord of the most Ancient Family with no Estate, and out of Post, makes as contemptible a Figure, as any of the *Vulgar*.

Having

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Having thus run over all his Arguments, with a greater Regard, than they really deserved; I shall now come to offer to your Goddels-ship the State of Affairs, as they now stand under the Direction of such worthy Persons as the *Conde de la Titulado*. That is, I shall venture to give you the Characters of those Persons on whom you have thus long vouchsafed to smile, and then leave it to your Wisdom, whether by the Advice of Justice and Reason you can continue such Wretches in your Favour. Then I shall give you a view of those who have been in the State of Poverty, which that noble Lord has express'd so wondrous a Contempt for; that having seen both, you may choose what Part you please.

Horace says very justly, *Raro sensus Communis in illa Fortuna*, There is seldom to be found common Sense in that Fortune, (I put it into English for the Benefit of the Titular Part of this Audience) that is among the Great, for they are indeed drunk with Prosperity, as with strong Wine, which their Heads are not able to bear. This makes them see double, and every thing looks to them with an Aspect not its own.

Thus a forward prating Coxcomb appears to them a Man of Wit and good Address. A formal Sycophant, a Flatterer, a Man of good Humour and complaisant Temper, as well as a Man of Judgment. Importunity they think Diligence, Impudence Boldness, Flattery Friendship, Friendship Malice, Hypocrisy Religion, and Religion Hypocrisy; Honesty Design, and Design Honesty. Pun, & Conundrum pass with them for Wit, and an Epigrammatic Poem is more charming than Horace or Virgil. They move indeed by meer Impulse and Whim, without any Motive or Directions of Reason. Truth they never hear, nor ever desire it; to introduce it into their Company you incite a Quarrel, or at least effect to make 'em your Enemies. To correct their Folly, is to affront them, and to hear it, to affront yourself, Reason, Justice and Sense.

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As they are Enemies to Truth, so they are sure to want Sincerity in all that they value, as well as in themselves; but their own want of it makes 'em not miss it in another. Their Passions are their Councillors, and their Interests their *Privado*. These rule them with an absolute Sway; these surround them beyond a possibility of admitting any wholesome Advice. As they'll hear no Truth, so they'll neither speak, nor practise any; and their Life is indeed a sordid Scene of Formality without Meaning, and irresistible Pride without any Merit, Ignorance without Excuse, Self conceit without Knowledge, Avarice without Bounds, in the midst of Abundance without Limits. In short, Hypocrisy, Injustice, Malice, Impotence, Envy, Revenge, Obstinacy. Ignorance, Cruelty, Lust, and the like, are their Perfections and avowed Principles.

They pervert all the Principles and Notions of Reason, Right and Gallantry, the Accomplishment of a Wit, and a fine Gentleman; thus they term *Atheism* and *Profaneness*, Wit and good Reason. Thus by a strange Abuse of Words, they call a Debt lost to a Sharper at Cards, or Dice, a *Debt of Honour*, which must be paid; but a *Debt of Honesty*, due for Commodities receiv'd from the *Credulous* Tradesman, and confided to their *Honour*, they scorn to pay, for fear of losing that Distinction betwixt *them* and the *Vulgar*; for to be bound by the Common Ties of *Honesty* and *Religion*, is too Mechanick a Scandal with them; as if *Honour* and *Honesty* were two different Things; and a *Gentleman* and *Religion* incompatible. For they deny all principles, that interfere with private Gain; *Publick Good* being only a popular Bait, to bubble the People, and gain their Ends.

The whole Oeconomy of their Brain is corrupted, and they judge of nothing right, even their Pleasures are as ill chosen, as their Friends, and as powerful over them as their Favourites. They prefer Sound before Sense, and Farce and Opera to Tragedy and Comedy; and e'en in that always prefer the

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worst Composer, or Performer to the best. Incapable of Correction, 'tis no wonder they continue *Whimsical*, as long as *Drunk*. When the short and transitory *Sober Fit* comes on, or a fresh *Drunken Bout* starts a new Game, that they pursue till weary of the Chace, or some other Fancy divert them. For all Things but *Reason* and *Right* have their Turns with them.

The Ladies Lives, Principles, and Actions are much of a-piece; out of the View and Road of *Morality* and *Reason*; *Custom* and *Fashion* are the Guides, and *Fancy* and *Whim* their Directors. Their *Passions* are their Prime Councillors, and Interest the God they chiefly Sacrifice to, even in their Amours. The Morning they spend in Bed, and Dressing; the Noon in Visiting and Intrigue; the Evening in Gaming, or Scandal; and the remains of Night in Sleep. Idleness, Thoughtlessness, universal Ignorance, Hypocrisie, Non-sense, Deceit, Lying, Painting, Patching, Detraction and Lechery compose them. There are no *Penelopes* now to keep importunate Suiters at Arm's-end in their Husband's Absence for Twenty Years together; and, if they are not asked, they will ask; if they are not corrupted, they will corrupt; and pay Boggy *Irish Stallions* for their Labour; and that e'en in the House, with their Husbands almost in their Arms; and rather than fail, or baulk their Inclinations, their Foot-men, Porters or Coach-men, must supply their occasions. This brings a Story to my Mind, which may set this Matter in a true Light. A certain Lord being in the City, seem'd pleas'd with the Citizen's Children; 'Tis no wonder, says he, you Citizens have such fine, sprightly, witty Children, since we Gentlemen of the other-end of the Town get 'em and improve the Breed. True, reply'd the Citizen; but then you leave your Coach-men and Foot-men at Home to cross your Strain, which makes your Children all such Block-heads.

After

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After what has been said of them, it will be no Wonder that they should be no Encouragers of Art or Merit; yet the blind Authors and Poets that have made a Figure in these last abandon'd Ages, brib'd by a very foolish, as well as very fallacious Hope of Protection and Advantage from *empty Titles* and *full Bags*, have profanely prostituted their Works and their Praise (which, like your Favours, ought to be sacred to *Merit* only) to such vile Creatures, as scarce deserve the Name, even of the *Shadows* of Men. So little worthy the Dignity of Human Nature is in them; who swelling with a *vain Pride of Birth and Titular Dignity*, (deriv'd to them from the *Money*, perhaps, not *Merit* of their Fore-fathers) or the largeness of their Estates, and the fulness of their Bags (tho' the Fruit perhaps of Injustice and Oppression) that they think all the Tribute which the most flattering Pen can pay them less than their due; or else they have no Taste of Wit, and Sense of Arts and Sciences; and being *ignorant* themselves, they are insensible of the Merit of *Knowledge*: as being conscious, that they are not Masters of any one Virtue to excuse the Poets Flattery, they choose rather to enjoy their Infamy privately, than aim at nobler Things, or appear in publick not like themselves. They are the Companions of *Ulysses* in the Abode of *Circe*, content with their *Bestial* Form and Appetite, and leave *Sublimer Things* to *Sublimer Minds*, who have not drank of her fatal Cup. The charming *Otway* has described them all in his admirable *Orphan*.

*But all are to their Fathers Vices born,
And in their Mother's Ignorance are bred.*

From this *Ignorance* of themselves, or Humane Nature, they grow proud and opiniated, despising all (as despised of all) Pert and Forward, tho' Dull and Insipid. Or,

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If Wit they have, 'tis of an evil kind,
An Impious Good, and a Debauch of Mind,
For Ruin are the Harlot Charms design'd.
Bold, cunning, various, voluble of Tongue,
Not wise, tho' skill'd in all the Arts of Wrong.
Bare Words for Friends, they think a waste of Breath,
But Deeds and Gifts are Infamy and Death.
Their Smiles are but the Preludes of their Hate,
And certain Promise of destructive Fate.
Their Souls are cast in a fantastick Mould,
Profuse at once, and covetous of Gold.
If Chance to Justice leads them e'er astray,
They soon escape the Error of that Way,
To their own dusky Paths, and shun the Hostile Day.

Or else they are infected or possess'd (for *Avarice* is the Devil) with *Covetousness*, and that in the midst of Plenty; for who are they that turn round the Compass to add two or three Thousand a Year to ten Thousand? Not the poor *Partizans* of any Cause; they stand to their Principle e'en in the *Pillory*. This is indeed the most pernicious, and most unaccountable Folly of our Kind. All other Frailties have some apparent Good at least in view; are directed to some certain End of Pleasure or Satisfaction in the Enjoyment; but the Miser is always in Pursuit of what he never obtains; and notwithstanding his vain Boast of Delight, can find it no more than the Man that's tortur'd with a *Perpetual Thirst*, or is every Minute importun'd with the craving Pains of a Hunger not to be satisfy'd. It can at best be but a kind of *Fox-chase-Pleasure*, where the *Quarry* is thrown away, after all the Fatigue of the Pursuit, to the hazard of Neck or Limbs, and we may justly say of that, as one said of this, *S' est un Diable de Plaisir*.

Or else he is a thoughtless, raking, roaring, drinking Scoundrel, who knows no Pleasure beyond scouring the Watch, breaking Windows, unrigging Whores, bilking Bawds and Coaches, Lampblackening
Signs

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Signs, rubbing out of Milk-scores, ticking, Tavern Recknings, Brawling, Quarrelling, throwing a Merry Main, and all the rest of the Noisie Varieties, which assures us of *little Sense*, and *less Thought*.

Or else he's a Jolly tho' Peaceable *Sot*, the *Slave*, not free *Subject* of *Bacchus*; who is too happy to measure his Hours, by any thing but the Glass, or know any Conversation like a *Bumper*. He'll laugh immoderately at his own *no-Jest*; but that you may not take it amiss, he'll do the same at yours. This gets him the Name of a good *Natur'd Person*; whereas he cares not if all Mankind were Ruin'd could he secure his Bottle. Nay, e'en his best Companions, that have a Thousand times drank up the Sun with him, and felt his Embraces with a Thousand maudlin Oaths of Friendship and Service, may perish for a Crown, tho' he wou'd spend Ten Shillings to make them Drunk. For that he pays to his own Satisfaction, not to his Friend's Misfortune; for *Compassion* and *Vertue* he has no more a Notion of, than of *Goblins* and *Fairies*, and you might as well talk to him in the Praise of *Temperance* and *Water-Gruel* as of *Arts* and *Sciences*; and no Poetry beyond a Drunken-Catch, can enter into his Imagination. He has Pleasantry sometimes, but seldom Wit, and that he derives from the Bottle.

Or else he Games.— in which he's either the *Sharper* or the *Bubble*. The *Sharper's* Qualities secure him from the Mischief of Generosity; and those of the *Bubble* from the Ability of exercising it. The first will never promote an Act against his Profit, nor the latter against his Pleasure. One Motive sets them both to work; that to *win* and this to *lose*. That is *Avarice*, and where *Avarice* is, who can expect any thing *Generous* or *Noble*? But this Evil is spread so far, that (as I have hinted) the Ladies have caught the Infection; and *Pride*, *Hypocrisie* and *Lust* have scarce so large a Dominion over them. Gaming is

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is their *Business* and *Diversion*; the *Park* indeed, sometimes borrows them for an *Hour*, and the *Window'd Boxes* for *three*; that is, when a *Farce* or *Opera* is *Acted*, or *Sung*; for *Sense* and *Poetry* have too little *Power* to drag them from *Picquet*, *Ombre*, or the *Basset Table*.

Or else he's a true *Limberham*, a prodigal Cully to the *Jilt*, he keeps for the use of the *Publick*; but she is too expensive to leave her *Keeper* any *Power*, or *Will* to take care of *needy Merit*.

Or else he's an over-grown *Minor*, in the *Guardianship* of his own *Servants*, who are sure to keep off *Men* of *Sense* and *Vertue*, lest they shou'd improve his *Taste*, and let the *Antiquated Jerry* know, that he is of *Age*, and ought to manage for himself.

But it wou'd be too tedious, as well as too nauseous a *Work* to run over the filthy *Catalogue* of those *Follies* and *Vices*, which distinguish the *Great* and the *Rich*, and have therefore found *Pens* *Mercenary* enough to exalt them into *Vertues* and *Sense*. But how cou'd they ever think that such wretched *Things* as these, cou'd have *Elation* of *Soul* enough to be *Patrons* of *Arts* and *Sciences*, and of *Vertues* and *Honesty*? or *Rewards* of *Merit*, of which they had no *Notion*; *Men* of *Title* by *Pride*, *Ignorance* or *Folly*; *Men* of *Power* by *Interest*, are the last of *Men*, that true *Merit*, and true *Sense* should hope any thing from; for the first, either understand it not; or hate it; the second either fear it; or have a nearer *Concern* for the raising their own *Fortunes* to an *unweildy Bulk*, not for the *Service*, *Reputation* and *Glory* of their *Prince* and *Country*, for that wou'd be an *Abuse* of their *Favour* and *Power*, that *Self-Interest* wou'd never forgive. And how much soever they are the better for all their several *Nations*, they have too humble an *Opinion* of themselves; or too mean an *Aim* to *aspire* to make their *Nations* e'er the better for them; but having with
all

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all their Address secured their own Game, they leave the Publick to the next *Poacher* that is pleas'd to fall to work.

From what has been said, it will be plain what sort of Creatures are now your Goddess-ships Favourites, and how unworthy they are to continue so.

Let us now look on those who are *poor* either by Choice, or Necessity, and see what they have learn'd in that admirable School of Vertue, where there are no Sycophants to sooth their Folly, and heighten their Passions, and lessen their Understandings. *Soror bona Mentis Paupertas* ; Horace calls *Poverty the Sister of a good Mind, or Understanding.* The Fumes or Vapors of Prosperity, Affluence and Luxury, are remov'd by the sharp and clear Air of *Necessity.* The Body is Sound and free from Diseases, while the Rich are corpulent, drown'd in foggy Quagmires of Fat and Dropsy ; rack'd with the Pox Gour, Stone, Fevers and the like. *Poverty* keeps the Body in an equal Temper, and clears the Mind, and makes its Operations free ; the Body and Soul keep in their Place like good Friends, nor intercept one another in their Mutual Journey ; it makes the Body *agile*, the Mind *active*, it shews the several Changes of Humane Life, and so teaches *Compassion, Pity, Forgiveness* ; it inspires *Prudence, Justice and Temperance, Magnanimity, Courage* ; and the like Qualities beneficial to *Humane Society.* And seeing your Goddess-ship lavishing your Favours on *Knaves and Fools, Attorneys, Counsellors, Informers, Petty-Foggers, Stock-Jobbers, Hypocrites, Turn-Coats, Sycophants, Usurers, Extortioners, Senseless Lords, Knights and Squires* ; it furnishes a supply of *Vertue and Good-Sense*, to condemn those Advantages, that can't be obtain'd with *Innocence and Honesty.*

They make Vertue its own Reward, and prefer the Pain and Contempt it lies under, to the foolish Pomp and Power of such Wretches as possess them.

Let us consider who have been the Benefactors of Human Kind, the *Rich* or the *Poor.* *All Arts and Sciences, all Religion* came from the *Poor*, for such

were

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were the Prophets, Apostles and Saints, the Philosophers and best of the Poets.

Homer begg'd his Bread, and taught School for his Living; yet he wrote the noblest Poem that ever Europe saw, both in its Aim and Design. It was to cure, by shewing the ill Effects of Division in a Confederate Power, and to stir his Countrymen up against the Exorbitant Power of the *Asiatick Grand Monarch*. Virgil was born and bred up in Poverty, yet against the Court perverted those Noble Qualities he had learn'd in the School of Poverty, to the Flattery of the Oppressor of his Country's Liberty, when he directed his Knee to Compliment *Augustus*. The Performance of both differ as much as their *Acies*. Forty Days conclude the *Iliads*, tho' the *Aeneids* are extended to above a Year. Homer's Incidents produce one another, and all the *Catastrophe*; Virgil's only follow one another in a natural Order. Milton taught School for his Livelyhood; Saffo run mad for Want. Spencer and Butler starv'd; Oldham liv'd e'en on Book-sellers Pay; Otway by his Pen; while Davenant got an Estate, and others of as little Fame and Merit, every Day get Places and Preferments.

The great *Epaminondas*, whose frail Vertue rais'd *Thebes* to the Mastery of all Greece, was left extremely Poor by his Ancestors, yet was more learned than any of the *Thebeans*, not only in all the Arts and good Qualities of a Man of Figure, but in Philosophy itself; he was modest, prudent, grave, skilful in War and Peace, strong of Hand and great of Mind, and so wonderful a Lover of Truth, that he never told a Lye e'en in Jest. He lov'd and approv'd Poverty so well, that all he got by the Administration of the Publick, was only Glory. His incorruptible Abstinence and Honesty were try'd by *Diomedian* of *Cyzianus*, who, at the Request of *Artaxerxes* had undertaken to corrupt him. He came to *Thebes* furnished with Gold enough to have brib'd an Hundred Modern Ministers of State; and had already won to his Party *Micythus*, a particular Favourite of *Epaminondas*, by his

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his Kindness for that Youth, to gain the easier and unsuspected In-let into his Mind and Affections, *Micythus* goes to *Epaminondas*, acquaints him with the Arrival of *Diomedon*, informs him of the Presents he had brought from the Great King, and so introduces him into his Presence without any Witness but himself. — But what was the Reception he found with this great poor Man, this old Acquaintance and sincere Friend of Poverty? There is no need at all of Money (says he to *Diomedon* and *Micythus*) in any Negotiation with me; for if the King of Persia have any thing to propose for the Good and Advantage of Thebes, I am ready to comply without a Bribe, but if he desire any thing contrary to that, *Artaxerxes* is not rich enough to pay my Price; for all the Wealth in the World is of no Price in the Balance with the Love of my Country. I am not surpriz'd, that, since you knew me not, you took me for a Man of your own Manners, Notions and Principles, and therefore I forgive the Attempt. But haste, be gone out of this City if you wou'd be safe, lest you should find some whom you may corrupt, tho' you cannot me. And you *Micythus* return him his guilty Livre immediately, or I will deliver you up to the Law and the Magistrates.

Diomedon struck with the Awe of such unexpected Vertue, begg'd a safe Departure for himself and his Treasure. — Yes, reply'd *Epaminondas* that I shall grant, but for my own sake, not yours, lest it should be said, that Treasure which I refus'd on your voluntary Offer, I possess'd myself of by Force and Violence. So he put him from Thebes, and gave him his Conduct to Athens, and shipp'd him there in Security for Asia.

Phocion the Good, though he might have enrich'd himself much by the frequent Places of Trust and Dignity given him by the People, always retain'd his Native Poverty in the midst of the Mines of Riches. When the Ambassadors of King Philip, on his refusal of very great Bribes from his Master, urg'd, That tho' he could with so much ease bear Want, yet he ought to have Regard to his Children, who would find it a very difficult Matter to maintain in the greatest Poverty

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Poverty, the signal Glory their Father had obtained — Gave them this Answer, — If they will be like me, the same little piece of Ground will subſiſt them which has me, and brought me to ſo great Dignities; but if they prove unlike me, I will not let them grow Luxurious at my Expence.

Ariſtides the Juſt, ſav'd ſcarce enough out of all his Triumphs, and great Truſts, as ſuffic'd to pay his Funeral Charges; ſo that his Daughters were ſain to be bred up and marry'd at the Publick Expence. All that *Thraſybulus* gain'd for delivering *Athens* from the Tyranny of the Thirty Creatures of *Lyſander*, was a little Wreath made of two Branches of Olive.

In ſhort, *Socrates* was the Son of a Midwife and Stone-Cutter; the Parents of *Demosthenes* and *Euripides* are ſcarce known; the Father of the former is ſaid to have been a Cutler, and the Mother of the latter an Herb-Woman.

Tullius Hoſtilius King of *Rome*, was born in a little Country Cottage, and his Youth was ſpent in feeding of Cattle, but his Riper Years Govern'd the Roman State and doubled its Dominions. His Old-Age being adorn'd with the moſt excellent Ornaments, ſhin'd in the biggeſt degree of Majeſty. *Tarquinius Priſcus* the Son of a Corinthian Merchant, and his in Exile ſtarting into the Roman Throne enlarged the Empire; and *Servius Tullius* was the Son of a She-slave; he Reign'd long and happily, and Triumph'd thrice. *Marcus Porcius Cato*, the Founder of the *Persian* Family, from an ignoble Condition in the little Town of *Tuſculum*, was by the Senate invited into the Government and Dignity.

The *Lacedæmonians* quitting the Laws of *Lycurgus*, and baniſhing that Poverty which he had eſta-bliſh'd, ſoon loſt their Power and Empire: And while the Romans preſerv'd their primitive Poverty and Frugality, they preſerv'd their Vertue; but in the Wealth and Luxury of *Aſia*, they firſt loſt their Vertue, and then their Empire.

Cornelia,

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Cornelia, the Mother of the *Gracchi*, answer'd a Lady, a *Bella* of *Campania*, who was at her House, and made Ostentation of her Jewels and Finery, that these (pointing to her Children) were her Riches. *Poplicola*, Consul with *Lucius Junius Brutus*, on the Expulsion of the *Tarquins*, tho' he had been three times Consul with the universal Applause of the People, yet died so poor, that he was fain to be bury'd at the Publick Charge. *Menenius Agrippa*, of so great Authority in *Rome*, and Master of such admirable Addresse as only to be able to reconcile the Nobility and People at mortal Odds, had the same Fate, and leaving not enough behind him to pay his Funeral Costs, was therefore bury'd by the Publick. What shall we say of *C. Fabricius*, *Q. Emilius Papus*, both Heads of the Common-wealth, who had not so much as any Silver in either of their Houses, except a little silver Patin, peculiarly dedicated to the Gods, and receiv'd from their Ancestors, and so transmitted to their Children. Tho' *Fabricius* boasted that his was set on a known Foot.

What shall I say of those Heroes, who in the most dangerous Times, in the most difficult Conjunctions, were sent for to *Rome* from their daily Labours in an unfruitful Soil, tilling their own few Acres of Ground for the Subsistence of their Families? The Messengers found *Atilius* sowing his plough'd Ground, and those Hands hardned with working for his own Living, establish'd the Government, and destroy'd Multitudes of its Enemies. Nor was he ashamed when the War was over, and his Command at an End, to return to Plough. I cannot omit the great *Atilius Regulus* who bore so great a Share in the first *Punic War*, who finding his Command continued a Year longer, wrote to the Senate to send him a Successor, because the Husbandman of his Ground being Dead, one of his Mercenary Servants had stole away his Rustick Implements, and therefore unless he came to look after his little Farm, his Wife and Children might want Bread. But the

Senate

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Senate and Consuls took care of the Farm, and continued his Command.

What a vast stock of Wealth was that of *Quinctius Cincinnatus*? He had originally *Seven Acres*, three of which he lost for the Fine of a Friend of his who was amerced in the Exchequer. He also paid another Fine for his own *Case*, for his Non-appearance, out of the Product of this little Field. And yet with these Four Acres, he not only maintain'd his Family, but had the *Dictatorship* conferr'd on him.

What shall I say of the *Ælian* Family, of whom, being Sixteen at one time, their little Field had a far greater Number of Masters than it needed Husbandmen. I might say more of this Family, but I have neither Time nor Will to be any farther Particular, in a Nation where every one of the great Men seem'd more willing to live in a *Rich Empire*, *Poor*, than *Rich* in a *Poor Empire*, while every one strove to encrease the *publick Revenues*, while they were satisfy'd with their own. I shall therefore say nothing of *C. Scipio*, in the *Second Punic War*; or of the States paying his Daughter's Portion, because the Father was not able, tho' at the Head of Armies and conquering Countries, where he reap'd *nothing* but *Glory* in the Service of his Country.

From all these Examples it is plain, that those, who are bred in *Poverty*, and have a through *Acquaintance* with it, are the fittest to come into *Power*; they having establish'd great Kingdoms, which the Rich who succeeded them by their *Wealth*, *Avarice* and *Luxury* have destroy'd. And so I leave that Choice to your Goddess-ship, take the *Poor* with *Justice* and *Reason*, or continue the Patroness of *Fools* and *Knaves*.

D I X I.



On the TAX upon SALT.

THE Emblem o' th' Nation, so Grave and Precise,
 On the Emblem of Wisdom have laid an Excise:
 Pray tell me, grave Sparks, and your Answer don't
 smother,
 Why one Representative Taxes another?
 The Commons on Salt a new Impost have laid,
 To Tax Wisdom too, they most humbly are pray'd;
 For tell me ye Patrons of Woollen and Crape,
 Why the Type should be find, and the Substance
 escape?

The Pleasures of LOVE.

A SONG.

I.

HOW quickly are Love's Pleasures gone!
 How soon are all its mighty Triumphs done!
 In vain, alas, do we the Banquet taste,
 Whose Sweets as swift as Thought are past!
 In vain do we renew the Fight,
 Who at the first Alarms are basely put to Flight!

II.

Happy Great Jove, who in *Alcmena's* Arms,
 For three full Nights enjoy'd Love's Charms!
 Nature turn'd Bawd, her Monarch to Obey,
 And Pimping Darkness shut out Day.
 Whilst in vast Joys the half-spent God did
 Sweat
 Joys, as his Lightning fierce, and as his God-
 Head great!

III.

Bravely begun the Feat! Oh had it mounted higher,
 Fed still with vigorous Heat and fresh Desire!
 Were I but he, my boundless Reign should
 prove
 But one continu'd Scene of Love.
 In Extasies I would dissolving lie,
 As long as all the mighty Round of vast Eternity.
 Cupid

Cupid turn'd Tinker.

I.

FAIR *Venus*, they say,
 On a Rainy Bleak Day,
 Thus sent her Child *Cupid* a packing:
 ' Get thee gone from my Door,
 ' Like a Son of a Whore,
 ' And elsewhere stand bouncing and cracking.

II.

To tell the plain Truth,
 Our little blind Youth
 Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, Sir:
 Till all Dangers past,
 By good Fortune, at last
 He stumbl'd into a great Town, Sir.

III.

Then strait to himself
 Crys this tiny fly Elf,
 Since Begging brings little Relief, Sir:
 A Trade I'll Commence
 That shall bring in the Pence;
 And so he set up for a Thief, Sir.

IV.

At Play-House and Kirk,
 Where he silyly did lurk,
 He stole Hearts both from young and old People;
 Till at last, says my Song,
 He had like to have swung
 On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

V.

Then with Arrows and Bow,
 He a Soldier must go,
 And straight he shot Folks without Warning.
 He thought it no Sin
 When his Hand was in,
 To kill you a Hundred each Morning.

VI.

When he found that he made
 Little Gains by his Trade,
 What does our sly graceless Blinker?
 But straight chang'd his Note,
 As well as his Coat,
 And needs he must pass for a Tinker.

VII.

Have yo' any Hearts to mend?
 Come, I'll be your Friend,
 Or else I'll expect not a Farthing:
 Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
 I'll soon make 'em whole;
 And, Maids, is not this a fair Bargain?

VIII.

But, Maids, have a care,
 Of this Tinker beware,
 Shun the Rogue, tho' he sets such a Face on't.
 Where he stops up one Hole,
 'Tis true, by my Soul,
 He'll at least leave a Score in the Place on't.



The General LOVER.

IN all Love's Dominions I challenge the Boy,
 To shew such a forward frank Lover as I,
 So faithful and true where my Promise is past,
 At the first so sincere, and so warm at the last.

Imprimis, I've sworn true Allegiance to *Phillis*,
 And the same I have done to divine *Amarillis*.

Then to *Celia* the fair, I my Heart did resign,
 Next I laid down the Trifle at *Iris*'s Shrine.
Calista then gently put in for the Prize,
 Nor did the coy *Sylvia* my Offering despise.
 But now you'll enquire, can they all quarter there?
 Why, Madam, my Heart's large enough, never fear.
 There's room for my *Phillis*,
 And soft *Amarillis*:
 And

And *Calia* the Fair,
Who need not despair
Of a good Lodging there :
With *Iris*, *Calista*, and *Sylvia* beside.
Yes, Madam, this oft by Experience I've try'd.
So large is the Place, and so plenteous my Store,
I with ease can provide for six Mistresses more,
Nay, if you distrust me, e'en send me a Score.



A Tale from Bocas, or a Cure for
Cuckoldom.

TOO weak are *Laws*, and *Edicts* vain,
The Hearts of *Women* to restrain ;
For when with happy Search they find,
The Man they like, they still are kind.
So strong, so daring is their Love,
It does ev'n Fear of *Death* remove,
For proof of this, if others fail,
I now design to tell a Tale.

At *Prato*, once upon a Time,
Adultery was thought a *Crime* :
And every kind consenting *Wife*,
Was doom'd by *Law* to lose her *Life* ;
So partial was this horrid *Act*,
It equally condemn'd the *Fact*,
Whether the Cause was pure *Desire*,
Or fordid Gain and *sinful Hire*,
No sooner did this *Edict* pass,
But one *Rinaldo* found (alas)
His *Wife Philippa*, fam'd for Charms,
In *lusty Lazarino's Arms*.
And with *Revenge* and *Fury* fill'd,
'Twas ten to one he both had kill'd ;
But eager *Passion* he restrain'd,
The bold *Adulteress* arraign'd,
And to the *Podestate* complain'd.

The Judge for Tryal nam'd the Day,
 And gave her Time to slip away;
 But she resolv'd to stand it out,
 In vain her Kindred went about,
 By dire Descriptions of the Law,
 To fright and force her to withdraw;
 She minded not a Word she heard,
 One wou'd have sworn, by what appear'd,
 She thought her Fate wou'd glorious prove,
 To suffer *Martyrdom* for Love.

When solemn Day of Tryal came,
 In Court appear'd the Guilty Dame,
 But look'd as cheerful, brisk and gay,
 As those that Ogle at a Play.

The Judge was in a horrid fright,
 (Touch'd to the Quick by Charms so bright)
 Lest she the Matter shou'd confess,
 Her Case would then be past Redress.
 You must be *burnt, Madam*, he said,
 Your Spouse has Information made,
 That you were lately caught by him,
 Committing the *forbidden Crime*,
Adultery, and doubtless you
 Have heard for this what *Death* is due.

Consider what you have to say,
 And prudently your Answer weigh,

She said, I freely own the Fact,
 He caught me in the very Act;
 With Joy the pleasing Word I name,
 For know, I glory in my Flame;
 And since my Passion did begin,
 Have often try'd the *tempting Sin*.
 For this you say I ought to die,
 But you know better, Sir, than I,
 That Laws for Publick Justice meant,
 Should pass'd by *general Consent*;
 And pray what *Woman* did appear
 To *Vote* for this? I ne'er could hear
 Of one that lik'd it; and 'tis hard
 They should unjustly be debarr'd

Their

Their *Native Right*, by a *Decree*,
To which *they* never did agree ;
On *us* alone, *Restraint* is laid,
Who are by bounteous Nature made
To give Content to more than one,
Which never yet by *Man* was done.
If Prejudice did not prevail,
Your solid Wisdom cou'd not fail
For me this Matter to decide,
And to declare the *Edict* void.
But, Sir, if *Death* must be my Doom,
Soon let the *welcome Minute* come ;
Secure, I wait the fatal *Blow*,
Yet first an easy Favour show.
Pray ask my *Husband*, there he stands,
If all his *Conjugal Demands*
Have not been answer'd still by me,
With an exact *Conformity* ?

Rinaldo said, I must confess,
My *Wife* did still comply in this ;
Inclin'd my wish'd Desires to grant,
And fond to satisfy my *Want*.

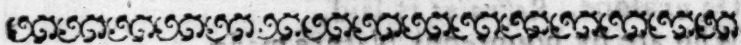
Observe, Sir, that, *Phillipa* said,
Whate'er he wanted, still he had ;
Then wherefore, pray, this mighty pother,
If I, to gratify another,
Imploy'd the *useless Residue* ?
Pray, *Husband*, what was that to you ?
I, like a *Charitable Fair*,
Bestowing what I had to spare,
Believ'd it better to improve
My growing *Overplus of Love*,
Than suffer envious *Marriage-Bands*
To keep it dead upon my Hands.

Her Speech so pleas'd the listening Crowd,
They clap'd their Hands, and laugh'd aloud.

Rinaldo durst no longer stay,
But hid his Face, and sneak'd away ;
And fair *Phillipa*, by her Art,
So brib'd the Court to take her Part,

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So to her side the Judge did draw,
She sav'd herself, and damn'd the Law.



The Highlander, a SATIRE.

FROM barren Highlands, in the freezing North,
The Bonny Lad with naked Feet, steps forth;
With lousy Plad his scabby Loins he hides,
And measures out his Miles by *Spanish* Strides;
He cocks his *Bonnet*, as he proudly stalks,
And scrubs his mangy Knuckles as he walks;
Athaart his Buttocks hangs a mighty Blade
Of sturdy Steel, for Blood and Slaughter made;
Broad as the Sword the *English* Champion drew,
When he to save the *Maid*, the *Dragon* slew.
Mundungus Wisps within his Jaws he puts,
As Monkeys their *Alforjes* stuff with Nuts:
Thus on *Tobacco* does he hourly feed,
And plumps his freckly Cheeks with stinking Weed.
Then with the poisonous Drivil that distills
From the rank Leaf his leprous Joints he heals;
Does with great Care the fluxing Ointment catch,
To ease the Curse of an incessant Scratch;
For what poor Mortal would the Mange endure,
Whose unctious Lungs afford a nauseous Cure.
No matter, beastly Remedies are best
For those that are with beastly Plagues oppress;
The skilful Country *Farrier* will allow,
A T——d's a healing Balsam for a Sow;
From whose vile Sloth and Filthiness accrue,
More odious Plagues than *Egypt* ever knew.

When the stew'd Sorweed in his Mouth has lain
So long, till spitting does its Virtues drain;
Then out he turns the Pledges, lays it by,
Till in the Sun the wreaking Wisp grows dry.
Then filling his short Pipe, he blows a Blast,
And does the burning Weed to Ashes wast,
Which when it's cool, he snuffles up his Nose,
That he no part of his Delight may lose; Thus

Thus chews it first, next smoaks the same, and then
Snuffs up the stinking Ashes that remain.

Thus wasteful Spendthrifts to their Shame may see,
The *Caledonian Loon's* Frugality;
And learn from him, against a Time of need,
To husband Wealth, as *Sawny* does his Weed.

Innurd to Hardships, proudly he disdains
The frosty Winds, deep Snows and show'ry Rains;
And with a Bag of *Oatmeal* for his Food,
To give the *Loon* Refreshment on the Road,
And a hard *Oynion*; thus he steers his Course,
Values no Mire, but travels like a Horse;

And when his craving Thirst or Hunger calls
For due Subsistence, on his Knees he falls,
And in the Impression of a *Hobby's Hoof*,
Where Rain lies mix'd with other nasty Stuff,
He drops his *Oatmeal*, stirs it well about,
And leaning on his Hands, sucks up the *Grout*;
Then jogs away with a contented Mind,
Leaving his dirty Porridge-dish behind;

And when thus strengthen'd, by this poor Relief,
Will tire an *English Boar* well fed with Beef.
Thus with unweary'd Pains he runs or trots,
Like mettled Nag, by virtue of his *Oats*;
Therefore since *Sawny* does like *Dobbin* feed,
Why should we wonder at their equal Speed.

Proud of his Ancestors, he boasts his Name,
And tells you of what *Clan* the Vassal came;
Draws his broad Sword, which has such Vict'ries

won,
And reads long Lectures of the Feats 't'as done;
Then sheaths the massy Weapon, snuffs and struts,
With mangy Paws, full Mouth, but empty Gurs.
Where-e'er he ligs, his scabby Fumes and Sweats,
Pollute the Chamber, and infect the Sheets;
And whosoe'er succeeds him in his Room,
Brimstone and *Lard* must surely be his Doom.
His very Breath infects the wholesome Air,
And as he travels, does the *Itch* transfer.

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So that nice Beaus and Merchants upon *Change*,
Shun the *Scotch-Walk*, thro' danger of the *Mange* ;
A Curse that Heaven has alone decreed,
To plague this barbarous *Caledonian Breed* ;
Whose Pride and Poverty has made each Slave
Grow bold and desperate, which himself calls Brave.
So Rogues mistaking Scandal to be Fame,
Deem that their Honour, others think their Shame.



Mr. Brown's Sermon at a Quakers Meeting.

Dear Brethren and loving Sisters,

WE are met and assembled together, and the
End and Meaning of our meeting is this,
which I shall unfold unto you in as few Words and
as clear a Sense as the Matter itself will bear.

Here is, *my Beloved*, our dear Brother and Fellow-
Labourer hath gone a little Astray, in the Opinion
of the *Vulgar and Profane* ; but how far, I say, how far,
my Brethren, this may be of Consequence to the
Innocent Lambs of our Flock, shall be the Subject
of my following Discourse. And the Matter, as it
stands fairly discovered and revealed unto us by un-
deniable Evidence of the Brotherhood, is plainly thus.

Azarius, our dear Brother, who, it is well known,
lived in good Fame and Reputation amongst his
Neighbourhood in the Town of *Twittenham*, which
lieth on the Right-hand-side of the River of *Thames*,
as thou goest beyond *Brentford* : Now this Man, our
dear Brother, as I told you, being obliged to go,
and his Occasions calling him to *London*, the Man
arose, took up his Staff, and walked ; but behold, as he
was going over the Green which is called *Turnham-
Green*, (that unlucky, unfortunate, and scandalous
Green) about the North-East Corner thereof, as thou
turnest towards the South, he met with our Sister
Ruth, and they twain walked and communed to-
gether

gether for some time ; and as they were communing together, our Sister *Ruth* cast such obliging Glances with her commanding Eyes, on the unfortunate *Azarius*, and squeez'd his Hand so sensibly, that the Snake peeped from out of the Grass, and our dear Friend *Azarius* was forced to obey the all-commanding Power of the little Unlucky-one ; whereupon he said unto her, *Dear Sister Ruth, the Spirit moveth me to lay thee down, that I may fructify upon thee ;* and she answered him again, and said, *Resist not the Spirit, for from thence proceedeth no Ill.* So he took her and laid her down ; and when it came to pass that she was down, and laid flat on her Back, she took up her Coats, even unto the Holland-Smock which covered her Nakedness, and throwing them over her Face, said, *Whatsoever thou meanest wickedly, Azarius, I will not see.* So *Azarius* let down his Breeches, fell with his Face downwards on our Sister *Ruth*, and so followed the Motions of the Spirit.

Now, my Beloved, in the mean time, while our Brother was exercising his Faculties on our Sister *Ruth*, cometh by one of the *Profane*, who being moved and seduced by the Instigation of the Devil, hath proclaimed and divulged this abroad with Scorn and Contempt of our Brother, yea also, and of us. But now, my Brethren, to expound and explain this Matter unto you, and that I may shew you how far our Brother may be criminal therein, I shall thus proceed :

The Casuists have a Maxim, and the Maxim is extream good, and so plain and undeniable, that no Body can gainsay it, and it is this, *Ubi intentio bona, actio non mala* ; therefore say I, my Beloved, *Quoad actionem*, our Brother is criminal. And, why ? Because it was with his Carnal Part, and all Carnality is Criminal. And, Secondly, as to the Place ; it was done publickly in an open Field, near to the Highway-side, whereby he became a Scorn and Derision unto that profane Man, and laid a Scandal on the Brotherhood. But then again, *Quoad intentionem*, the

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Intent was good, and that appears plainly thus; Our Brother was moved, And how was he moved? Why, with a fair and tempting Object, and when a Temptation proceeds from a fair and pleasing Object, which is present, who can withstand it? And, Secondly, he did not go to it after the ways of the Prophane, who say *G—damn me, I will do so or so, and By G—you shall do so or so*; but he said unto her, *Dear Sister. the Spirit moves me*; Which brings me in the next place to the Intent itself, which was not as the Wicked, who do it to satisfy the sensual and carnal Appetite with a sort of pleasing Delight, but to Fructification and Edification of a good Woman; whereby, my Beloved, you may plainly see that his Intentions were good, that is, to *Propagation, Fructification, and Generation*; that he might raise up Seed to the Brotherhood, and thereby made that Carnal Part an agreeable Instrument to the continuation of righteous Seed in the Nation, whereby he hath shewn himself a fitting Member of this Congregation, and by his forward Inclination hath laid an eternal Obligation upon this Kingdom in general, and the Brotherhood in particular, in giving so lively an Example for every singular Member thereof.

The Quakers Grace.

GOOD God bless, we beseech thee, thy Churches that are beyond the Seas; root out of them all *Anti-Christian Tyranny* of most abominable Bishops; let not those *Silk-worms* and *Magpies* have Dominion over us; but give us our true *Primitive Pastors, Lay-Elders, Reverend Tanners, Religious Basket-makers, Upright Cobblers, Conscientious Millers, and more Conscientious Millers, and more Conscientious Taylors, Reform'd Weavers, and Inspir'd Broom-Men.* Root out of us, thy Church, the Rag of *Superstition*, the Surplice; and let not a Cap be seen among us, with an *Idolatrous Tuff* upon it. The *Apostles* were Men ignorant and simple, and so are we. Demolish the *Universities*, for they are

are Nurseries of vain Learning: *Greek* is a *Heathen Speech*, and *Latin* the Language of the *Beast*, and all *Philosophy* is vain. Bless, we beseech thee, thy Family, and especially our *Sisters*, that there may never be wanting a fruitful *Generation* springing from the *Loins* of regenerate *Parents*. Lastly, We come unto thee for a *Blessing* on our *Dinner*; bless this *Tripe*, and this *Loin of Veal*, for it was a *Molten-Calf* made *Israel* to sin; this *Capon*, 'twas a *Cock* crowing made *Peter* repent; this *Turkey*, altho' no *Christian Fowl*, yet thou hast commanded us to pray for all *Jews*, *Turks*, *Infidels*, and *Hereticks*.

And altho' we have *Hebrew Roots* enough, yet bless these *Potatoes*, and this *Gustard*, for the *Land of Canaan* flow'd with *Milk* and *Honey*; these *Tarts*, for thy *Judgments* are tart, unless allay'd with the *Sugar* of thy *Mercy*. Sowse us therefore, in the *Powdering-Tub* of thy *Mercy*, that we may be *Tripes* fit for thy *Heavenly Table*. Water us, *young Shrubs*, with the *Dew* of thy *Blessing*, that we may grow up into tall *Oaks*, and may live to be saw'd out into *Deal-Boards*, to wainscoat thy *New Jerusalem*. Finally, let this *Dinner* improve and nourish our *Bodies*, so that we may, with *Love* and *Holiness*, embrace our *Sisters*, to the edifying of the *Spirit*, in raising up the *New Man*.

A Pleasant Epistle, suppos'd to be written by a Citizen, to his Brethren, shewing the Necessity of their Care of the Poets, with Epigrams, Poems, and Satyrs, on Sir R——Bl——re's King Arthur and Prince Arthur, the Satyr against Wit, and Job and Habakkuk.

To all the Honourable Citizens within the Bills of Mortality, below the Dignity of Common-Council-men.

Fellow-Citizens,

I Am no Orator, I own it, nor ever made a Speech in my Life, but once in the Vestry, about

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about chusing a Lecturer, and new-lettering the Church-Buckets ; but this I'll be bold to say, That no Man is a more hearty Well-wisher to the Prosperity of this City than myself. Now I must tell you, Gentlemen, that you don't take so much Notice of a certain Author, who does you the Honour to reside among you, as his great Qualities deserve. You only consult him as a Physician ; and indeed, I must needs say, he is a pretty Physician ; he has eas'd many of you of those heavy Burdens call'd *Wives* and *Children* ; and out of his Zeal to the Publick, has help'd to thin the overstock of Traders ; But still give me leave to tell you, that you overlook his Principal Talent, for Physick is what he values himself least upon. He is a *Poet* ; pray be not scandalized at the Word ; he is a *Poet*, I say, but of sober solid Principles, and as hearty an Enemy to Wit as the best of you all ; he has writ twenty Thousand Verses and upwards, without one grain of Wit in 'em ; nay, he has declar'd open War against it, and, despising it in himself, is resolv'd not to endure it in any one else. When he is in his Coach, instead of pretending to read where he can't see, as some Doctors do, or thinking of his Patient's Case, which none of 'em do, he is still listening to the Chymes, to put his Ear in Tune, and stumbles upon a Distich every Kennel he is jolted over. Nay, even in the Coffee-Houses, when other People are cleansing *Chester Harbour*, banishing Popish Priests, disposing the Crown of *Spain*, repairing *Dover Peer*, pitying the *Scots* at *Darien*, or settling the Affairs of *Poland*, he is enditing Heroics on the back of a News-Paper with his Pencil, and would give more for a Rhime to *Radziowski* than a Specific for the *Gout*. Those flashy Fellows, your *Covent-Garden Poets*, are good for nothing but to run into our Debts, lie with our Wives, and break unmannerly Jests upon us Citizens ; then, like a parcel of Sots, they write for Fame and Immortality ; but this Gentleman is above such

Trifles,

written by a Citizen to his Brethren. 133

Trifles, and, as he prescribes, so he writes for the good of Trade. He's a particular Benefactor to the Manufacture of the Nation; and, at this present Minute, to my certain Knowledge, keeps ten Paper-Mills going with his *Joh* and *Habakkuk*, and his other *Hebrew* Heroes. There is scarce a Cook, Grocer, or Tobacconist within the City-walls, but is the better for his Works; nay, one that is well acquainted with his *Secret History* has assur'd me, that his main Design in writing the two *Arthurs*, whatever he pretended in his Preface, was only to help the poor Trunk-Makers at a pinch, when *Quarles* and *Ogilby* were all spent, and they wanted other Materials. Above all, you can't imagine what a singular Deference he pays to a golden Chain; 'tis impossible for a rich Man, with him, either to be a Knave or a Blockhead; he never sees the Cap of Maintenance, but is ready to worship it; and, in compliment to the Sword-bearer, would, I dare engage for him, sooner write a Panegyric upon Custard, than any of the Cardinal Vertues, tho' he pretends to be their Champion.

This may serve, Fellow-Citizens, to give you some Idea of the Man; but what we most want his Assistance in, is to reform several enormous Abuses that have crept in among us: The Poetry of our *Bell-men*, which in its first Institution contain'd many excellent Lessons of Piety, is grown very loose and immoral, and gives our Wives and Daughters wicked Ideas when it awakes them at Midnight. The *Tobacco-boxes* too, seem engag'd in a general Confederacy to bring Vice into esteem; their *lewd Inscriptions* charge Religion with desperate Resolution, and have given it many deep and ghastly Wounds. Our *Poesies* for Rings are either immodest or irreligious; and we see few Verses on our *Ale-house Signs*, but have some spiteful and envious Strokes at Sobriety and Good-manners, whence the Apprentices of this populous City have apparently receiv'd very bad Impressions. 'Tis great pity that

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that our Magistrates, in whose power it is, have not yet restrain'd the licentiousness of these *Rhimes*, and oblig'd the Writers of 'em to observe more *Decorum*; But since they are so remiss in their Duty, retain this *Gentleman* on the side of *Religion*, and you'll soon see these *Enormities* vanish. Besides, being of a goodly Person, if you desired him now and then, upon a solemn Occasion, to walk before a Pageant, or march at the Head of the Blue-coat Infantry, at the Burial of one of his own Patients, with how much more Decency and Gravity would those publick Ceremonies be perform'd? And then who so proper to inflame the Courages of our City Militia, as, our Parson tells me, one *Tyrteus* did of old, by the repetition of his own Lines? Well, could I but be so happy as to see him once appear in the Front of our *Finsbury* Squadrons, or animate, with his noble Compositions, the Wrestlers in *Moorfields*, I should not doubt to see our ancient military Genius come in play, and every *London* Prentice able to worst his brace of Lions. Therefore, *Fellow-Citizens*, for mine, and for your own, and for your Families sakes, hug and cherish this worthy Gentleman, make him free of all your Companies, for he's as well qualified for any of them as his own; carry him to all your Entertainments, nay, even to your private Deliberations over Brawn and Quest-Ale, and when any Foreign Ambassador is treated by the City, get him to pay the Complement in Verse, and the *Recorder* may second him in Prose; put the entire Management of *Smithfield* into his hands, and make him absolute Monarch of all the Booths and Puppet-shows. Above all, let him endeavour by the Melody of his Rhimes (and what can withstand 'em?) to call back our fugitive Mercers from *Covent-garden* to *Ludgate-hill* and *Paternoster-row*. Since we are for new painting our City-gates, why should we not furbish up our old Heroes in new Metre? Why should poor King *Lud* and his two trusty Sons *Temancus* and *Adregeus* be forgotten? Or, what harm have the Giants at

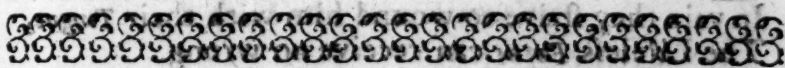
Guild-

written by a Citizen, to his Brethren. 125

Guild-hall and Whittington's Cat done, to be buried in oblivion? There are a Thousand other Subjects to employ his Muse, wherein he may discreetly intersperse some notable Precepts against Trusting, some pretty Touches in defence of Usury, and some handfom Consolations for Cuckoldom, all which might be of admirable use to season and confirm our City-Youth in the true Principles of their Ancestors. And what if you could perswade him to write a few pacifying Strains to calm the distemper'd Spirits of our Car-men, and the Oyster-Women at Billingsgate? In short, these are some of the Topicks you may recommend to him. Let him make *Verses* for us Citizens, and prescribe *Physick* to the Fools without Temple-bar. I am,

Your Loving Friend,

O. S.



An Epigram, occasion'd by the News that Sir R——Bl——re's Paraphrase upon Job was in the Press.

WHEN Job contending with the Devil I saw,
It did my Wonder, but not Pity, draw;
For I concluded that, without some Trick,
A Saint at any time could match Old Nick.

Next came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,
I mean his Spouse, stunning him with her Clack;
But still I could not pity him as knowing
A Crabtree-cudgel soon would send her going.

But when the Quack engag'd with Job, I spy'd,
The Lord have Mercy on poor Job, I cry'd.

What Spouse and Satan did attempt in vain
The Quack will compass with his murd'ring Pen,
And on a Dunghil leave poor Job agen.

With impious Doggrel he'll pollute his Theme,
And make the Saint against his Will blaspheme.

Upon

*Upon the Knighting Sir R—— B——re, for
his incomparable Poem call'd King Arthur.*

BE not puff'd up with Knighthood, Friend of mine,
A merry Prince once Knighted a Sir-Loin.
And, if to make Comparisons were safe,
An Ox deserves it better than a Calf.
Thy Pride and State I value not a Rush,
Thou that art now Knight *Phyz*, wast once King *Ush*.

*Upon King Arthur, partly writ in the Doctor's
Coach, and partly in a Coffee-House.*

LET the malicious Criticks snarl and rail,
Arthur immortal is, and must prevail.
In vain they strive to wound him with their Tongue,
The Lifeless *Fetus* can receive no wrong.
As rattling Coach once thunder'd thro' the Mire,
Out dropt Abortive *Arthur* from his Sire.
Well may he then both Time and Death defy,
For what was never born, can never die.

*Upon seeing a Man light a Pipe of Tobacco in a
Coffee-House with a Leaf of King Arthur.*

IN Coffee-House begot, the short-liv'd Brat
By Instinct thither hasts to meet his Fate:
The *Phenix* to *Arabia* thus returns,
And in the Grove that gave her Birth, she burns.
Thus wand'ring *Scot*, when through the World
he's as past,
Revisits ancient *Tweed* with pious haste,
And on Paternal Mountain dies at last.

Epigram, occasion'd by the Passage in the Satire
against Wit, that reflects upon Mr. Tate,
and ends thus: He's honest, and, as Wit
comes in, will pay.

Rail on, discourteous Knight: If modest *Tate*
Is slow in making Payments, what of that?
So is th' Exchequer, so are half the Lords,
On whom thou hast bestow'd such sugar'd Words.
Envy itself must own this Truth of * *Nahum*,
That when the Muses call, he strives to pay 'em.
But can we this of thy damn'd Hackney say,
Who as she nothing has, can nothing pay?
Then be advis'd, rail not at *Tate* so fast,
A Psalm of his may chance to be thy last.

* *Mr. Tate's Christian Name.*

*A Story of a Greek Chevalier, Predecessor in a
direct Line to the British Knight.*

When fir'd with Glory, *Philip's* Godlike Son
The *Persian* Empire like a Storm o'er-run,
A worthless Scribbler, *Cherilus* by Name,
In pompous Doggrel, soil'd the Hero's Fame;
The *Grecian* Prince, to Merit ever just,
(For Monarchs did not then Reward on Trust)
Read o'er his Rhimes, and to chastise such Trash,
Gave him for each offending Line a Lash.

Thus Bard went off, with many Drubs requited,
That's in plain *English*, *Cherilus* was Knighted.

To *Elkanah Settle*, the City-Poet.

Wilt thou then passive see the Sacred Bays
Torn from thy Brows in thy declining Days,
And tamely let a Quack usurp thy Place,
So near *Guild-Hall*, and in my Lord-Mayor's Face?

Rouze

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Rouze up for shame, assert thy ancient Right,
And from his *City-Quarters* drive the Knight.
Let Father * *Jordan* Martial Heat inspire,
And Unkle * *Taubman* fill thy Breast with Fire.
If *Bl* — re cries, both *Arthurs* are my own,
Quote thou the fam'd *Cambyfes*, and Pope *Joan*.
Cheapside at once two Bards can ne'er allow;
But either he must abdicate, or thou.
Then if the Knight still keeps up his Pretence,
E'en turn Physician in thy own Defence.
'Tis own'd by all the Criticks of our Time,
Thou canst as well Prescribe, as *Bl* — re Rhime.

* *Two famous City Poets.*

*To the Author of the Satire against Wit, upon
concealing his Name.*

HE that in *Arthur's* Trash has Penance done,
Need not be told who writ this vile *Lampoon*;
In both the same eternal Dulness shines,
Inspires the Thoughts, and animates the Lines;
In both the same lewd Flattery we find,
The Praise defaming, and the Satire kind.
Alike the Numbers, Fashion, and Design,
No Chequer-Tallies could more nicely join.
Thy foolish Muse puts on her Mask too late,
We know the Strumpet by her Voice and Gate.

On Job newly travestied by Sir R---B---re.

NEAR *Lethe's* Banks, where the forgetful Stream
With lazy Motion creeps, seeming to dream,
Job, with his thoughtful Friends, discoursing fate,
Of all the dark mysterious Turns of Fate;
And much they urg'd why Heaven's partial Care,
The Good should punish, and the Bad did spare;
When, lo! a Shade, new landed, forward prest,
And thus himself to list'ning *Job* address.

Illustri-

Illustrious Ghost ! (I come not to upbraid)
Oh ! summon all thy Patience to thy Aid ;
A *Cheapside* Quack, whose vile unhallow'd Pen,
With equal Licence murders Rhimes and Men,
In tumbling Fustian has burlesqued thy Page,
And fam'd *Jack Dunton* brings it on the Stage.

Was ever Man, the patient *Job* did cry,
So plagu'd with curst Messengers as I ?
All other Losses unconcern'd I bore,
But never heard such stabbing News before.
Who can behold the Issue of his Brain
Mangled by barbarous Hands, and not complain ?
This scribbling *Quack* (his Fame I know too well
By Thousand Ghosts, whom he has sent to Hell),
Dull *Satan's* feebler Malice will refine,
And stab me thro' and thro' in every Line.
The Devil, more brave, did open War declare ;
The fawning Poet kills, and speaks me fair.
Curs'd be the Wretch that taught him first to write,
And with lewd Pen and Ink indulg'd his Spight ;
That flyblow'd the young Bard with buzzing Rhimes,
And fill'd his tender Ears with *Grubstreet* Chimes.
Curs'd be the Paper-mill his Muse employs,
Curs'd be the Sot who on his Skill relies.

Thus *Job* complain'd ; but to forget his Grief,
In *Lethe's* Sov'raign Streams he sought Relief.

To Sir R ——— B ——— re, upon his unhappy
Talent of Praising and Railing.

THINE is the only Muse in *British* Ground
Whose *Satire* tickles, and whose *Praises* wound.
Sure *Hebrew* first was taught her by her Nurse,
Where the same Word is us'd to bless and curse.

On Sir R.--B--re's Project to erect a Bank of Wit.

THE Thought was great, and worthy of a Cit,
In present Dearth t'erect a *Bank of Wit*.
Thus breaking Tradesmen, ready for a Jayl,
Raise Millions for our Senate o'er their Ale. But

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But thou'rt declar'd a Bankrupt, and thy Note
E'en in old *Grub-street* scarce could fetch a Groat.
Apollo scorns the Project, and the *Nine*
With Indignation laugh at thy Design.
There's not a Trader to the Sacred Hill,
But knows thy Wants, and would protest thy Bill.
Thy Credit can't a Farthing there command,
Tho' *Freake* and *Rimer* should thy Sureties stand.

To Sir R—— B——re, on the two Wooden
Horses before Sadlers-Hall.

A S trusty Broomstaff Midnight Witch bestrides
When on some grand Dispatch of Hell she rides;
O'er gilded Pinacles and lofty Towers,
And tallest Pines with furious haste she scowres,
Out-flies in her Career the lab'ring Wind,
And sees spent Exhalations lag behind;
Arriving at the black *Divan* at last,
In some dire Wood, or solitary Wast,
The Fiend her cheated Senses does delude
With airy Visions of imagin'd Food;
Ev'n so, on Wooden Prancer mounted high,
Your Muse takes nimble Journeys in the Sky;
When in her boldest Strains and highest Flights,
She sings of *strange Adventures* and *Exploits*,
Battels, *Enchantments*, *Furies*, *Devils*, and *Knights*;
When she at *Arthur's* Fairy Table dines,
And high-pil'd Dishes sees, and generous Wines.
'Twas kindly done of the good-natur'd Cits,
To place before thy Door a brace of Tits,
For *Pegasus* would ne'er endure the Weight
Of such a quibbling, scribbling, dribbling Knight.
That generous Steed, rather than gaul his Back
With a Pedantic Bard, and nauseous Quack,
Wou'd kneel to take a Pedlar and his Pack.

Epigram

Epigram upon King Arthur.

THE British Arthur, as Historians tell,
Deriv'd his Birth from Merlin's Magic Spell;
When Uter, taking the wrong'd Husband's Shape,
On fair Igerne did commit a Rape :

But modern Arthur, of the Cheapside Line,
May justly boast his Parentage Divine.
Wearing thy Phyz, and in thy Habit drest,
The God of Dulness his lewd Dam compest.

An Epitome of a Poem truly call'd, A Satire
against Wit; done for the undeceiving of
some Readers, who have mistaken the Pane-
gyrick in that immortal Work for the Satire,
and the Satire for the Panegyrick.

WHO can forbear, and tamely silent sit, l. 1. p. 3.

And see his native Land as void of Wit l. 2.

As every Piece the City Knight has writ?

How happy were the old unpolish'd Times, l. 13.

As free from Wit as other modern Crimes, l. 14.

And what is more from Bl——re's nauseous Rhimes?

As our Forefathers vigorous were and brave, l. 15.

So they were virtuous, wise, discreet and grave, l. 16.

And would have call'd our Quack a fawning Slave.

Cloppate, by Banks, and Stocks, and Projects bit, l. 5 p. 5.

Turns up his Whites, and in his pious Fit, l. 6.

He Cheats and Prays, a certain sign of Cit. l. 7.

Craper runs madly 'midst the thickest Crowd, l. 8.

Sometimes says nothing. sometimes talks aloud.

Under the Means he lies, frequents the Stage, l. 10.

Is very lewd, and does at Learning rage; l. 11.

And this vile Stuff we find in every Page.

A bant'ring Spirit has our Men possest, l. 20.

And Wisdom is become a standing Jest, l. 21.

Which is a burning Shame. I do protest.

Wit does of Virtue sure Destruction make, l. 22.

Who can produce a Wit, and not a Rake? l. 23.

A Challenge started ne'er but by a Quack. The

142 *Satire against Wit epitomiz'd.*

The Mob of Wits is up to storm the Town, l. 1. p. 6.
 To pull all Virtue and right Reason down, l. 2.
Then to surprize the Tower, and steal the Crown.
 And the lewd Crew affirm, by all that's good, l. 15.
 They'll not disperse till they have Bl--'s Blood, l. 16.
But they'll ne'er have his Brains, by good King Lud.
 For that industrious Bard of late has done l. 16. p. 6.
 The rarest Piece of Wit that e'er was shown, l. 17.
And publish'd Doggrel he's asham'd to own.
 The skilful T-s-n's Name they dare invade, l. 31. p. 6.
 And yet they are undone without his Aid; l. 2.
Did they read thee, I shou'd conclude 'em mad.
 T-s-n with base Reproaches they pursue, l. 1. p. 7.
 Just as his Moor-Fields Patients us'd to do, l. 4.
Who give to T--s-n what is T--s-n's due.
 Wit does enfeeble and debauch the Mind, l. 7.
 Before to Business or to Arts inclin'd; l. 8.
Then thou wilt never be debauch'd, I find.
 Had S--s, H--f, or T--y, who with Awe l. 15. to 18.
 We name, been Wits, they ne'er had learnt the Law.
But sure the Compliment's not worth a Straw.
 The Law will ne'er support the bant'ring Breed, l. 22.
 Tho' Blockheads may, yet Wits can ne'er succeed, l. 23.
For which Friend Sl--ne, I hope, will break thy Head
 R--ff has Wit, and lavishes away l. 24.
So much in nauseous Northern Brogue each Day,
As would suffice to damn a Smithfield Play.
 Wit does our Schools and Colleges invade, l. 20. p. 8.
 And has of Letters vast Destruction made, l. 21.
But that it spoils thy Learning, can't be said.
 That such a Failure no Man may incense, l. 7. p. 10.
 Let us erect a Bank for Wit and Sense, l. 18.
And so set up at other Mens Expence.
 Let S-----r, D-----r, S-----ld, M-----gue l. 21.
 Lend but their Names, the Project then will do. l. 22.
What? lend 'em such a Bankrupt Wretch as you!
 Duncombs and Claytons of Parnassus all, l. 27.
 Who cannot sink, unless the Hill should fall, l. 28.
Why then they need but go to Sadlers-Hall,

Satire against Wit epitomiz'd. 143

St. E--m--nt, to make the Thing compleat, l. 21. p. 9.
 No English knows, and therefore is most fit
 To oversee the coining of our Wit. l. 22.
 Nor shall M--rs, W--rs, Ch--rl--st be forgot,
 With solid Fr--ke and R--r, and who not?
 Then all our Friends the Actions shall cry up, l. 6. p. 12.
 And all the railing Mouths of Envy stop. l. 7.
 Would we could Padlock thine, eternal Pop.
 The Project then will T--ts Test abide, l. 11. p. 16.
 And with his Mark please all the World beside, l. 12.
 But dare thy Arthurs by this Test be try'd?
 Then what will D--n, G--h, or C--ng--ve say, l. 17. p. 9.
 When all their wicked Mixture's purg'd away? l. 18.
 Thy Metal's baser than their worst Alloy.
 What will become of S--th--n, W--ch--y, l. 19.
 Who by this Means will grievous Sufferers be? l. 20.
 No matter, they'll ne'er send a Brief to thee.
 All these debauch'd by D--n and his Crew, l. 22. p. 12.
 Turn Bawds to Vice, and wicked Ends pursue, l. 13.
 To hear thee cant, would make even B--ll--mo Is frow.
 For now an honest Man can't peep abroad, l. 9. p. 13.
 Nor a chaste Muse, but whip they bring a Rod. l. 16.
 E'n Atticus himself these Men would curse, l. 5. p. 14.
 Should Atticus appear without his Purse, l. 6.
 If this be Praise, what Libel can be worse?
 Nay, Darfell too, should he forbear to treat, l. 7. p. 14.
 These Men that cry him up, their Words would eat,
 And say in Scorn, he had no Brains to beat.

Epigram, Upon the Fortunate and Auspicious
 Reigns of Queen Elizabeth, of happy Memory,
 and our most Gracious Queen A N N.

SURE Heav'n's unerring Voice decreed of old
 The fairest Sex should Europe's Balance hold;
 As Great Eliza's Forces humbled Spain,
 So France now stoops to Ann's superior Reign.
 Thus tho' proud Jove with Thunder fills the Sky,
 Yet in Astrea's Hands the fatal Scale does lie.

To Mr. Dryden, on his Conversion.

TRaytor to God, and Rebel to thy Pen,
Priest-ridden Poet, perjur'd Son of *Ben*,
If ever thou prove honest, then the Nation
May modestly believe Transubstantiation.

Upon the Pensioners in the Parliament.

AS when a Wolf or Fox too long does fleece
The Non-resisting Lambs, or Passive Geese,
The Peasants take th' Alarm, and seize the Foe,
And shouting Boys in long Ovation go;
The careful Housewife, to revenge her Wrongs,
Takes down the *sharpest Spit*, and heats her *Tongs*;
All their Resentments by their Curses show,
And happy's he that gives the greatest Blow.
Thro' every Street the stinking Vermin's led,
To the Town-Hall, and there they fix his Head.
First seize their Money, for 'tis all your due,
These Slaves did get it all by selling you.

*A Comical Panegyrick on that familiar Animal,
by the Vulgar call'd a Louse: By Mr. Willis,
of St. Mary-Hall, Oxon; with some Ad-
ditions by Mr. Tho. Brown.*

TRemendous Louse, who can withstand thy
Power,
Since Fear at first taught Mortals to adore?
What mighty Disproportion do we see
In *Adam's* Glory, when compar'd with thee?
With greater Latitude thy *Patent* ran,
Freely you rove o'er all the World of Man;
And almost like Almighty *Jove* alone,
Enjoy a *Being* you receive from none.
Well might the sage Philosophers of old
Their juggling *Atoms* for authentick hold;

For

For what thou art, alas, we know too well,
 But whence thy Being is, we cannot tell.
 Nor is thy Empire meaner than thy Birth,
 Thou'rt made of *Mold refin'd*, not *common Earth*.
 Whether thou rul'st by a Monarchick Sway,
 Or by three States, we passively obey.
 The boldest *Hero*, whom Ambition arms,
 Faces grim Death, but shrugs at thy Alarms.
 Thou to their *Hearts* hast often nearer been
 Than either their *Religion* or their *Queen*;
 And hast a much more constant Harbour there
 Than any thing but *Villany* and *Fear*.
 The sparkish *General* often dreads thy sight
 More than the numerous Foes he stands to fight.
 And tho' his happy Standards do prevail,
 E'er Night, to thee he surely turns his Tail.
 Thou the *Grand Seignior* dost surpass in Pride,
 Since thou on *Christians* Backs in State dost ride,
 And hast such *Catholick* and resistless Charms,
 That *Prince* and *Prelate* under thee bear Arms.
 The very *Noncons* and the *Church* we see,
 Tho' when they pray to God, they disagree,
 Yet fight with Uniformity for thee:
 And for thy sake, with Wretchedness each Day
 Lavish their Blood more freely than their Pay.
 Nature refines, what is by Nature crude,
 For thee she cooks and dresses Human Blood,
 To make it to thy Palate dainty Food.
 No wonder then that thou with those that fight
 So much art seen, since both in Blood delight.
 Or that thou should'st exert such sturdy Valour
 Against thy Enemy, the Prick-Louse Taylor,
 To take him every Moment by the Collar.
 How many Heroes hast thou forc'd to yield,
 And strip'd to own thee *Master* of the Field?
 But tho' so many Virtues in thee shine,
 That we can hardly think thee not *Divine*,
 It wou'd be great Injustice to pass o'er,
 How kind thou art, and mindful of the Poor;

Whate'er befalls 'em of Calamity,
 They're certain of a *Bosom Friend* in thee :
 How often to oblige 'em you endeavour,
 Those Marks denote you list 'em in your Favour.
 Nor are they quite ungrateful in return,
 If any, yet *clean* Linens never worn ;
 The *Cripple* too finds *Leggs* to strole the Streets,
 To beg for thee of every one he meets ;
 Content with thee, and Straw instead of Sheets.
 As briskly too thou hast assisted those
 That *Ethnick Superstition* did oppose,
 But stuck most Orthodoxly to their Side
 That for the true Religion would have dy'd.
 That when the *Huguenots* of *France* came o'er,
 Millions of you came swarming to the Shore.
 So *Jacob's Children*, by the help of *Lice*,
 Obtain'd the *Canaanitish* Paradise.
 And you, we find, as formidable prove,
 As ratling Thunder in the Hand of *Jove*.
 Who can thy Power describe, thy Glories scan,
 Thou *Lord of Nature*, since thou'rt *Lord of Man*?
 In these we may thy wond'rous Value see,
 The World was made for *Man*, and *Man* for thee.

*Upon the Anonymous Author of Legion's humble
 Address to the Lords.*

THOU Tool of Faction, mercenary Scribe,
 Who preacheft *Treason* to the *Calves-head Tribe*,
 Whose fruitful Head, in Garret mounted high,
 Sees Legions and strange Monsters in the Sky ;
 Who wou'dst with *War* and *Blood* thy Country fill
 Were but thy Power as rampant as thy Will ;
 Well may'st thou boast thyself a *Million* strong,
 But 'tis in Vermin that about thee throng.

To that most senseless Scoundrel, the Author of
Legion's humble Address to the Lords, who
wou'd persuade the People of England to
leave the Commons, and depend upon the
Lords.

What *Demons* mov'd thee, what malicious Fiends,
To tempt the People from their surest Friends?
Sooner thou might'st embracing Floods disjoyn,
And make the Needle from its North decline;
Or teach the grateful *Heliotrope* to run
A different Motion from the enlivening Sun.

Our Peers have often for themselves rebell'd,
When did they for the People take the Field?
Led not by Love, but Interest and Pride,
They wou'd not let the Prince their Vassals ride.
That Pow'r they to themselves reserv'd alone,
And so thro' thick and thin they spur'd old *Rosin*.

To Fact and long Experience I appeal,
How fairly to themselves they Justice deal;
For if my Lord, o'erpower'd by Wine and Whore,
The next he meets, does through the Entrails scow'r,
'Tis pity, his relenting Brethren cry,
That for his first Offence the Youth shou'd die;
Come, he'll grow grave, Virtue and he'll be Friends,
And by his Voting make the Crown amends.

'Tis true, a most magnificent Parade
Of Law, to please the gaping Mobb, is made.
Scaffolds are rais'd in the Litigious Hall,
The Maces glitter, and the Serjeants bawl.
So long they wrangle, and so oft they stop,
The wearied Ladies do their Moisture drop.
This is the Court (they say) keeps all in awe,
Gives Life to justice, vigour to the Law.
True, they quote *Law*, and they do prattle on her,
What's the Result; *Not guilty upon Honour*.

Should I who have no Coronet to show,
Fluster'd in Drink, serve the next Comer so,

148 *Dialogue between de Foe and the Pillory.*

My Twelve blunt Godfathers wou'd soon agree,
To doom me, sober, to the fatal Tree.

Besides, how punctually their Debts they pay,
There's scarce a Cit in London, but can say,
By peep of Morn the trusting Wretch does rise,
And to his Grace's Gate, like Lightning flies:
There in the Hall this poor believing Ass,
With gaping on bare Walls seven Hours does pass }
And so does Forty more in the same Class.

At last my Lord, with Looks erect and hardy,

"*Troth, Friends, my Tenants have been somewhat tardy.*

"*But for the future, this shall be redrest,*

"*Delays and Losses may befall the best.*

This said, he presses with regardless Pride,
Between the opening Squadrons on each side,
Calls for his Page, then slips into his Chair,
And so, good Gentlemen, you're as you were.

Cease Scribler then, our Grandees to defame,
With feign'd *Encomiums* that they scorn to claim;
What they can challenge by the Laws o'th' Land,
We freely give, while they no more demand;
But let not in their Praise the Plot be brought,
Thou know'st the Proverb, *Nothing due for nought.*

*A pleasant Dialogue between the Pillory and
Daniel de Foe.*

Pill. **A** Wake, thou busy Dreamer, and arise,
Shake off th' unwilling Slumber from thy
Eyes,

De Foe. Hail dread Tribunal, reverend Machine,
Of awful Phyz, and formidable Mein,
Thou Prop of Justice, Adjutant of Law,
That keep'st the Paper-blurring World in awe;
But why this early Visit made to me?
Must I again ascend thy Fatal Tree?

Pill. No,—may'st thou never mount my Fabrick
more,

With much Concern, last Time, thy Weight I bore;
And with regret, I see myself of late,
Made a meer Tool and Property of State; Time

Time was when Knaves, whom now for Gold they spare

And such-like Villains trod my Bosom Care.

The Scrivener and the Publick Notaries,

Forgers of Bonds and Wills, were all my Votaries ;

Now I'm reverse (so humane Chances vary)

And vent the Spleen of peevish Secretary.

De Foe. Was it not for this you broke my easy Rest?

You know what publick Failures I detest.

How some Grandees are in a mortal Rage,

To see we know the Scandal of our Age ;

And as they are the Grievance of the Times,

Are most afraid of hearing their own Crimes.

The last Observer : Or, The Devil in Mourning. A Dialogue between John Tutchin and his Countryman.

Obs. **C**OME honest Countryman, what News dost bring ?

Countr. Faith, Master John, they say you're like to swing.

Obs. You know I once for Hanging did Petition.

Countr. Ay, see th' Effects of preaching up Sedition,

But the most general Report supposes,

You'll on the Pillory tell Peoples Noses.

When that Day comes —————

Your trusty Farmer here most humbly begs.

You'll let him give you a small Treat of Eggs.

Obs. Jestings apart ; hast with thee brought some Nancy,

Or Protestant March Beer to raise my Fancy ?

Inspir'd by that, my Thoughts will quicker flow,

And I'll by far out-hymn the fam'd *De Foe*.

Countr. No, not a Drop, I'm to be gull'd no more ;

Too much you've trespass'd on the ancient Score.

I'll be no longer with *Whig Birdlime* caught,

Ne'er stir, I wou'd not save thee for a Groat.

Misled by thee, I left my Herds and Flocks,
And must turn Politician, with a Pox.

Obs. And where's the harm to know the Springs of
State?

Countr. It only hasten'd *Hone's* and *Rouse's* Fate,

Obs. Happen the worst, I've Friends will pay my
cost.

Countr. You reckon *Nobs*, I fear, without your *Hoff*.

Obs. Won't merciful *Low-Church* espouse my Cause?

Countr. They'll leave you to the Mercy of the *Laws*.

Obs. But then the *Whigs* will back me *tooth and nail*.

Countr. Yes, those are *Saving Cards*, that never fail.

Obs. *Old-Nick* thus uses *Witches*, as they tell us,
And drops the gaping Wretches at the Gallows.

Will none my Person then from Malice Skreen?

Say, *Countryman*, what think'st thou of my *Queen*?

Countr. 'Slife, not a word of her, thou *Seandal-Pedlar*
Thy Loyalty's as rotten as a Medlar.

After such Libelling the *Royal Race*,

How dar'st thou sue to *Majesty* for *Grace*?

Obs. What, am I then by all the World forsaken?

Countr. E'en get your Friends the *Jews* to save
your Bacon;

Or should you to the *Devil's Church* repair,
None will suspect you'd venture *Play-house Air*.

Obs. Howe'er I'm thus abandon'd by the rest,
Yet while I'm still with *thy dear Friendship* blest—

Countr. No Friendship nor Relief expect from me,
Thro' all thy thin Pretences now I see;

No more with sowre *Republicans* I'll herd,

But pluck those prating Rascals by the Beard.

No more with Mercenary Scribes take part,

But get me Home, and mind my Plough and Cart;

Scow'r o'er my Grounds by break of Day, old *Tutchin*,

And freely pay my Taxes without grudging.

No more notch'd *Levi's* holy Buckram hear,

But with my Betters to the Church I'll steer.

Dance with our Lads and Lasses on the Green,

Then steal a harmless Buss—And so—

G O D save the Q U E E N.

Advice

*Advice to the Kentish Long-Tails, by the
Wise Men of Gotham. In answer to their
late sawcy Petition to the Parliament, 1701:*

WE, the Long-Heads of *Gotham*, o'er our merry
Cups meeting,

To the Long-Tails of *Kent*, by these Presents send
Greeting:

WH E R E A S we're inform'd, that your *Maid-
stone* Grand Jury,

A most Monstrous Petition has pen'd in a Fury,
We are strangely surpriz'd at the News, we'll as-
sure ye.

Unless both our Reading and Memory fails,
Old *Kent* has been fam'd, not for *Heads*, but for *Tails*.

Not to make on your Intellects any Reflection,

The *Senate* needs none of the *Kentish* Direction

To prevent foreign Insults, and home Insurrection,

Without your intruding and sage interposing,

And thrusting where no Body calls you, your Nose in,

Our *Commons* will steer the great Boat of themselves,

And save it from dashing on Rocks or on Shelves;

They'll provide for our *Tarrs*, and settle the Nation.

Then let each private Man be content in his Station.

We therefore advise you to lead sober Lives,

To look after your Orchards, and comfort your

Wives.

To Gibbets and Gallows your Owlers advance,

That, that's the sure way to mortify *France*;

For *Monsieur* our Nation will always be gulling,

While you take such care to supply him with

Woollen.

And if your Allegiance to *Cesar*'s so great,

All smuggling and stealing of Customs defeat,

Or else all your Loyalty's nought but a Cheat.

Above all, let each *Long-Tail* his Talent employ,

On his Spouse's soft Anvil to get such a Boy

As will equal in Vigour the fam'd *William Joy*.

152 *To a Lady, whom he refus'd to Marry.*

Then in Peace you may eat both your boil'd and
your Roast,

And the French will be damn'd e'er they Land on
your Coast.

*Signed by the Mayor, Aldermen, and the Common-
Council, all the Inhabitants, both Men, Women
and Children, that could make their Marks, at
the Quarter-Sessions, holden at Gotham, in Co-
mitatu Essex, the 12th of May, 1701.*

*To a Lady, whom he refus'd to Marry, because
he lov'd her.*

MArriage! the greatest Cheat that Priesthood
e'er contriv'd,
The sanctify'd Intrigue, by which poor Man's de-
coy'd,

That damn'd Restraint to Pleasure and Delight,
Th' unlawful Curber of the Appetite.
Curst be the Sot that first the Chains put on,
That added to the Fall, and made us twice undone.
The Sex that liv'd before in a free common State,
Or Golden Age, ne'er knew this Pious Cheat ;
Then Love was unadulterate and true,
Then we did unconfin'd Amours pursue,
If by his Flame the Shepherd was inspir'd,
On no coy Trifles, the kind Nymph retir'd ;
The officious Trees pimp'd for the honest Trade,
And form'd a very kind and welcome Shade.
Then like the bord'ring Fields, was Womankind,
By no Land-marks, or unjust Bounds confin'd.
'Tis true, if that, by my ill Stars inclin'd,
So great a Trespass I shou'd e'er commit,
Your Charms alone would change my Mind,
And tempt me to the Sin, tho' mighty 'tis and great;
For you'd with vigorous Beauty still incite
The pall'd and wearied Appetite.
And what's a mortal Sin with any other she,
To do with you, a Venial Fault wou'd be.

Jo. Haines's *Reformation-Prologue*, dress'd as a
deep Mourner.

Thus cloath'd with *Shame*, which is one step to
Grace,

Excuse the modest *Blush* now spoils my *Face* ;

For, after two Years *Excommunication*

For heinous Sins against this *Congregation*,

I'm now to plead my thorough *Reformation*.

Know then, that weary grown of the thin Fare

Of living by my *Wits*, that's by the *Air* ;

Altho' kind *Patrons*——

" Into your *Bumpers* I have oft been plunging ;

" And top'd as if a Patent I 'ad for *spunging* ;

" But to proceed in't still, my *Conscience* stains,

" *Conscience*, the darling *Mistress* of *Jo. Haines*.

" Wherefore, tho' late, now finding like a *Novice*,

" *Players* (like *Wits*) are *Fools*, when out of *Office* ;

And seeing *Nocturnal* Friends drop off so fast,

Like *Limerick*, I'm compell'd to yield at last:

But oh ! the *Terms* of my *Capitulation*

Would make the hardest *Heart* feel soft *Compassion* ;

I must not *drink*, nor taste *Life's* common *Jays*,

For fear of spoiling my *melodious Voice* ;

No more at *Midnight* visit dear *James Long*,

Who has the best *Navarre* e'er tip'd o'er *Tongue* ;

It has all good *Qualities*,——

A conceal'd *Body*, fresh, mellow, and fine,

'Tis all *Sincerity*, a *silken Wine* ;

It charms the *Taste*, and gratifies the *Nose*,

* *Adieu* my dear, dear *Paradise*, the *Rose*,

Where I the *Musick* now must hear no morn ;

Of † a *Bottle* of *Sebastian* in the *Sun*, &c. re.

Nor whilst *God Bacchus* is our *Cheeks* adorning,

‡ *Past Three a Clock*, and a dark cloudy *Morning*.

Nor make the last *Excuse* for longer stay,

* *More Wine*, ye *Dog*, it's not yet break o' *Day*.

Now, now, your new *Regenerated Player*,

Morning and *Evening*, will trudge to *Prayer* ;

And fly all *Play-house* *Plots* that are a brewing,

That *National Sin* (*Sedition*) was my *Ruin*.

* *Weeping*. † *Spoke* like a *Drawer*. ‡ *Like* a *Watchman*. * *As one drunk*—

H 5

Adieu

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Adieu *Will's Coffee-House* too, *Beaus, Captains, Wits,*
 Who have been so very kind to me by *sits.*
 Farewell, I now must herd with sober *Cits.*
 Where I may speak my Mind, and fear no snub,
 With Friends will lend, as well as pay a Club.
 What tho' they ne'er broke *Fest* or *Pate* at *Locket's*?
 They've *Sense* enough, for all that, in their *Pockets.*
 I do but think, leading this *Virtuous Life,*
 What a *Comfort* I shall be to my poor *Wife!*
 At Home by ten a Clock, in Bed by eleven,
 Where I will make my former Scores all even.
 " This being decreed, I've nothing more to do,
 " But fix myself a Rent-charge now on you,
 Humbly beseeching——
 " That I, like *Parish Brat*, Forlorn and Poor,
 " That's laid for want, at the next *Rich Man's Door,*
 " Swath'd in ill-luck, the Charity may get
 " Of you the great *Church-Wardens* of the *Pit.*
 Then tho' my *Voice* should fail, as that will hap in,
 I'm sure you'll guess my Meaning by my *gaping.*

On his Friend Owen Swan, at the Black
 Swan-Tavern in Bartholomew-Lane.

MAnkind, unjustly *Poets Atheists* call,
 They're *Atheists* who adore no God at all.
 We Court the *Vine*, whose all-enlivening *Heat,*
 Does noble Flights and lively Thoughts create.
Bacchus, to thee we daily *Altars* raise,
 When warm'd with *Liquid Joy*, we sound thy Praise.
 Nor can he be less than a God, whose Juice
 Does every Minute something great produce.
Wit's the rich Product of the teeming *Vine,*
 Its great Creator is *Almighty Wine.*
 And powerful Love, arm'd with resistless *Fires,*
 Which melts the stubborn Soul to soft Desires.
 Then, Owen, since the God of *Wine* has made
 Thee *Steward* of the gay *Carousing Trade,*
 Whose *Art* decaying Nature still supplies,
 Warms the faint Pulse, and sparkles in our Eyes,
 Be

Table-Talk, or, Short Amusements. 155

Be bountiful, like him, bring t'other *Flask*,
Were the Stairs wider, we wou'd have the *Cask*.
This Pow'r we from the God of Wine derive,
Draw such as this, and I pronounce thou'lt *Live*.

Table-Talk, or, Short Amusements.

NEW Maxims of State, like new *Nostrums* in
Physick, take for a while, and then are laid
aside. What Miracles, about two Years ago, were
wrought by *Cows-Piss* and the *Cold-Bath*?

All Men of all Professions pretend a Concern for
the Publick. The Subscribers erected the *Dispensary*,
that the Apothecaries might not cheat the Publick.

A Lawyer, like a Soldier of Fortune, never troubles
his Head with the Justice of the Cause he is engaged
in.

A Man that marries a Whore, may be said to rob
the Publick.

How happy would the World have been, some
have said, if there had been no *Women*: But, say I,
how would it have lived without them?

Horse-courfers and *Match-makers* make no Conscience
of Cheating.

The Vows of a *Lover* eager to enjoy, and the vir-
tuous Resolutions of a *sick Man*, are equally vain. A
bad *Face* and a fine *Body*, are like a Parson that
preaches well and lives ill.

A *Patriot* is a dexterous *Hypocrite*, that always pre-
tends the Publick, in order to promote his own Pri-
vate Advantage.

Every Church sets up for the *best* and *honestest*. The
Pope succeeded *St. Peter*, as *Dr. Gibbons* got all his
Practice by taking *Dr. Lower's* House.

When a *Poet* is new rigg'd, *Oh! he has got the last*
new Play on his Back. Why may not the same be re-
sorted of a Country 'Squire?

A *Patriot* is generally made by a *Pique* at Court.
Every one pretends a Concern for the People.

When

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When a Man is hunted down at *Court*, he takes Sanctuary in the *Country Faction*.

Nothing is so imperious as a *Fellow of a College* upon his own *Dunghill*; nothing so despicable abroad.

A *New Convert* to the Government, to be suspected.

After all the Noise that has been made of the *Jacobites*, the Government has little to fear from profess'd Adversaries: Those that take the Oaths, and keep their old Principles, are the Men that do Mischiefs.

A Man that gets a great Estate out of a little Post, is like a Man that grows fat upon Matrimony.

Great Bodies of Men are subject to all the Infirmities of particular Persons.

It is a Jest, to think those that have Power will not take care to support themselves against all that attack 'em.

I have often laugh'd at some, that call *Assemblies* Divine Things; Don't two or three Men always govern them?

Every Man impatient to shew his Parts; *Dursey* much importun'd to sing, refus'd. Another Gentleman trump'd up a Learned Discourse, he then sung without asking.

How apt are we to flatter ourselves, and overlook our own Infirmities. A *Drunkard* thanks God he has no Sacrilege to answer for.

The Author of *The whole Duty of Man* conceal'd; perhaps *Vanity* in that.

A Woman that tells you she'll cry out, and a Man that threatens to cut your Throat, will both be worse than their Words.

A *Protestant* wonders how it is possible for a Man to be such a Sor, to believe all the Stuff of Popery. A *Papist* wonders how any Man in his Senses can dissent from his Church.

Some Authors, rather than not flatter, will commend a Man for what he ought to be blam'd.

A young Gentleman of the *Temple* ran away from his Wife, and drubb'd his Father-in-law; A Poet

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now living commended him for it in an Epistle Dedicatory.

Most Authors draw themselves, or introduce what they like best; Thus *Harry Higden* brings in a great deal of Eating in his Comedy.

When a State Pimp has done all he can do, the Government that employ'd him ought to deify him. King *Charles II.* compar'd old *Hobbs* to a Bear.

What signifies it, whether one is chosen by his Tenants, that dare not refuse him, or come in by Bribery?

A Blot, as they say, is no *Blot* till 'tis hit; otherwise I much fear me, that more than a brace of Members had been sent to the *Tower*.

Vanity stronger than *Woman's Lust*; If a *Lord* were stronger than a *Porter*, a *Woman* would be in the right on't.

If a *Man* and *Woman* come together into an Inn, a true Inn-Keeper, rather than foul two Pair of Sheets, will take it for granted that they are *Man* and *Wife*.

A *City-Politician* is the busiest, silliest *Coxcomb* in the Universe; what a clutter he makes about the Election of a Sheriff, or a Mayor, as if the Fate of the Kingdom depended on it.

The Society of *Reformers*, I am afraid, has made no mighty Progress in the Extirpation of *Vice*; they have only beat it out of one part of the Town, to make it settle in another.

Some *Scriblers* have got a trick of answering *Books*, right or wrong, if they have but made a Noise in the World; nay, some have answer'd *Books* they never saw; King *William* and Queen *Mary* Conquerors.

A *City Captain*, on a *Mustering Day*, makes ten times more Noise than one that has been in all the Actions in *Flanders*.

Over-jealous *Husbands* and *People* mistrust themselves into *Cuckoldom* and *Slavery*.

It was observ'd, that when the *Apothecaries* were soliciting for their Bill that excused them from

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from Parish-Offices, that the Weekly Bills decreased considerably.

The World calls *Avarice* a sordid, I say it is an aspiring Vice; it makes a Lord stoop so low as to play with a Footman.

Adversity makes a Man humble; *Cerastus* the Admiral, how meek he is, now he lies under the Displeasure of the House?

To make a Man out of love with Soldiery, let him see the Train'd-bands Exercise.

A Physician, says a late Author, is a grave formal Animal, who picks our Pockets by talking unintelligible Stuff in a sick Man's Chamber, till Nature cures, or Medicines kill him.

A Gentleman, in a Coffee-house, was preaching up the great Wisdom of Beasts; Come, Sir, says a Captain, cocking his Hat, you're out in your Argument; there's that nonsensical Creature, called the Bever, bites off his Stones, to compound with the Hunters. What Man alive would be such a Sot to do so? For my part, I never wear a Bever Hat for that Reason; I would not profane my Head with one.

What the Devil should make a Man rally others for the Imperfections he has himself? I hate that Puppy, says *Cleantes*, that goes open-breasted; 'tis but a Half-shirt.

To be concerned for a Family, for Children, and Things after us, is only proper to a Man; a Horse never breaks his Repose for thinking whether his Son will be preferred to the Cart or Coach.

Men reward the Professions that incommode them, as *Lawyers*, &c. and give no Encouragement to those that divert them; the reason of it is *Fear*. Man fears to be damned, therefore bribes the *Parson*; he fears to be sick, therefore keeps fair with the *Physician*; he fears to be rook'd out of his Estate, therefore bribes the *Lawyer*.

An unskilful Author sometimes, when he pretends to set off a Man, really lessens him. Thus the City Bard, in *King Arthur*, forgets the *Physician*, and makes

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a *Chirurgion* of his Friend *Gibonius*, and makes him heal a Wound.

Nothing certainly can be so insupportable as a *Coquette*; *Emilia* had four Lovers at once, and encouraged all; she made one of them write a Love-Letter for herself to his Rival.

Among the Misfortunes we struggle with, it is one Comfort to us, that all the World laughs at one another; the *Cit* at the *Beau*, the *Courtier* at the *Country Squire*, and *Vice versa*.

One that has advanced his Fortune out of nothing, is sure to be plagu'd with his Relations; for this Reason a certain Favourite in *France* us'd to envy *Monsieur de la Motte*, because he outliv'd them all.

N — was bred to the Law, and had nothing to live by but that, yet he who said he was no Lawyer displeased him not; but to find fault with Poetry was an eternal Affront. —

All Governments in the World will take care to give the best outside to their Affairs; In the late War, our *Gazettes* never mention'd the Loss of the *East-India* Ships, but took care to mention the taking a *French Privateer* of two Guns.

If a Man begins a thing, let him go through stich with it; a Chymist in *Fuller's-Rents* put out a Quack-Bill, for this, abandoned by his former Customers, did not continue it, and lost his Mob-Friends — so starv'd.

A Man that seldom has Money, takes care to shew it in all Companies when he has it, and pays his Reckoning before it is called for; we care not how deep we go when we are upon Tick; when we pay ready Money we are more frugal.

If we must have *Enthusiasm*, give it me in Perfection; this makes me love the *Quakers*, and made me see the downfall of the *Philadelphians*; *Mediocritas esse non licet* holds good, as well in a new Religion, as a new Poem.

From Rags, and Beggary, to leap into a great Estate, as it's pleasant, so it's troublesome; thus, Sir 3 —

Ed —

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Ed—— is as uneasy in his *New Fortune* ; as a Harlot in a new pair of Stays.

Every thing, they pretend, has been so exhausted, that it's impossible to find any thing *new* ; but this is a Mistake.

Since the late *Revolution*, our Ministers invented a *New System* of Politicks, purely devised by themselves, never practis'd before in any Part of the World, and we hope will never be practis'd again.

Our *Divines* have invented New Measures of Allegiance, and new Salvo's for Swearing ; our *Projectors* New Lotteries ; the *Ladies* a New sort of Tea ; The *Vintners* New Names for Old Stum ; the *Physicians* and *Soldiers* New Methods of Murder.

The Streights of *Magellan* may afford New Discoveries, but *Religion* hardly any ; the *Old* and *New Testament* have been so unmercifully beaten up by Poachers of all Countries, that one can no more expect to start any fresh Game there, than a Tub of good Ale at a Country Bowling-green, after the Justices have paid it a Visit.

The Condition of a *Married Man* different from that of a Free ; what one loses in the Day, he gets in the Night ; what the other gets in the Day, he loses in the Night.

Vice passes safely under the Disguise of *Devotion* ; as during the late War, *French Wine*, under another Name, escaped the *Custom-House*.

There is more Fatigue and Trouble in a *Lazy*, than in the most *Laborious* Life ; who would not rather drive a Wheel-barrow with Nuts about the Street, or cry Brooms, than be *Arsennus*.

Montague, in his Book of Expence, put down, Item for my Idleness, a Thousand Pound.

Tho' we have so many *Carloads* of *Polemic* Writers, yet the World has not been so much improv'd in Knowledge by them ; when the learned *Isaac Casaubon* was shewn the *Sorbonne*, says the Person who introduced him, *There has been Disputations kept here these four Hundred Years* ; But, replies *Casaubon*, *What have they decided all this while ?* 'Tis

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'Tis reckon'd a great Part of *Learning to know the Names of Things*; we have some *Virtuosoes*, that can nicely distinguish the minutest *Mosses*, yet know nothing of their *Virtue* and *Efficacy*, which is just all one as if a *Foreigner* should come to *London*, and get all the Signs of *Cheapside* and *Cornhill*, and not trouble himself to know any thing of the *Government* of the City.

A broken Shopkeeper ends in an Exciseman; a decay'd Gentleman in a Justice of the Peace.

The Condition of a Slave is infinitely better than that of a Harlot; yet because she now and then sups with a Lord at the *Rose*, keeps a Maid she never gives Wages to, lies in *fine Lodgings* she never pays for, thinks herself a happy Creature.

What I have written will be of Advantage to *Posterity*; which if it happen, it will be (says Dr. Leigh, in his *Epistle Dedicatory*) a mighty Satisfaction to your *Humble Servant*.

If we may guess at the *Morals* of any *Age* by their *Plays*, the last was worse than this, witness *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.

'Tis hard to part with an ill Custom! A——— would rather keep his Palsy, than leave Tabaco.

A *Pindarick Muse*, is a Muse without her Stays on.

A little Learning makes some Men vain; a great deal renders a wise Man Modest.

He that puts on a clean Shirt but once a Quarter, opens his Breast when it is so.

True Learning makes a Man humble, diffident and modest.

A wise Man will answer an Objection before it's made. Trebatius, whenever he met a Creditor, never gave him leave to dun him first, but was sure to anticipate him. Well, Faith, honest Friend, says he, I am to blame, but thou shalt have thy Money next Week.

Vanity makes a Man do as many publick Things, as a Principle of Virtue. Cavendish Weeden.

There is not such a vast difference between Peoples Parts as the World imagines.

A Man is never ruined by Dullness.

This

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This World at last shall be burnt for a *Witch*, says a *Presbyterian Parson* that preaches near *Russel-Court*; the same said, that *Cesar* was stabb'd with *Bodkins*, to prove that *little Sins* may damn a Man, as soon as great.

The Society for the promoting the *Reformation of Manners*, what have they done after all the *Noise* and *Sermons*, and the *Thanks* of those worshipful *Tools*, the *Grand-Jury* of *Middlesex*; they have forc'd a few poor *Whores* to shift their *Quarters*.

Scotchmen are zealous for their *Country*, &c. angry to hear it expos'd; their *Poverty* is the *Reason* of it.

Men are affected with any *Loss*, according to their different *Genius* and *Temper*; when a *Country Fellow* t'other Day, was told that the *Dutch* had laid a great part of their *Country* under *Water*, he was only concern'd at the *Loss* of so much *Hay*.

Half the World bullied by *Captain Dawson*; and *Captain Dawson* bullied by *half* the World.

A certain Man admired the wise *Institution* of the *Sabbath*; the very breaking of it, keeps half the *Villages* about *London*.

Theophilus values himself upon having done little *Mischief* in his *Time*, when it lay so often in his *Power* to do it; this was not owing to any *Principle* of *Honour*, but to his *Laziness* and want of *Activity*.

I am sure you are a *Man of Merit*, says *Philautus* to *Alcibiades*, because you have been so often put by *Preferment*. By my Faith, 'tis my own *Case*.

Modesty has made as many young *Women Whores*, as downright *Lust*; many have not had the *Impudence* to deny.

A true *Court Sycophant* will flatter a *Prince*, even to his own, or his *Families Failings*; thus, tho' *Adolphus the Second* was an unfortunate *Prince* of the *House of Nassau*, how often has *King William* been flatter'd and complimented upon it?

A Comical View of the Transactions that will happen in the Cities of London and Westminster. Together with the Merry Quack: Wherein Physick is rectified for both Beaux and Ladies.

CONTINUED WEEKLY.

From Octob. 16. to Octob. 22.

Gentlemen.

WHereas the Town has been banter'd near two Months with a sham Account of the VVeather, pretended to be taken from Barometers, Thermometers, Microscopes, Telescopes, and such-like Heathenish Instruments, by which means several of Her Majesties good Subjects have put on their Frieze Coats, expecting it should rain, when it has been fair; and wore their best Clothes, thinking it would be fair, when it has rain'd, to the no little Detriment and Prejudice of their aforesaid Clothes and Persons; and likewise, whereas the Planets that have regulated the Almanacks for about two Thousand Years, have been most wickedly slandered by a late Author, as if they had no Influence at all upon the VVeather; the Publisher of this Paper has been persuaded by his Friends, to print these his infallible Predictions, gathered from the Experience of Thirty Years and upwards; and will warrant them to be true, tho' he never travelled abroad, nor pretends to be the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, nor calls himself the unborn Doctor, nor has the Seed of the Female Fern, the Green and Red Dragon, or any of the like Secrets.

Wednesday 16. **C**loudy foggy Weather at Garraway's and Jonathan's, and at most Coffee-Houses, at and about Twelve. Crowds of People gather at the Exchange by One, disperse by Three. Afternoon noisy and bloody at her Majesties Bear-Garden in Hockley in the Hole. Night sober with broken Captains and others, that have neither
Credit

Credit nor Money. If rainy, few Night-walkers in *Cheapside* and *Fleetstreet*. This Weeks Transactions censured by the Virtuosoës at *Child's* from Morning till Night.

Thursday 17.] Coffee and Water-gruel to be had at the *Rainbow* and *Nando's* at Four. Hot Furmety at *Fleet-bridge* by Seven. Justice to be had at *Doctor's Commons*, when People can get it. A Lecture at *Pinnar's-Hall* at Ten. Excellent Pease-potage and Tripe in *Baldwin's-Gardens* at Twelve. At Night much Fornication all over *Covent-Garden*, and five Miles round it. A Constable and two Watchmen killed, or near being so, in *Westminster*; whether by a Lord, or a Lord's Footman, the Planet's don't determine.

Friday 18.] Plenty of Cuckolds trudging from all Parts of the City towards *Horn-Fair* by Eight. Damsels whip'd for their Good-Nature at *Bridewell* about Ten. Several People put in fear of their Lives by their Godfathers at the *Old-Baily* at Eleven. Great destruction of Herrings at One. Much Swearing at Three among the Horse-courers in *Smithfield*; if the Oaths were registred as well as the Horses, good Lord, what a Volume 'twould make! Several Tails turned up at *Paul's School*, *Merchant-Taylors*, &c. for their Repititions. Night very drunk, as the two former.

Saturday 19.] Twenty Butchers Wives in *Leaden-hall* and *Newgate-Markets* overtaken with Sherry and Sugar by Eight in the Morning. Shop-keepers walk out at Nine, to count the Trees in *Moorfields*, and avoid Duns. Peoples Houses cleansed in the Afternoon, but their Consciences we don't know when. Jews fornicate away the Sabbath in *Drury-lane* and *Wild-street*. Evening pretty sober.

Sunday 20.] Great jangling of Bells all over the City from Eight to Nine. Psalms murder'd in most Parishes about Ten. Abundance of Doctrines and Uses in the Meetings, and no Application. Vast consumption of Roast Beef and Pudding at One. Afternoon sleepy in most Churches. Store of Handkerchiefs

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kerchiefs stolen in *Paul's* at Three. Informers busy all Day long. Night not so sober as might be wish'd.

Monday 21] Whores turned out of the *Temple*, *Grays-Inn*, &c. by Six. Catchpoles up early to seize their Prey against the first Day of the Term. Journey-men Taylors, Shooemakers and Prentices Heads ake with what they had been doing the Day before. Tradesmen begin the Week with Cheating, as soon as they open Shop. If Fair, the Park full of Women at Noon, some virtuous, and some otherwise. Great shaking of the Elbow at *Will's*, &c. about Ten. Two Porters fall out at Putt in a Cellar in the *Strand*, at Twelve precisely.

Tuesday 22.] Wind, whether E. W. N. or S. no matter, but in one Corner or other of the Compass most certain: If high, the Beaux advised to be merciful to their long Perukes. Muslins and Pepper rise at the *East-India House* at Twelve. Callicoes fall before Two. Goach'd Masques calling at the Chocolate-Houses between Eight and Nine. Bastards begot, and Cuckolds made this Week numberless.

Advertisement to the Ladies.

Women, whether with Child, or no? Children whether Male or Female? Young Maidens, whether they will have their Sweethearts, or no? And Lovers, whether able and constant? The Critical Minute of the Day to marry in. What is the best Hour for Procreation. Husbands, whether live long or no? The second Match whether happy or unhappy? What part of the Town best for a Sempstress to thrive in? What the most fortunate Signs for a Shopkeeper, and under what Planet to set up? With other like Questions, fully and satisfactorily Resolved by me Sylvester Partridge, Student in Physick and Astrology, near the Gun in Moorfields.

From

From Octob. 22, to Octob. 29.

Gentlemen,

I Am glad that my last Weeks Predictions were so lucky as to please you, and for that Reason am encouraged to proceed. Did the Town require it of me, I could much enlarge my Predictions, and foretel what would happen in foreign Countries, as well as what will fall out in London; as for Instance, I could tell you, that the Czar of Muscovy is going to make Hemp dear in the North; that the King of Spain is like to raise the Price of Iron in the South; that Bullets fly as thick as Hail in Livonia, and Bribes in the Conclave; that his Polish Majesty is as sick of Riga as the Scots were of Darien; with other Matters of the like Importance, which I shall omit at present, and come to Things that concern us nearer. But before I proceed to them, I have a Word or two to say for myself; some Persons that are in the Barometer Interest have found faults with my last Paper, because I foretold turning up Tails at Pauls and Merchant-Taylors last Friday, whereas nothing of that hapned; to which I answer, that if a certain Apostle had not interposed to give the Boys a Holyday, my Prediction had been true; and I will lay any of those Gentlemen a Hundred Pounds to a Penny, that it proves so most Fridays in the Year.

Wednesday 23. Long Vacation departed this Mortal Life, to the great Joy of all the Sons of Parchment, last Night at Twelve, and died not worth a Groat. Morning opens with a furious Hurricane, call'd Michaelmas-Term, that will blow and bluster in the West, till the twenty Eighth of the next Month, and a Week after. Clients knock up their Council by Six. Constables hurrying down to Westminster at Nine, to see that the Law shall not run out of the Hall. A dozen Country-Attornies Breakfast in Hell by Eleven. Weather stormy and tempestuous at the Bar all Day long. Night calm at the Tavern.

Thursday

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Thursday 24.] Wind still continues to blow in the Western Quarter. Four thrifty Barristers crowd into a Skull about Nine and score their Clients a Coach for it. Six couple pair'd at *Dukes-Place* near Ten, repent next Morning. The Death of the King of *Spain* and a new War concluded upon, by the Half-pay Officers at the Parade, near Eleven. Stock-Jobbers busy at *Jonathan's* from Twelve till Three. Much railing of the Frail Dye at *Young-Man's* among the disbanded Captains, and little lost. Juries swallow their Claret in the Afternoon as glibly at the Bell in *Westminster*, as their Oaths in the Morning; get drunk by Eight; *Book Bess*, and *Betty S*———ds Mutiny at the Corner Chocolate-House in *Birdges-street*, about two Penny Glasses of *Usquebaugh* at Nine.

Friday 25.] The Goddess of Scolding, up by Five in the Morning at *Billingsgate*; from thence removes to the *Temple-stairs* at Seven, takes a pair of Oars at Nine to *Westminster*, stays there till all her Black-Guard are dispersed and gone. Mr. Ordinary visits his melancholy Flock at *Newgate* by Eight. Doleful Procession up *Holbourn-Hill* about Eleven. Men handsome and proper, that were never thought so before, which is some Comfort however. Arrive at the fatal Place by Twelve. Burnt Brandy, Women, and Sabbath-breaking repented of. Some few Penitential Drops fall under the Gallows. Sheriff's Men, Parson, Pickpockets, Criminals, all very busy. The last concluding preremptory *Psalms* struck up. Show over by One. *Frenchmen* bit in *Smithfield* by the Horse-courers at Three. Shooe-makers at Night drunk all over the Kingdom, in Honour of Prince *Crispin*.

Saturday 26.] Landresses bring the young Barristers their Linen home, and take up their own to shew their Respect to the Law. Citizens post to their Country-houses, and leave their Prentices to comfort their Wives. Shoals of Country-Puts come to Town about Five, with their Pockets well cramm'd; but that Cormorant call'd *Equity*, will soon clear them.

them. Barbers, Butchers and Milliners up till Midnight, and all for the Benefit of the Sabbath.

Sunday 27.] Taylors curs'd for not bringing the fine Cloaths Home at the promis'd Hour. Great Ogling at *Coven-Garden Church* and other Places, from Ten to Twelve. A She-Quaker Holds-forth in her Stays in *Grace-Church-street*, to the great cramping of the Spirit. Ministers preach against Sins, but the People still Practice it, and are like to do to the end of the Chapter.

Monday 28.] City-Poet instructing his Gods and Goddesses all the Morning, how to behave themselves in a Pageant, and welcome my Lord-Mayor. Cooks busy in raising Pye-crust Fortifications, which the Heroes of *Cheapside* will storm most manfully next Day. Old *East-India Company* look as scornfully upon Bank-bills, as the Lawyers in *Westminster-hall* do upon *Forma Pauperis*; but this is no News.

Tuesday 29.] Windows in *Cheapside* stuck with more Faces at Ten, than the Balconies with Candles on an Illumination-Night. Wicked Havock of Neats-Tongues and Hamms in the Barges about Eleven. Artillery-men march two by two, burlesqued in Buff and Bandileers: Need not wear Head-pieces, their Wives having fortified that part to their Hands. The Vintners and Brewers, the Butchers and Apothecaries jostle about Precedence; 'tis pity they are not incorporated. The Ladies pelted with dead Cats, instead of Squibs, from Twelve to Three. Mob tumultuous. Boys staring to see that, which, as the Old Woman said, they must all come to one Day. No Quarter given to Custards at *Guild-hall*. Night moist and wet within the City-Walls.

Advertisement to the Ladies.

THE best Time to cut Hair. How Moles and Dreams to be Interpreted. When most proper to Bleed. Under what Aspect of the Moon best to draw Teeth, and cut Corns. Paring of Nails, on what Days unlucky. What the kindest Sign to graft or inoculate in; to open Bee-hives and kill Swine.

How

How to get Twins. And how many Hours boiling my Lady Kent's Pudding requires: With other notable Questions, fully and faithfully resolved, by me Silvester Partridge, Student in Physick and Astrology, near the Gun in Moor-fields.

Of whom likewise may be had, at reasonable Rates. Trusses, Antidotes, Elixirs, Love-powders, Washes for Freckles, Plumpers, Glass Eyes, False Calves and Noses, Ivory Jaws, Stiptic Drops to Contract the Parts. A new Receipt to turn red Hair into black; as likewise, the famous Ennulus Anti-cornutus, or a Ring to prevent Cuckoldom, very useful for all married Persons: 'Tis a Hair Ring, of a bright beautiful Red within, and is of that wonderful Efficacy and Vertue, that so long as a Man keeps it on his Finger, he may defy all the Devils in Hell; nay, what's more, the Wife of his Bosom, to Cuckold him, tho' she has never so great a Mind to it.

Wednesday 30.] Tradesmen flock in their Morning-Gowns to the Purl-houses by Seven, to cool their Plucks which they had overheated in my Lord-Mayor's Service the Night before. A mighty Bustle in the Halls about straggled Plates and Dishes, and Bottles missing. Solicitors and Clerks bawling out for Pudding at the Spread-Eagle about Twelve. Air infected with Perjury and Knavery in Westminster, and so like to continue most part of the next Month. The noble and ancient Recreation of Round-Robin, Hey-Jinks, and Whipping the Snake, in great Request with the merry Sailors in Wapping. A Country Client pick'd up by a Fleet-street Strowler at Nine; what between the Whore, and his Lawyer, eas'd of all his Ready before he gets to Bed. This comes of Whoring, and going to Law!

Thursday 31.] Barristers troop down to Westminster at Nine; cheapen Cravats and Handkerchiefs, Ogle the Sempstresses, take a whet at the Dog, or a Slice of Roast-beef at Heaven, fetch half a Dozen Turns in the Hall, peep in at the Common-Pleas, talk over the News, and so with their Green

Bags, that have as little in them as their Noddles, go home again. Summon'd by pensive Sound of Horn to rotten-roasted Mutton at Twelve: Leave a Paper in their Doors, to study Precedents and Cases for them all the Afternoon; may be heard of at the Devil, or some neighbouring Tavern till One in the Morning. These are all the Motions, as far as I can judge by the Stars, that they are like to make this Term.

Friday 1.] Great Preparations at the Bear-Garden all the Morning, for the noble Tryal of Skill that is to be plaid in the Afternoon. Seats fill'd and crowded by Two; Drums beat, Dogs yelp, Butchers and Foot-soldiers clatter their Sticks: At last the two Heroes, in their fine borrow'd Holland Shirts, mount the Stage about Three; cut large Collops out of one another, to divert the Mob, and make Work for the Surgeons; smoaking, swearing, drinking, thrusting, justling, elbowing, sweating, kicking, cuffing, stinking, all the while the Company stays. Vizor-masque very busy in the Pit at Seven, in picking up a Cully, persuaded, with much ado, to accept of a Pint at the *Rose*, puts up the comfortable *George* among her Thimble, Nutmeg, and Brass Seal in her Pocket; dispenses her Favours in a Chair; which the Spark is sure to remember sometime next Week in a Stool. Law muzzled up this, and the Day following.

Sunday 2.] Hundreds of poor Souls confin'd in that wicked Purgatory the *Fleet*, or *King's-Bench*, and not like to be pray'd out in haste. Woollen-draper persecuted by unmannerly Factors from eight to twelve. *Spittelfields* Weavers hover about the *Change* all the Morning; return for the most part empty. Divines busy in turning over *St. Austin* and *St. Gregory*, to retail them next Day to their People. French Protestants buy *Bullocks-Livers*, *Sheeps-Heads*, and stinking Beef to make *la Soupe Royale* on Sunday. Common Women in *Paternoster-Row* busy with their Heads in the Day-time, and Tails in the Evening. Shop-keepers at Night in their Compting-Houses, compute what they have cheated all the Week, that they

they may go with clear Consciences to Church next Morning Vintners buy up Sloes in all the Markets at Eight; put them to another Use than their Forefathers ever knew of. The new Invention of making good *Bordeaux* Wine of *Herefordshire* Syder, and good *Herefordshire* Syder of *Middlesex* Turnips, practised every Day in their Cellars. To be fear'd that the next Generation will debauch our very Turnips.

Sunday 3] Beggars take up their respective Posts in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, and other Places by Seven, that they may be able to praise God in Capon and *March-beer* at Night. Parish Clerks liquor their Throats plentifully at Eight, and chaunt out *Hopkins* most melodiously about Ten. Sextons Men of great Authority most part of the Day, whip Dogs out of the Church for being Obstreperous. Great thumping and dusting of the Cushion at *Salter's-Hall* about eleven; one would almost think the Man was in Earnest, he lays so furiously about him. A most refreshing Smell of Garlick in *Spittle-fields* and *Soho* at twelve. Country Fellows staring at the two Wooden Men at *St. Dunstan's*, from One to Two, to see how notably they strike the Quarters. The great Point of Predestination settled in *Russel-Court*, about Three; and the People go home as wise as they came thither. A merry Farce, called, *The Confusion of Babel*, at *surly Wat's* Coffee-house in the Evening, and lasts from Five till Ten. Great squabbling, buzzing and prating from the Baronet's-Club, down to the noisy Footman below. Terrible swearing in the Kitchen for the Boy's not bringing the vile *Derby* in time. Beef call'd for at every Table, and Mistress Cook most mightily importun'd for a Carrot.

Monday 4.] A brace of Foot-soldiers mount the Wooden-Horse in the Park by Eight, for profaning the Lord's-Day with building of Sconces. The Lady *Law* goes in mighty State to *Westminster-hall*, attended by her Godmother *Assurance*, and her Daughter *Prattle*, her Train held up by *Delay* and *Poverty*. Knights of the Post to be had in the *Temple-Walks* from Morning till Night, for two Pots of Belch and a Six-

penny Slice of boild Beef. Balconies set out with Candles at Six. A Quaker in *Cheapside* has his Windows demolish'd for keeping his Light to himself, and grudging it his Neighbours. The Tallow-Chandlers such dutiful and loyal Subjects, that they don't care, if there were twenty and twenty Birth-days in a Year, to help off with their Commodity.

*Tuesday 5.] Bells at Four in the Morning ring the Downfall of Antichrist. The Whore of Babylon most unmercifully pelted all the Day; this it is to be an old, decay'd, batter'd Harlot! The Pope's Bulls baited in most Congregations about Eleven. Bellarmine run down, and Suarez confounded by Twelve. The Pope call'd abundance of hard Names, as, Man of Sin, Strumpet, and what not? ditto. Made the Beast with ten Horns, i. e. a worse Beast by four Pair of Horns, than any in *Cheapside*; ditto. Did he live in London, the Grand-Jury of *Middlesex*, and our new Reformers, would certainly indict him for keeping a lewd disorderly House. Night clear, and Light in all the Protestant Streets. Watches, Whores, Clocks, Widows, Physicians and Lawyers, tell Lyes every Day in the Week.*

From Nov. 13. to Nov. 20.

Gentlemen,

I Disappointed you last Week, but am apt to flatter myself you'll excuse it, when you know the Reason. I was sent for into the Country, to cure a Gentleman's Lady that was troubled with a Palsy in her Tongue, to such a degree, that she could not speak one Word distinctly: But upon my telling her Husband, that three quarters of the Married-men in the Kingdom would give half they were worth to have their Wives in the same Condition, and that it was much better for his own and his Spouse's Repose, for her to continue as she was, the Gentleman was pleas'd to take my Advice, and so I return'd to London. But before I dispatch this short Introduction give me leave to say a Word or two, in Justification of my Paper. It has been industriously given out by some Gentlemen, who have no Faith in the Planets, that I trussed up the Newgate Prisoners a Fortnight before

it happen'd: I own that I was out as to Day; but as to what I foretold concerning the Ceremonies of the Execution, as singing the last concluding Psalm, picking of Pockets under the Gallows, &c. I dare engage, that every tittle would have prov'd true, tho' the Government had hang'd those same Fellows three hundred Years hence. Far be it from me, or any Protestant Astrologer, to set up for Infallibility; and 'tis well I don't, for who knows but the Conclave would send for me to make me Pope, in case I pretended it, and then you'll say the Church would be finely govern'd. But, Gentlemen, I hope I shall never change my Religion, tho' the King of Poland did so. If this Paper should not please you as well as the preceding ones, I promise to make you amends next Week, when I intend to give you a full Account of my Pills, and other Medicaments, so famous for curing the Distempers of both Sexes.

From my House in
Moor-fields next
Door to the Gun-
Nov. 12.

Sylvester Partridge.

Wednesday 13. **H**alf-pay Officers at the Parade very uppish upon the Death of the King of Spain; speak disrespectfully of Flip, talk of taking their Leave of Derby-Ale, and renewing their Acquaintance with Claret. A new-married Man in Fleetstreet goes six times a Day to drink his Porringer of Jelly-broth at the Diapente Coffee-house, but little comes on't, his Wife knows *Curat Lex Floreat Discordia*, the Motto of Westminster-Hall all this Term. Thursday 14.] Little News stirring this Morning, unless a Review of the Foot-guards happens. Mars and Venus seem to foretel it, however I won't be positive; but if it does, what follows will most certainly fall out. Officers with a Plume in Hat, Sashes, and Gorger, make a magnificent Appearance, with the Agent at Old Nick, their Out-sides wondrous fine, their Pockets lined within but

fo-fo. Faggots summon'd in from all Parts of *Westminster*. Whores and Bailiffs busy to pick up the Military Sparks so soon as the Show is over.

Friday 15] Baudy, Nonsense, Noise, and Tobacco in the *Gravesend* Tilt-Boat about Five in the Morning. The Duke of *Anjou* deposed from his Kingdom of *Naples* at the *Amsterdam* Coffee-house, exactly at One. Six Welsh Attorneys dine upon Five Herrings at the Goat in *Chancery-Lane*; quarrel at the unequal Division of them, and a long-winded Law-Suit upon that. The great Vertue of Pacing-saddles, asserted in a Lecture in *Gresham-College* at Three. Two Men kill'd behind *Montague-house* at Four. Tunes numberless murder'd in the Musick-Houses in *Wapping* and *Moorfields* all the Night.

Saturday 16] Several worthy Gentlemen in Party-coloured Robes, late installed to the Tune of, *Me thinks I spy a Brother*; with much Gravity in their Looks, and very much Mischief in their Hearts, busy in the litigious Hall all this Morning. A great Medley of ill Voices, and the Devil a jot of Harmony at the *Jews Synagogue* about Ten. A Receipt how to dine upon good wholesome Air, to be had of Six ancient Persons, who are to be found in *Grays-Inn* Walks every Day at One. Tradesmen summon'd before the Court of Conscience for defrauding their Journey-men of their Wages. If such a Court were erected to punish those who defraud their poor Wives, the Lord have Mercy on all unperforming Sinners between *White chapel* and *Temple-Bar*.

Sunday 17.] Surgeons knocked up by Twelve-penny Customers at Seven, and hindred, as they say, from going to Church, but ten to one whether they would have gone thither, tho' no Body had visited them. Dumplings, far exceeding those of *Norfolk*, at the Half-Moon in *Cheapside*, and the Rose by *Temple-Bar* at Eleven. Citizens whet away their Stomachs, and judiciously censure the Sermon in most Taverns about Twelve; in the Strength of Roast-beef, and the Sunday Bottle of Claret, give their Wives a comfortable Refreshment on the Couch about Two; be-
get

get Blockheads to continue the City-breed. A Magistrate with a Golden-chain about his Neck, Snores inordinately in a Conventicle at Three. Tradesmen's Wives treat their Children at the Farthing-pye-houses at Four. Not one Physician at Church, except the City-Bard, within the Bills of Mortality. The Bankers in *Lombard-street* want *D. Jove* to put them in mind of their Sins.

Monday 18.] Prentices summon'd before the Chamberlain at Ten, to answer for their undutiful Rebellion against the Cook-Maid. Lozenges, Butlers-Horseballs, Tutors to young Noblemen Nepritick-stones, Brewers-clerks, Diapalma Plaisters, Ladies Women, Sago, second-hand Sermons, Goa-stones, and Receipts how to make a Pudding, to be had at the *Fleece* in *Grace-Church-street*, from *Monday Morning* till *Saturday Night*. Evening very drunk with the Journey-men Shooe-makers in *St. Martins*. Heads hot next Morning.

Tuesday 19.] Six Daughters of *Mercury* and *Turpentine* bilk their Lodgings in *Spring-Garden* and carry off all their Effects in a single Sheet of brown Paper about Nine. Great whispering and nodding among the Politicians at the *George* in *Ironmonger-lane*, from One till Four. City Preferments disposed of, and Lord-Mayors and Sheriffs elected there for a Hundred Years to come. A noisy, troublesome, crop-ear'd Coxcomb at *B ———*'s Coffee-house in *Aldersgate-street*, tires every thing but his own Lungs, with settling the *Spanish Succession*, and contriving Matters for the Parliament, at Four. The Author of this Paper is as dull as a lawfully-begotten Citizen's eldest Son; but 'tis hop'd he'll mend.

The Merry Quack: or, Physick rectified for the Beaux and Ladies.

From Nov. 20. to Nov. 27.

Gentlemen,

I Promised, in my last, to give you an account of my Pills and other Medicaments, so deservedly famous for curing

curing all manner of Distempers, and am now as good as my Word. I confess it goes somewhat against the Grain to display myself thus in Print, since so many Ignorant Quacks have made the Method infamous; and indeed, nothing but my great Regard for the Publick, to which, as St. Austin says, every honest Man ought to sacrifice all private Considerations, could have induced me to appear in a Paper in this Nature; but if a thing is to be totally laid aside for the Abuse of it, good-night to the Law and the Gospel; we must e'en turn our Pulpits into Powdering-tubs, and Westminster-hall into a Meal-Market. So much by way of Introduction.

I Have been often griev'd to see the noble Art of Physick so run down, despis'd, and invaded as it has been of late; but to say the Truth, the Professors may thank themselves for it; they are eternally jangling and quarreling at the College, and persecuting one another, while they ought to lay their Heads together and unite, to baffle those undermining Enemies of Mankind, call'd *Diseases*. This would be an Employment worthy their most serious Thoughts, and recommend them to the good Opinion of the World; but, as Affairs are manag'd at present, they don't so much endeavour to restore People to their Health, as to make a vain Ostentation of their Learning. The first thing they think of is, to set up an *Hypothesis*, as they call it, even before they think of setting up a *Coach*; and as they make all the Shifts in the World to set up the latter, so 'tis to keep up their beloved Hypothesis they strain every *Phænomenon* in Nature, to make it bear that way. 'Tis a melancholy, but true Observation, That as the Number of Physicians has encreas'd, so the *Weekly Bills* have done the same.

Gentlemen, I was born with a natural Antipathy to all Diseases whatever, as some People are to Cheese and Onions. I hate Diseases, and Diseases hate me; by the same Token they fly from my Presence, as 'twas observ'd in the last great Plague that

that the Dogs by natural Instinct ran away from the City Dog-killer ; neither can I blame 'em for it, for I make it my constant Business to destroy 'em Root and Branch wherever I meet 'em. But, Gentlemen, don't misunderstand me ; tho' I kill the Disease, I do the Man no harm, like Lightning that melts the Sword, and never injures the Scabbard.

To qualify myself for this Noble Profession, I never troubled my Head with reading *Hippocrates*, *Di-scorides*, *Celsus*, *Galen*, and other reverend Blockheads of Antiquity ; neither did I think it worth my while to lose any time in perusing the modern Coxcombs, for so I may justly call 'em ; No, Gentlemen, I went a wiser way to work ; instead of turning over old musty Pagan Volumes, I have walk'd over every Mountain in *England*, *Scotland* and *Wales* ; I have enquir'd into the Nature of every Plant and Vegetable, examin'd every Moss, Grass and Flower, and by virtue of thirty Years Observation and upwards, have forced them to confess their respective Vertues and Qualities.

Nor was this all ; for ever since I have been able to write, I have kept a constant Correspondence with all the knowing experienc'd Men in our Faculty from *London* to *Japan* ; I don't mean those nonsensical Hobby-horses, the Virtuoso'es of *Holland*, *Spain*, *Italy*, and *Germany*, that value themselves so much upon their Philosophy, and the Lord knows what unintelligible Stuff ; I only concern'd myself with Men that read the great Folio of Nature, and instructed themselves out of that. I have maintain'd a Monthly Commerce these twenty Years with the famous *Demetrius Basilowski*, Physician to the present Czar of *Muscovy*, with the industrious *Ibrahim Alibanali*, who serves the Grand Seignor in the same Capacity, with the courteous *Achmet Ben Ishmael*, Doctor to the *Sophi* of *Persia*, with the Inquisitive *Ibin Hafsa Muladezar*, who constantly attends the Person of the Great *Mogul*, and the Infallible *Kara Shu*, who resides in the Palace of the Emperor of *China* ; not to mention the

the Physicians belonging to the powerful Monarchs of Tonquin, Malabar, Mingrelia, Bishnager, Gelongda, Gurgistan, Pegu, Siam, Sumatra, Paleraban, and the rest; from whose Observations, to me most friendly communicated, as likewise my own Experience, I have arrived to a greater Knowledge than any Physician before me, as will appear,

First, By my *Pillula Intentionalis*; or, my *Intentional Pill*. I defy any Physician in the King's Dominions to shew me the like. It never works but when the Recipient would have it, and therefore is of singular Use for all Persons who may be oblig'd to take Physick, and yet by reason of their Employments and Business cannot confine themselves to their Chambers. I dare engage that a Man may take it upon a Journey, and never be incommoded by it. Last *Easter Term*, I gave it to a *Yorkshire Attorney*, the very Morning he went out of Town, who had no occasion to evacuate till he came to *Leeds*. But what is more surprizing, one *Ezekiel Tar*, Boatswain to the *Sampson*, took three of them at *Deptford*, upon *April 16. 1699.* and intended they should never work with him till he came under the *Equinastick*, and accordingly so it fell out, and then he had a *Scool*, that any Prince in *Christendom* would have been glad of, as he inform'd me in a Letter, dated from *Fort St. George*, *Nov. 22.* In short, a Man that takes it, may Adjourn and Prorogue his Backside; as long as he pleases; and this, as I take it, can be said of no Pill now known in *Christendom*.

Secondly, My *Pillula Divulgatoria*, or, my *Divulgatory Pill*. The great Excellency of this Pill lies in extorting Secrets from whoever takes it, very proper consequently for married Men in *Cheapside*, *Cornhill*, or any part of *England*, to know how their respective Wives stand affected to them; for as 'tis no bigger than a Pin's-head, so if the Party dextrously slips it into a Glass of Ale, or Wine, or any such Vehicle, and gives it his Wife, it will make her tell all the Secrets of her Heart in her Sleep; as for Instance, whether she has actually Cuckolded her Husband, or has

has intended it; as likewise who is the Person the most admires.

Thirdly, My Pillula Otiosa; or, my Idle Pill. This is the strangest Pill of 'em all, for 'tis neither Diaphoretic, nor Diuretic, nor Hydrotic, nor Hypnotic, nor yet Emetic; that is to say, it neither operates by Stool, nor Urine, nor Sleep, nor Vomit; and yet makes a shift to do its Business, by doing nothing at all, as some Lawyers do theirs, by being bribed to hold their Tongues.

Fourthly, My Pillula Anti-Monastica; or, my Anti-Monastic-pill. A Man who takes one of these Pills before he stirs out of his Lodgings, tho' he owe as much Money as the two late Sheriffs were worth, yet may go and whet his Knife safely and securely at the Compter-Gate, and the Devil of a Serjeant dares meddle with him, by reason of some wonderful *Effluvioms*, it sends out of the *Thorax*; very useful for breaking Tradesmen, disbanded Officers, and others, in the same Predicament. In fine, 'tis infinitely better and cheaper than a Protection from a L—rd or a P—nt-man. Tho' I constantly keep sixty Operators at work, yet I can hardly serve the Town for their Occasions. I would say more of it, but an ancient Gentlewoman, who has buried four Husbands, and is in hopes to bury the fifth, stays for me below in the Parlour, to have her Fortune told: So, Gentlemen, adieu till next Wednesday.

From the Globe and Urinal in Moor-fields, next Door to the Gun. Yours, &c.

Sylvester Partridge.

From Nov. 27. to Dec. 3.

Gentlemen,

THE Hebrew Language, [I know I shall be censured for making this Ostentation of my Learning, however, I am resolved to go on with my Show; but] the Hebrew Language, I say, is the most expressive significant Language in the whole World, as will appear by the following Instances; the Hebrew Word for Women, signifies Forgetfulness; and I'll appeal to you, whether any thing

can be more *Emphatical*; Don't the frequent *Eloping*, in *Fleet-Street*, *Cheapside*, and all *Parts* of the *City*, shew, that the first thing your married *Women* forget, is their *Marriage-Vow*, and their *Duty* to their *Husbands*? Thus likewise in the same *Tongue*, the same *Phrase* expresses both *Death* and *Marriage*. Now, tell me *Gentlemen*, is not *Marriage* the *Death* of *Love*? and does not *Experience* shew, that most *Men* had better go to their *Graves* than the *Nuptial-Bed*? They also use the same *Word* to express a *Beau* and a *Butterfly*; and it is not the whole *Essence* of a *Beau* express'd in that of the gaudy *Insect* abovementioned? And lastly, *Gentlemen*, to come to the *Point* I drive at, (for I would not tire you with too many *Particulars*) one *Hebrew Word* signifies both *Physicians* and *Dead Men*; and indeed, as the *World* is mangled at present, a *Man* may reckon himself as good as dead, who goes to consult a *Doctor*; so much is the noble *Art* of *Physick* debauch'd of late!

THE two *Epidemical Diseases* of *England*, are the *Scurvy* and *Consumption*. They were all reigning *Distempers* of this *Island* a thousand *Years* before *Julius Caesar* came to make us a *Visit*; as any *Man* that desires to be satisfied, will find by the *Historians* of those *Times*; and so they still continue, notwithstanding we have had so many famous *Physicians* among us. Now is it not a *Shame*, a most horrid *Shame*, that the most *Protestant Lungs* in the *Universe*, and those which deliver the most *Evangelical Truths*, should be invaded by this fatal *Disease*? And is it not a thousand *Pities* that a *People* who have the purest *Souls* should have the nastiest *Bodies*?

I have blush'd, nay, I profess, I have been scandaliz'd, when some *Foreigners* from *China*, *Bisnagar*, *Circassia*, *Trebexond*, and *Mingrelia*, have come to see me, and desired me to carry them to our *Churches* in the *Winter*. I have been scandaliz'd, I say, to hear such *Barking*, and *Wheezing*, and *Coughing* there, when they have nothing like it in *Lapland*, *Norway*, and *Livonia*, which *Countries* lie so much

more

more to the *Northward* than we do. Some ancient Alderman or Deputy of a Ward first begins the Harmony; then, like a Train of Wildfire, it impudently runs up to the Communion-Table. After this, it gets into the Side-Isles, and then, Good Lord! there's such a Noise, that no Body's a Farthing the better for going to Church! The Parson loses all his fine Quotations out of *Gregory* and *Chrysostome*, which cost him so many precious Hours the *Saturday* before; the People lose the End of their coming to Church, which was to hear those Learned Quotations; the honest Clark loses a delicious Quaver upon one of *John Hopkins's Ekes* and *Ayes*, being most maliciously interrupted in his Melody by a Whoreson Cough. In short, Parson, Clark and Congregation are all Losers.

Now, to obviate and prevent this Disgrace of our three Kingdoms, I have been thirty Years and upwards contriving my *Anti-tussient Pills*, which are compounded of those admirable Balsamic Ingredients, that Gentlemen, the Party that takes them, may lie up to his Chin in Water for a Fortnight together, or cover himself all over in Snow, as naked as when he came first into the World, and if he coughs forty Years after that, I am content to lose my Ears. Let any Man, that distrusts the Vertue of my *Anti-tussient Pills*, make the Experiment; and if, as I have said before, he cough forty Years after that, I engage, before this honourable Company, to be his Bond-slave.

And then as for the *Scourvy*, which seems to have set up her Head-quarters in *Wales* and *Scotland*, I have found out a *Pulvis Mundificativus*; altho' a Man made as wretched a Figure as a patient Gentleman, who has been very much abused by a certain City Knight, did upon the Dunghil, yet in a Minute, I'll make him *Rectus in Corpore*.

But, Gentlemen, my Talent is not confined only to these two Distempers; I practice alike upon all Diseases, and with the same Success and Facility.

Show

Show me a Fellow that has got as much Water in his *Abdomen*, as will fill the *Tun of Heidelberg*; show me, I say, such a Fellow, if you dare. I would willingly ride two Thousand Miles at my own Expence to see such a Sight. Now, you'll say, what will you do with him, when you have got him? Why, before you can answer me what's this, I'll tap his *Abdomen*, and set him to rights.

Show me a *Scrotum*, distended to the size of honest Mr. *Moxon's* Globe upon *Atlas's* Shoulders in *Warwick-Lane*, I'll reduce it to its Pristine State, while a *Vir-tuoso* at *Child's* is supping his dish of Coffee.

Show me a Son of *Bacchus*, who by his indefatigable lifting up his Hand to his Head, and his nocturnal Industry, has acquired as many Pimples in his Face, as there are Jewels in *Lombard-street*, nay, whose Phyz is so fiery and rubicund, that it would put the last Conflagration out of Countenance: I have a Water, that in a Moment, shall extinguish all these *Vulcano's*, and make him look as fair as a Sinner newly come out of the Powdering-Tub, or, if you please, as pale as a Guinea-dropper, when he's carried before a worshipful Justice.

Show me a Man so pitted by the Small-pox, that his Face looks like the Map of *Switzerland*, with the Hills and Vallies in it, with my *Lympha Cosmetica*, or my *Levelling Drops*, I'll make it as even as a Bowling-Green.

But what I most value myself upon, and indeed I defy any Doctor within the Bills of Mortality (you see I circumscribe them, Gentlemen, within their own Dominions) to do the like. I have so improv'd the ancient and laudable Art of *Ouro-manteia*, or *Ouro-scopy*, that is to say, of all prognosticating future Contingents by Urine, that the like was never heard of in *Europe*. I know that several Blockheads pretend to tell a Man the present State of his Body by seeing his Urine, (and what Fool by the Broth, cannot make a shift to guess what Meat is in the Pot?) but I have carried my Disquisitions much farther; As for Instance, let an *Attorney* bring me his Water, and I

will

will tell him how his Client's Cause will go in *Westminster-hall*, and whether any of his Adversary's Wit-
nesses are like to perjure themselves. Let a young
Maiden shew me but a Thimble-full of her Urine,
and I will resolve her when she shall be married,
how many Children she shall have, and what their
respective Fortunes shall be. This, Gentlemen, may
suffice at present, to let you see I can do somewhat
more than my Brethren. Next *Wednesday* I shall ad-
dress myself to the Ladies.

From the Globe and Urinal
in Moor-fields, next door
to the Gun.

Yours, &c.

Silvester Partridge.

From Dec. 30. to Dec. 11.

Ladies,

I suppose it will be granted me, without much Difficulty,
that Beauty is the greatest Privilege and Blessing which
Heaven has bestowed upon your Sex; even Virtue itself, as
magnificently as some People love to talk of it, is inferior
to Beauty. This you'll think to be a Paradox, but 'tis ea-
sily demonstrated. Is it not the Business of Virtue to wait
upon Beauty, and to guard it from all rude Invaders?
Now, will any Man in his sober Senses maintain, that my
Ladies Gentlewoman is above her Mistress? By the same
sort of Reasoning he might as well pretend, that a surly
Beef-eater is as good a Man as his Majesty, which Heaven
forbid.

THIS to this happy Qualification, I mean to
your Beauty, Ladies, that you owe all your
Conquests and Acquisitions. Charity may carry a
Woman into a Nunnery, but it will never prefer
her to a Monarch's Embraces; and Money, the most
powerful Magnet next to Beauty, tho' it brings you
abundance of Hypocrites, was never guilty of making
one real Lover since the Creation; 'tis by your Beau-
ty that you make so many of your Admirers hang
and drown themselves every Year, to the unspeak-
able Satisfaction and Comfort of your Hearts. By
this you triumph over the Severity of the Wise, the
Indifference of the Insensible, and the Resolution of the
the

the Brave. This made *Julius Caesar*, and after him *Mark-Antony*, to lay their Lawrels in *Cleopatra's* Lap. *Judith's* Eyes first pierc'd *Holoferne's* Heart, before her Hands smote off his Head. *Hercules*, tho' his Sinews were as strong as Cable-Ropes, yet a single Hair of his Mistress *Omphale* drag'd him whither she pleas'd.

How many gallant Officers do we daily see in our Streets, who, at the Siege of *Namur*, march'd up boldly to the very Mouth of the Canon, and receiv'd no harm, that have been since wounded by the fatal Glances of the *Belinda's* and *Melanissa's*, in the Park and Play-house?

Not to insist any longer upon this Head, 'tis plain, that the Prize was long ago determin'd in favour of Beauty by *Priam's* judicious Son, upon Mount *Ida*, when the three Goddesses appeared before him in their *Puris Naturalibus*, and that nothing in the World was able to maintain its Ground against it. It disarms *Fortitude*, it blinds the Eyes of *Justice*, it has betray'd *Prudence* into a thousand Follies, and has inveigled *Temperance* into a Female Coffee-house, where it has taught her to debauch in wicked Cherry-brandey and Dr. *Stephens's* Water. In fine, Ladies, had it not been for this, ten to one but the Men had long ago practis'd a piece of Jewish Policy upon your Sex, and contriv'd separate Apartments for you in their Houses, as the Sons of Circumcision still do in their *Synagogues*.

Can you then ever do enough, Ladies, for the Man who (by Heaven's Blessing upon his indefatigable Application and Industry) has attain'd to the Secret of not only continuing this Blessing to you, but even of bestowing it upon those whom Nature never befriended with it; who has found out an Antidote against those terrible Things call'd *Wrinkles*, and can secure all your Charms to the last moment of your Life? Ought you not to hang up his Picture in your Bed-chambers and Closets? Ought you not to erect Statues to him, since by a Contrivance much more surprizing than that of a Modern Virtuoso's making a Burning-Glass of Ice, he can teach

your Eyes, even at Fourscore, to inflame Hearts,
and burn 'em to Tinder ?

You complain of the great Inconstancy of the
Men, and indeed, I will not pretend wholly to ex-
cuse them ; but alas, Ladies ! you'll soon drop this
Accusation, if you consider that your Faces are as
changeable as they. When you have once seen
Twenty, that impudent Underminer, Time daily
steals a Charm from you ; and, Why should the
Loadstone complain of the Iron for not dancing At-
tendance after it, when it has lost its attractive Ver-
tue ? Lovers are of the Religion of the *Persians*, wor-
ship the Rising-Sun, and never mind him when he
declines. In short, Ladies, Love follows Beauty,
as the Shadow follows the Body ; and for a Woman
to dream of getting Gallants when that has left her,
is to expect as great a Miracle as Transubstantiation
wrought in her Favour, where the Accidents con-
tinue when the Substance that supported 'em is de-
molish'd. But this, I presume, is no Age for Mi-
racles.

*What farther Discoveries I have made in my Profession,
for the Service of your Sex, I intend to publish in my next,
and in the mean Time beg leave to subscribe myself,*

Yours, &c.

*From the Globe and Urinal
in Moor-fields, next door
to the Gun.*

Sylvester Partridge:

From Dec. 11. to Dec. 18.

Ladies,

Beauty is so unspeakable an Advantage, and a Jewel
of such inestimable Value to the Possessors of it, that
you must excuse me if I presume to preach to you upon the
same Subject again ; which I purposely do, that you may
take the more care to preserve it ; for, between Friends be
it said, a Woman that neglects her Beauty, is in a fair
way to neglect her Soul.

Whatever has been said by some Orators con-
cerning the mighty Power of Eloquence,
may

may with more Justice be attributed to *Beauty*; 'tis the most perswading Advocate in the World, by the same Token, that it pleads its Cause even when it is silent. If it appears at Court, every Door flies open to receive it; gouty decrepid Ministers of State, who are deaf to all the World besides, would not stir from their Couch to hear a Bishop, run and listen to it with Admiration and Pleasure. If 'tis engaged in a Law-suit, it softens the austere Judge; nay, the best Councillor of them all is proud to open its Cause. At Church, and at both Theatres, it draws the Eyes of all Spectators; it confers Grace and Greek, for it makes Deans and Prebends; it confers Fortitude too, for it makes Colonels and Captains; it draws Shoals of Customers to the *Coffee-house* or *Tavern* where it inhabits; it begets numberless Serenades and Sonnets; In short, its Name is written in all Glass Windows.

Soma have ventured to make a Parallel between Music and Beauty, but with great Injustice to the latter, in my Opinion; for, Ladies, to express myself like a Philosopher, that which we receive in at our Ears, makes infinitely a weaker Impression upon us, than what our Eyes convey to us; but this is not all, for Beauty is the Mother of Musick, as appears by the numberless Songs that are made to it; and is't not ridiculous to the last Degree, to prefer the Obligation to the Divinity that receives it? If *Orpheus* and *Amphion* drew Stones after them by the Influence of their Harmony. I'll appeal to you, Ladies, whether Beauty has not done the same thing a Thousand Times, and all by the Power and Prevalence of its Charms.

But, alas! when a Person, let her Condition and Quality be what it pleases, has once lost this Treasure, she may shut up her Exchequer; she's perfectly dead to this wicked World, and is no more regarded by the Sparks of the Town, than the *Barometer-Papers* are by the Tradesmen, since they have been so wickedly bilk'd by them. What is more afflicting her very Husband, who was necessary in part to the

De.

Destruction of her Beauty, Ladies, you know my Meaning without explaining myself farther, looks upon her with the same Contempt and Scorn, as he does upon a Play that has been thrice damn'd; all that such an unfortunate Person has left her to do, is to administer to the Pleasures of others, when she is past them herself; which is as great and mortifying a Fall, as it would be in a Gentleman that used to play upon his own Head at the *Groom-Porter's*, to content himself with being an humble Spectator, or dealing the Cards to the rest of the Gamesters.

And as for those unfortunate Women that never enjoy'd it, ought they not to run barefoot to the *North Pole*? ought they not to cut the *Equinoctial* and visit both *Indies* to procure that Qualification, (if it were possible for Travelling to procure it), which would not only to protect them from Contempt, but give 'em an Empire over all that beheld them? But, Ladies, you need not give yourselves the Trouble to travel so far; you that have Beauty, and are willing to preserve it, and you that were born without it, and desire to obtain it, need only make a small Visit to Dr. *Silvester Partridge*, next Door to the Gun in *Moorfields*, and he will do both your Business for you effectually.

It may be said perhaps, that no young Woman in the World ever thought herself dull, and consequently that this Advice is lost to them; but to prevent this Objection, I have at home a *Speculum Veritatis*, or an *Impartial Looking-Glass*, which no Astrologer in the Universe has besides myself, into which, whoever looks, he shall soon spy all his Infirmities; the Wit shall find himself to be a Coxcomb, and the Lady shall own herself to be Deformed, altho' she is a Dutcheess.

Does it not then highly behove, (pardon me, Ladies, if I express myself with some Warmth) does it not highly behove every individual Woman in the Three Kingdoms, who possesses so precious a Flower, to cherish and nurse it up with all the Care imaginable? Is she not obliged in Point of Reputation and

and Interest (whatever you, Ladies, may think of the former, I am sure you ought not to neglect the latter) to maintain the thing that contributes so much to her Peace at home, and her Satisfaction abroad? And can any thing be more unnatural, than to omit the preserving of that Structure, and suffer it to run to Decay, upon which her Security as well as Pleasure depends?

But, Ladies, lest I should seem to invade your own Prerogative, which is that of Talking more than comes to my Share, I will here break short and conclude. Next *Wednesday* I intend to hold-forth to you upon these three great Destroyers of *Beauty*, *Paint*, *Cold-Tea*, and *Ratifa*; and in the mean time am

*From the Globe and Urinal
in Moor-fields, next door
to the Gun.*

Tours, &c.

Sylvester Partridge.

A Collection of Original LETTERS on several Occasions.

Written by Mr. Tho. Brown.

The PREFACE.

HAVING been concern'd in two or three Collections of Letters, that found a better Reception than I cou'd have expected, I was encourag'd to attempt a new one wholly by myself; and that I might the better succeed in this Design, I resolv'd not only to make my Choice out of those Authors, that are acknowledged on all Hands to have perform'd the best in the Epistolary way, but also to select the most entertaining Parts out of them, and do them all the Justice in our Language that I was capable of. How far I have executed this Design, I wholly submit myself to the Reader, tho' I think I may, without Vanity, affirm, that few Miscellane-
ous

ties of this Nature have been compil'd either out of better Authors, or can shew a greater Variety. For the Reader's farther Ease and Convenience, I have likewise taken care all along to prefix the Argument before every Letter, that if he dislikes one Subject, he may turn to another that will give him more Satisfaction; and now, because it may not be improper to inform him what Authors I have been beholden to, I will briefly run them over, and give a short Account of them as they fall in my way.

I shall begin with Tully's familiar Letters, under which Name we are not only to comprehend such as were written by that excellent Patriot and Orator himself, but likewise those of his Friends that maintain'd a Correspondence with him. The ingenious Monsieur de St. Evremond, in a Discourse address'd to the Marschal de Crequi, which begins the 2d Volume of his Works, has very well observ'd, that the Roman Noblemen, whose Letters are to be found among Cicero's, are rather superior to his than come short of them, as well in point of Language, as the delicacy and justness of their Thoughts: And I believe the famous Brutus's Letter, which ushers in this Collection, will clearly shew, that Monsieur de St. Evremond has advanc'd nothing here but what is agreeable to Truth.

Nothing certainly was ever writ with more Impetuosity and Spirit; the true Character of an austere inflexible Republican shines in every Line, particularly the *Quid si nolit* has an Air of Haughtiness and Fierceness in it, which 'tis impossible to equal. Upon shewing my Translation of this Letter to a learned Friend, who to his incomparable Mastership of the English, has join'd no less a Skill in the Greek and Latin Languages, he was pleas'd to tell me, that several judicious Criticks look'd upon this Letter to be spurious, and written by some Sophist, on purpose to try how he could personate that great Man; and their Reason was, add'd he because it by no means agrees with Brutus's Character, who, as Plutarch observes in his Life, affected the Laconic Way, of which he gives us two or three Instances, whereas this is a prolix long Letter, and written in the declamatory Manner. But I beg'd leave to dissent from these Gentlemen for, in the first place, I think 'tis a plain Case, that this Epistle is infinitely above the narrow Talent of those

serdid

sordid Imposers upon the World, the Sophists; and secondly, tho' Brutus, when he writ in the Character of a General deliver'd himself as compendiously as he could (and the Letters Plutarch takes notice of, are only of that kind) yet what should hinder him, when he writ like a private Person to Tully, his intimate Friend, upon so important an Occasion too, as that of Augustus's seizing the Government into his hands, to give full Liberty to his Resentments, and display that Eloquence of which he is confess'd to have been so great a Master? I have often wonder'd why some late Writers should censure Tully's Letters for being too naked and jejune, when that to his Friend Lucceius, which the Reader will find in this Collection, is a plain Demonstration to the contrary. I own, indeed, that the generality of his familiar Letters, which he addresses to his Friends, are written in all the Simplicity imaginable, without that Pomp and Magnificence of Figures which reigns in most of his other Writings, and so they ought to be, otherwise he had made an unseasonable Ostentation of his Rhetorick: Not but, whenever his Subject requir'd it, we find he could deliver himself in a more elevated and figurative Stile; tho' after all I would much rather read those Letters of his, that have the least bestow'd upon 'em, than the most laborious Compositions of Balzac, whose Thoughts; especially in his younger Works, are seldom just or natural.

As for Pliny, indeed, I confess his Manner is too affected to please; and having formerly translated some of his Letters without Success, for that Reason I would venture but upon one of them now, which only containing general Advice how a young Gentleman ought to regulate his Studies; and coming from so great a Master as we must own him to be, I thought, might very well deserve a Place in such a Miscellany as this.

And now 'tis time I should say something of Aristænetus, some of whose Letters I published about two Years ago, in the first Volume of Voiture, and, unless my Friends flatter'd me, were some of the most diverting in that Collection. This encourag'd me to bestow a second reading upon him, to see whether I could not find a few more in him that deserved to be put into an English Dress, and I hope I have made no injudicious Choice. As for the Author himself,

no ancient Writer, that I know of, makes the least mention of him; however, it plainly appears by a Passage in his Epist. 26. 1. that he lived after the translation of the Empire to Constantinople; for he not only talks of Caramallus, the famous Pantomime, whom we find mentioned by Sidonius Apollinaris, who flourish'd a little after him, but he speaks of old and new Rome, which latter was the Name of Byzantium under the Greek Emperors. To speak impartially of him, he is little better than a purloiner of the Authors before him, particularly of Plato and Lucian, whose Phrases, as well as Thoughts, he often borrows, and inserts among his own. In short, he gives good Hints, and that is all, for most of the Pleasantry that the Reader will find in his Letters are entirely my own.

After him come Balzac and Voiture, of whom I will say the least, because their Characters are so well known. Both of 'em were undoubtedly Men of Wit and Eloquence, but their greatest Defect, in my Opinion, is the little or no Variety that any observing Reader must needs discover in 'em, for Balzac is an everlasting Dealer in Hyperboles; and as for Voiture, if we expect some few of his Letters, that are truly elevated and sublime, to rob him of his dearly beloved Irony, is to take away from him at once, all that is either beautiful or agreeable in him. As it was my Design to pick out their best Compositions of this Nature, I would not rely upon my own Judgment, but suffer'd myself to be govern'd by Monsieur Perrault, who having made it his Business, in his *Parrallele des Anciens & des Modernes*, to bring some of his own Countrymen into the List with the Ancients, we may be sure, would take care to single out their most shining Performances; tho', for my part, I think he had done more wisely to have let this Controversy alone, and not engaged his French Authors in a Competition that has turn'd so much to their Disadvantage.

The Chevalier de Her*** commonly suppos'd to be the famous Mons. Fontenelle under that feign'd Name, and Mons. de Pays come after them. 'Tis certain they have more Variety and Humour than Voiture, tho' they fall infinitely short of him in the Elegance and Purity of their Diction, in the Elevation of their Thoughts, and fineness of their Raillery. However, the Subjects they write upon are generally

generally well chosen and diverting, and their Management of 'em pleasant enough, so that one may justly say of them, that they are no ill Copiers of Voiture in the Comic way.

To acquaint the Reader now with the Method I have observ'd in my translating of these Authors, I am to inform him, that in the Latin Letters, as likewise in those of Balzac and Voiture, I have allow'd myself no greater a Freedom than what any Man may be suppos'd to take, that wou'd make it his Business to please. I have neither added to them nor retrench'd from them, but only endeavour to do them Justice in English. As for Aristanetus, Fontenelle, and Mons. de Pays, I have not so religiously kept up to their Originals, but frequently left out what I thought improper, and inserted a deal of my own, as I saw occasion.

I intended at first that one half at least of this Volume shou'd have consisted of Original Letters of my own, but having swelled it unawares to a much greater bigness than I imagin'd, I was forced to drop that Design, and content myself with only two or three, which the Reader will find at the Conclusion. Not but that the translating most of the French Letters, gave me as much Trouble as if I had written them out of my own Fund. However, if this Collection has the good fortune to please. (and I may safely say, that no Care has been wanting on my side to make it succeed) I may take an opportunity to publish a Set of my own Letters next Winter, addressed to several Gentlemen of my Acquaintance in Town, wherein I make it to appear, that we come not much short of our Neighbours, even in this way of Writing, as 'tis plain we have outdone them in most of the rest.

I have nothing more to add, but only say a Word or two about the Certamen Epistolare between the Attorney and the dead Parson. I had the first Hint of it a few Years ago, at one of our Universities, where a Frolick of that nature was actually play'd, and pleased me so well, that I resolv'd to attempt something of that kind, whenever I had a proper Opportunity.

Yours, &c.

THO. BROWN.

To his Honour'd Friend, Dr. Baynard at the Bath.

Dear Doctor,

July 6. 99.

While here in Town we are almost roasted by the hot Weather, and the Sun plays so warmly on us, that some People who were of no Religion before, talk of turning *Adamites* in their own Defence; I cannot but laugh to think what a blessed Pickle you are in at the Bath, where such Crowds of you Stew in so little a Pipkin; where you broil upon the Earth, parboil in the Water, and breathe the Composition of Gunpowder; or, were there nothing extraordinary in your Soil, your Climate, or the Season of the Year, where you have pretty Ladies enough to set you all on Fire, though you were two or three Degrees more to the North than Lapland, and I were writing to you now in the midst of January. This is the first Summer since the Revolution, that the Sun has been pleased to dispense any Favours to us, for hitherto we have had as little Reason to complain of his Benignity to us, as the Politicks of our Statesmen. Our Fruits have ripen'd without the Influence of the one, as our Affairs have made a shift to rub on without any great Conjuring on the Part of the other. But to leave off these censorious Reflections upon our Statesmen, and return to the Sun that occasion'd them, this noble Planet, that ripens the Grape, will likewise ripen Fevers, and other such generous Distempers, to the great Joy of the Poets and Physicians; and Phæbus, their common Father, will encourage his own Tribe by raising up a new Stock of Wines and Diseases. Indeed, where you are, it is almost impossible for the Gentlemen of the Faculty to want Business; for, if our last Advices from the Bath don't deceive us, you have almost as many Doctors upon the Spot as you have Patients, that watch the coming in of every Coach, as nicely as a young Boy at the University does the Return of the Carrier, and ply at all the Corners of Streets as regularly as the Watermen do at Temple-Stairs: But it has long ago been observ'd of you Physicians, as of the Lawyers, that they will find or make Work where-

ever they come? and accordingly I knew a little Town in *Essex*, where the *Inhabitants*, time out of Mind, had lived in an *uninterrupted* *Tranquillity*, as the happy *Indians* did in *America*, before the *Spaniards* came to beat up their Quarters; but upon an *Attorney's* coming to reside among 'em, the Face of *Affairs* was immediately alter'd, Tenants conspir'd against their Landlords, Hostlers revolted from their Masters, and Apprentices took up Arms against their lawful Tyrants: There was nothing but rubbing out of Milk and Alehouse Scores, to the everlasting Confusion of their Country *Arithmeses*; not a Tithe-egg could be had without an *Action*, nor a Pig under a Suit in *Chancery*. A Spirit of *Division* had crept into every Family. Maids betray'd their Mistresses, Girls rebell'd against their Grandmothers, and Sweet-hearts deserted their confiding Damsels; in short, every Man stood as much upon his own Guard, as if he had been in an *Enemy's* Country; these were the blessed Effects of the *Lawyer's* living amongst 'em.

Now, Doctor, it were a very hard Case, if, having so much Credit at the Bath, you cou'd not do as much for yourself as the abovemention'd *Attorney* did to promote his own *Business*; if you cou'd not *Philosophically* reason People into *Distempers* they were never troubled with, like the *Dissenting* Parsons that *Fly-blow* their Hearers with *Scruples* they knew nothing of before: If you cou'd not cure them of Ails they never felt, and leave behind you *Maladies* you never found upon them. But I am inform'd that the *Tub-Preachers* are very much *dissatisfied* that you invade their *Prerogative* of Hell. Your hot and cold Baths (they say) put their *Brimstone* and *Ice* out of Countenance; and 'tis reported, that by the *skilful* Management of your Torments, by scalding your Patients at the Bath in *July*, and freezing them at *Islington* in *December*, you've broke half the Retailers of the Terrors of *Pluto's* Kingdom.

But to come now to the *News* of the Town, we have had an *Apparition* lately, stranger than any in *Glanwill* or *Aubry*; for it has appeared in the Streets at

at Noon-day, and thousands of People are ready to depose they have seen it. By this strange Apparition, I mean the *White Parson*, so call'd from his wearing a *white* Hatband, Scarf and Surcingle, by which he *distinguishes* himself from the rest of his Brethren. I cou'd wish you had been here in *Holbourn* t'other Morning, to have seen his *Cavalcade*: He rode up the Hill as great as a Prince, and, like other *Princes*, signalized his Entry with printed *Declarations*, with a great Rabble of loud-mouth'd Hawkers, Male and Female, *bellowing* it on every side of him; and 'tis suppos'd by the *Learned* in *Astrology*, that he will keep this Declaration as *Religiously* as some other *Princes* beyond Sea have kept theirs: In short, he pretends to preach the Gospel *Gratis*, and indeed, as he manages it, it is pity he shou'd have a *Fartbing* for it: He calls the rest of his Cloth *Hirelings*, only for taking what the *Law* allows them; tho', unless the Fellow is bely'd, he would accept of a *Pot* of Ale from a Chimney-sweeper, and has preach'd a hundred times upon a *Joint-stool* for a pickl'd *Herring*, and a *Porringer* of burnt Brandy. The *Rozinante*, on which this *Don Quixote* rode, had a Laurel-garland about his Head, and I dare swear, deserv'd the *Bays* as well as his *Master*; for the Wretch, as I am inform'd, is troubled with a *Whore* of a Wife, and a *Jilt* of a Muse, but the latter is the more common *Prostitute* of the two.

But, dear Doctor, *News* is as scarce in Town as *Fees* at the *Bath*, and it falls out *unluckily* for you and me, that we must *change* Places, to find what we want: for I hear you have a Mint at the *Bath* for *Scandal*, as we have here for *Money*; so that 'tis but *shifting* the Scene, and we may draw *Bills* upon one another, to answer our several Occasions, till when, I am,

Your most humble, &c.

Melanissa to Alexis.

Give me leave, my dearest *Alexis*! give me leave, who love you better than my *Life*, to lay some of your *Failings* before you, and if I express myself with a little more *warmth* than becomes me, you will easily

easily forgive this Freedom, unless I am mightily *mistaken* in your Temper, when you find it *wholly* regard your own *Interest* and *Welfare*. It is not without a *sensible* Concern, that I see you *abandon* yourself to the *Bottle* of late ; a young Fellow, but especially one like *Alexis*, ought to devote himself to another *Divinity* ! Old-age indeed may be *allow'd* to supply its defect of *Warmth* with *Wine* : but Youth, as it needs it not, so Nature advises it to pursue a more agreeable Game.

But can any thing in the World be so *absurd*, as to forfeit ourselves with *Cordials*, when we have not the *least* Indisposition ?

To convince you then that my Complaint is neither *unjust* nor *unreasonable*, I, who know so little of the World, and have nothing but *Nature* to guide me ; I, who am a *Stranger* to Language and Stile, and consequently must *maim* my Thoughts, for want of knowing how *properly* to express them, will endeavour to describe to you a Night, as it passes away in the *Embraces* of an agreeable *Mistress*, accompany'd with all the *Transports* and *Tendernesses* of Love, and the Night, as it is commonly *spent* by what the Town call Men of *Wit* and *Pleasantry*, at the *Rose* or *Blue-Posts*.

The *Play* is now over, and the Sparks, who while it was *acting* rallied the *Visor-Masques*, *laugh'd* aloud at their own No-jests, *censur'd* the Dress and Beauty of all the Ladies in the Boxes ; and, in short, minded every thing but the Representation that *brought* them thither ; begin now to *file* off, and gravely debate how and where to spend the Evening ; at last the *Tavern* is pitch'd upon, the Room taken, and our learned *Criticks* in Pleasure seat themselves round the Table.

The *Master* of the House is the *first* Person they send to *advise* with ; who, after a thousand Cringes and Scrapes, tells 'em, he has the best *Champaign* and *Burgundy* in Town, and is sure to ask an *exorbitant* Price for t, tho' it is a vile nasty *Mixture* of his own *Brewing*. After a *long* and *foolish* Dispute, the Rate is adjusted, Napkins are called for, the Muff, Sword,
and

and Peruke nicely laid up, and now something like *Business* comes forward.

When these *grand Preliminaries* are settled, the next *important Debate* is, what they must eat? so the *Cook* is sent for, who recommends to them something *Nice* and *Dear*; this Difficulty with much ado got over, the *Glasses* plentifully walk round, to blunt and weaken that Appetite which they pretend to excite by it.

And now their *Hearts* begin to open, and their *Tongues* to communicate their most secret *Thoughts*. The topping *Beauties* of the Town are the first Subjects of their Conversation, and this is so ample a Field, that they soon lose their Way in it; one Boasts of *Favours* receiv'd from a Lady, and is very particular as to the *Moles* of her Body, whom perhaps he never saw any where but at the *Play-house*; another toasts a Countess, whom he pretends to admire in a most extraordinary manner, and gives broad *Items* of some condescending *Steps* she lately made towards him; after which he wipes his Mouth most demurely. In short, 'tis resolv'd by the Board, *Nemine contradicente*, that there is not one honest Woman in the three Kingdoms, who has Beauty enough to gain her a Lover.

When this Argument is pretty well exhausted, the next thing they talk of, is the *Authors* of the Town, and what *Books* and *Plays* have lately appeared; upon this Head every Man in the Company affects to discover a peculiar Taste and Judgment, and thinks he shews his *Wit* by finding Faults where there are none; the *Play*, whatever it is, is taken to pieces; the *Plot*, upon Examination, is found either to be stoln, or not to be well unravell'd; the *Scenes* are languishing, the *Characters* threadbare, or not worth a Farthing; in fine, the *Poet* is sent to the Devil for want of Wit, as the pert Critick thinks he shews his, by condemning what he doth not understand.

All this while the ungodly Brimmer walks incessantly round the Table, the Company soon dwindles into private Cabals, every Man talks busily to his Neighbour, Affairs of State are determin'd, this Minister is displac'd, and t'other Man put into his room; the

Proceedings in *Parliament* laid down beforehand, and 'tis concluded what Regiments shall stand, and what be broken; after this, *Punctilio's* of Honour come to be discuss'd, the freshest Duels behind *Mountague-house* and *Chelsen-fields* are learnedly run over. Sir John — is a Coward for suffering Captain — to tread upon his Toes in the Pit, and not calling him to Account for it; Damn you, cries another, Jack — is as gallant a Knight as ever drew Sword, and whoever says any thing to the contrary, is a Son of a Whore and a Villain, and I'll cut his Throat; with that he throws a Bottle at t'other's Head the Glasses go to rack, the Table is overturn'd, nothing but Disorder and Confusion is in the Room, and all this Mirth and Jollity concludes in Murder.

Or if the Scene doth not end altogether so Tragical-ly, but they part Friends as they came in, ten to one but a merry Frolick is propos'd: the Quarters of some ill-natur'd Coquette are to be beaten up and her poor Windows must feel the sad Effects of their Heroick Valour; but while they are carrying on this Attack with unparallell'd Vigour and Gallantry, behold the Superintendent of the Night, with his trusty and well-beloved Janisaries, the Sparks together by the Ears, with their Perukes, Hats, and Muffs lying by 'em, the embroider'd Coat is all over cover'd with Dirt and Blood, the well-adjusted Cravat torn to Raggs, the Sword either broken or carried off in the Tumult; and thus, after a well-favour'd Drubbing, our Sparks make a shift to crawl Home to their Lodgings, if the Nocturnal Magistrate and his Canibals don't hurry 'em to New-Prison or the Round-House, the usual Sanctuary of such Adventurers.

But suppose nothing of this happens, and our merry Gentlemen get home safe from the Tavern, without any Disaster or Calamity by the way; yet the next Morning calls 'em to a severe Account, for the Misdemeanors and Intemperance of the preceding Night; their Head akes, their whole Frame is in Disorder, they are incapable of relishing either Books or Conversation; even Musick itself, with all its boasted Efficacy, is not able to allay their Pains, the most exquisite Dishes

Dishes are nauseous to 'em, they starve amidst the greatest profusion of Luxury, and *curse* that Extravagance over Night, that *starves* them the next Day in the midst of *Plenty*. 'Tis certain that I have been *favourable* in this Description, 'tis certain that I have not set down half the Disorders that accompany a Debauch while 'tis a making, nor half the ill Effects that happen after it. Let us now *turn* the Tables, to find whether *Love* can be reproach'd with any of these *Inconveniencies* that use to attend *Drunkenness*: Let us see how the Moments *wear* away in the *Embraces* of a delicious *Mistress*; and then we shall soon discover on which side the *Advantages* lie, and be able to *decide* this Controversy.

I know very well that I want *Eloquence* and *Language*, to describe the Raptures and Transports of *Love* as they *deserve*; however, I am so well assur'd of the *Goodness* of my Cause, that altho' I am an *unfit* Advocate to defend it, yet I don't much *despair* of carrying my Point.

The long-expected *Night* at last arrives, when *Amyntas* is to be made *happy* in the Arms of his belov'd *Dorinda*. With his Head full of a thousand *delightful* Ideas, (for *Love* is so *good-natur'd* as to pay his *Votaries* part of their *Pleasure* beforehand) he comes to the happy Mansion, where the chief *Treasure* of his Soul resides he *knocks* gently at the Door. the trusty Maid conducts him by the Hand in the *dark*, and leads him to her *Mistress's* Appartment.

At the *first* interview he is *wrapt* up in Silence and Astonishment, his Thoughts so *croud* upon him, that they hinder one another in the Passage; after he is a little recover'd, he endeavours to *speak*; but, alas! his Eyes talk infinitely more than his Tongue. On *her* Part, the Confusion is no less, and her Joys equally tumultuous. Thus finding themselves *unable* to discourse, they tell their Passion in *Sighs* and *Glances*; they confirm it by repeated *Kisses*, and at every *Kiss*, their *fluttering* Souls meet at their *Mouths*.

Amyntas squeezes that Hand, which almost *dissolves* in the Touch; he presses those glowing *Breasts* that

wou'd warm the coldest *Hermit* ; but all this is nothing but the *Prologue* of the succeeding *Dramma*. Love calls upon 'em for a more *substantial* Repast ; tho' they are *undrest* in a Minute, yet this very Minute seems an *Age* ; and now they are going to *tast* all that Felicity which Love can *bestow*, or Human Nature can *bear*.

The Candle is put out to *hide* the blushes of *Dorinda* ; she finds her *eager* Lover by her side, who cost her so many *Tears* and *Sighs* in private. The happy Lover is lost in a *Labyrinth* of Pleasure ; sometimes he abandons her *Breast* for her Mouth, and sometimes her *Mouth* for her *Breast*, and is only *uneasy* he cannot kiss 'em both together. He *Faints*, he grows giddy with the Excess of Joy ; nothing but *half-form'd* Words and Murmurs can come from him ; at last he approaches Love's *Altar*, at last he—But here my Pen *fails* me, I am forc'd to draw a *Veil* over those Raptures, which 'tis not in the *Power* of mortal Eloquence to represent.

Thus our happy *Lovers*, after they have paid repeated *Obligations* to Love, lye intranced in one anothers *Arms*, and act over in their busy *Dreams* the *delicious* Scene that so transported 'em *waking*.

The Morning *approaches*, and awakens the transported Pair ; *Amyntas* is beholden to its *Light* for shewing him the *Nymph*, in whose Embraces he so *agreeably* past the Night. She *charmed* him in the Dark, she ravishes in the Light ; and the only *Uneasiness* that attends their Happiness, is *Impatience* to repeat the Bliss.

Both the *Lovers* rise *equally* satisfy'd with having done their Parts, with Gaiety in their *Looks*, and Satisfaction in their *Souls* : Parting gives them some *Pain*, but that is sufficiently *recompenced* at their next Meeting.

Thus I have endeavour'd, my *Alexis*, to shew what a vast *Difference* there is between a Night *murder'd* in the Excess of Wine, and a Night *consecrated* to Love.

Tho' no Truth is more *evident* than this ; yet our *Youth*, possess'd by what fatal Stupidity I cannot tell, generally *Sacrifice* to the Deity who rewards the most *constant* Worshippers the worst. Instead of *following* the Dictates of *Nature*, whom they ought to *obey*, they treat her like an *Enemy*, and profane those *Temples* where they ought to pay their Devotions.

I know well enough, that you Gentlemen don't much care to be *advised* by those frail Things call'd *Women*, and perhaps too you will tell me that *Interest* has made me say all this. However, let me conjure you to bestow a few *Thoughts* upon what I have offer'd to you, and believe that no one *loves* you so *dearly* and *tenderly* as *Melanissa*.

To Mr. M—C— a Litigious Country Attorney; a Letter of Gallantry.

Worthy Sir,

THAT I am no *Stranger* to your *Character* (tho', I bless my Stars for it, I am to your *Person*) you'll soon find, if you'll give yourself the trouble to read the following Lines; there is no great *Pleasure* indeed in drawing *Monsters*; however, since it may be of *Publick* Advantage to have 'em *described* in their true proper Colours, that others may *avoid* and *detest* 'em, I have *ventur'd* at the Task, and how well I have *performed* it, leave yourself to be Judge. To *accommodate* myself to the *Dialect* of your Profession, I will begin my Letter like a Bond, with a *Noverint* *Universi*; and may all Men accordingly *know* by these Presents, That Mr. M. C. is the veriest *pettifogging* Rascal that ever scandaliz'd a *Green Bag*, or came within the Walls of *Westminster-Hall*.

I have often wonder'd that Providence shou'd be at the *Trouble* and *Expence* of Disordering the whole *Fabrick* of *Nature*, when it has decreed to *punish* us with *Dearth*s and *Famines*, since it may go a more *compendious* Way to work, and effect all these *Calamities* by the Ministry of *Lawyers*. Give a true *Lawyer* but Pen, Ink, and Parchment, and I dare engage he will *starve* the Country ten Miles round him. The most odious Animals, and the most *contemptible* Insects have some *use* or other, *living* or *dead*, or at least serve to *diversify* the Universe; Toads, they say, suck up the *Venom* of the Earth; Snakes are *useful* in *Medicine*; but it wou'd puzzle the *wisest* Naturalist to find out any thing good in a Lawyer; I mean such *abominable Incendaries* as thou art, who thrive by *Rapine*,

and fatten upon *Extortion*, and build their own *Fortune* upon the *destruction* of those poor Wretches who fly to them for *Justice*. We see *puny* Rascals, of a *lower* Class, *traff*'d up every Sessions, for *petty* Rogueries to thine; for *easing* the Hedges of some lousy *Linnen*, for *nim-ming* of *Cloaks*, *stealing* of supernumerary *Spoons*, &c. when *Giagantic* overgrown Villians, like thyself, set a whole Country together by the Ears, and pick their Pockets during the Fray, yet are far from being call'd to an Account for it. But tho', Sir, these worthy Gentlemen have Tricks and Evasions enough to *escape* Justice here, yet they pay *Cent. per Cent.* Interest for their Cheating in another World. The Devil never keeps a *Holiday* in good earnest, but when an *Attorney* of thy Complexion makes a *perpendicular* Leap into his Dominions; and he will no more *part* with him, when he has got him into his Clutches, than any one of his own Lawyers will *refund* a Fee; *Possession* being eleven Points of the Law in Hell, as well as in *Westminster-Hall*.

Thus, Sir, you see I've made a little *familiar* with you and your *Function*, and perhaps am *holder* than *welcome*: but, Sir, I have a small *Favour* to request of you, which, I must tell you beforehand, you must not deny me. What I have to *propose* to you is not *unreasonable* or *difficult*; I neither desire you to make *Restitution* of what you have *unjustly* plunder'd from so many Families, (for I know a true *Attorney* would sooner be *damn'd* than do that) nor to build *Hospitals*, (unless it be one for your old *Father*, Sir, who *grazes*, they tell me upon the *Common*;) No, Sir, you shall find me the *fairest* and *easiest* Man you ever dealt with.

I am inform'd your House stands by the side of a *famous* River, which looks as if *Providence* design'd you for the End I advise you to; so, Sir, if you please, one of these *fine* Mornings to take a *Leap* into it from your Garret, it will be the *best-natur'd* thing you ever did in your Life; by the by, Sir, you need not cram your Pockets with *Stones* nor *Lead*, to make you *sink*, for your own *Sins* are ponderous enough to do your *Business* without 'em, if the *Proverb* don't secure you. But, Sir, if you don't fancy *drowning*, as perhaps you mayn't,

mayn't, (as I told you before, you shall find me the most *reasonable* Man in the Universe) why then, Sir, I wou'd advise you to *hang* yourself in your Closet, in your *Wife's* Garters, or to *rip* up your Guts with a Case-knife, or to *cut* your Jugulars with a Razor, or to *take* a good large Dose of *Opium*; or lastly, to *knock* your Brains out against a *Brick-wall*; but then, Sir, *take* my Word for't, you must knock *hard*; for your Neighbours tell me, you have got a confounded *thick* Skull. In short, Sir, I shan't insist nicely upon the *How*, the *Where*, or the *When*, provided the thing be done in any *reasonable* Time; and I promise you under my *Hand*, that the Bells shall ring *merrily* as soon as it is accomplish'd; and to *encourage* you to proceed in this Affair, I can assure you, that you'll *oblige* no less than a whole Country by it, and particularly

Your unknown Friend, &c.

To G. Moulton, Esquire, at Tolleration-Hall, near Nottingham.

Dear Sir,

London, July 15. 99.

According to Promise I had written to you last *Saturday*, but that I was obliged to accompany some Gentlemen that Morning to *Richmond*, in expectation of hearing *fine* Musick, which never in the *Play-house* had pass'd the Censure of a Pit-Fop, and drinking true *Languedoc* never yet *debauch'd* in a Vintners Cellar. But it happen'd quite *otherwise* with us; for the Wine was such *sophisticated* Stuff, that I told the Company, it set *Drunkennes* on the same Level with *Swearing*; I mean by disarming it of all *Excuses*; and as for the *Musick*, it was so abominable, that half a dozen *Welsh-harpers* met upon *St. David's Day*, to make merry over a Mess of Leek-porridge, could not have tormented the Ears of a *Purcel* with more execrable. I dare almost engage, that had the same Fellows play'd upon the same Instruments before the Town of *Jerico*, the Walls would have paid the same Compliment to their Harmony, as they did to that of the *Levites*, for nothing could have Patience to stand still and listen to their Performances. So,

after

after this double Disappointment, we were forc'd, very late in the Evening, or very early in the Morning, (I won't be positive which) to go back to our Boat, and return for *London*, reflecting all the way as severely on our mispent-time, as a Town-Lady, who has oblig'd a *Player* with her *Favours* all Night, and gets nothing in the *Morning* for her Pains but the Copy of a new *Song* for Breakfast.

When I had the *Happiness* of seeing you last in Town, I told you that you should not fail of having a Letter from me every *other* Post. I am afraid I shall be *better* than my Word, and persecute you more *constant-ly* than a City-Vintner does a Country Parliament-man, that chalk'd it *plentifully* last Winter Session. Since I have no other way of *conversing* with you but by Letters, you may depend upon *seeing* me twice a Week at least, tho', were you in Town, I believe I should *scarce* visit you so often. But, dear Friend of mine, this is purely the Effect of *Absence*. I knew a certain Gentleman, who, when he was at home with his Wife, scarce vouchsafed to *exchange* a Word with her once a *Week*; but being obliged to take a Journey as far as *York* he never fail'd of *writing* to her every Post, and longer Letters too, than a *Clergyman* does when he recommends himself to his *Patron* for a fat Living. The reason of it is plain, because all *Blessings* (and such, I say, is Mr. Moul's *Conversation* to me, and every one that *knows* him) are thoroughly *understood* when we have 'em in our *Possession*, and are never so much *valued*, as when they are at some *distance* from us.

Thus, my dear Friend, for want of something *else* to entertain you, I have fallen, the Lord knows how, into making *Moral* Reflections, which was never my Talent; but if a Man is to govern himself by the *Examples* he sees in this *wicked* Town, I don't know why I should not be allow'd *Talk* out of my *Element*, as well as a Thousand more whom I could name to you, were I *disposed* to be ill-natur'd. I could tell you of a certain famous *Painter*, who *understands* his Trade and Business as well as most Men living, and yet is perpetually new modelling the *Government*

government, and harping upon *Politicks*, which he understands just as much as the *Lord-Mayor* and *Aldermen* do *Lycophron* or *Pindar*. I know a *City-Physician*, who can *dispatch* his Patients as *methodically* as any of the College; yet, in spite of Nature and his own Genius, will be always murd'ring of Rhimes, and feeling the Pulse of the Muses; and another of the Faculty near *Charing-Cross*, who instead of *Galen* and *Hippocrates*, is perpetually puzzling himself with *Daniel*, and the *Revelations*. I know a Lawyer perfectly well versed in all the Mysteries of Conveyancing, who, by his good Will, talks of nothing in all Companies, but the Merits of *Cows-piss*, and the modern Dispute betwixt *Alkali's* and *Acids*. There is also a famous *Parson* I cou'd mention to you near *St. Dunstan's*, who preaches his Parish fast asleep every Sunday with the *Opium* he puts in his Sermon, yet over his Coffee must be settling the Affairs of *Europe*, the Succession of *Spain*, and the Union of the two *East-India* Companies; of all which he talks more wretchedly than a *Poet* of Trade, or a *Beau* of Religion; tho', by the by, this must be said in his *Justification*, that he's much better at any thing else than what he was educated to.

I can't tell how you'll relish such an insipid Letter as this, but 'tis my Misfortune at present, that I can't furnish you a better Treat: For my part, I had rather rob the *Spittle*, or Second-hand Sayings from a Second-hand Wit at *Will's* Coffee-house, than be beholden to those dull Rogues that write the *Weekly* News-papers. However, I hope to make you amends the next Post, and in the mean time beg leave to subscribe myself,

Sir, your most obedient Servant, &c.

To George Moulton, Esquire; a Letter of News.

Dear Sir,

August 14. 99.

HAVING nothing of our own Growth to entertain you with, I stole into a *French* Coffee-house near *Soho* this Afternoon; by the same Token

I was within an Ace of being talked to Death by a parcel of *Huguenots*, who made me undergo a severer *Persecution* than ever. they or their Fathers suffer'd. 'Twas my Misfortune to ask one of them, that sat next me, a question about the *Edict* of *Nantz*, and immediately the whole *Pack* open'd upon me at once, and fell a railing at the Tyranny of their *quondam* King, like so many *Almsfolks* at the Church-wardens of their Parish. I thought it the best way to make no reply to them, but remove to another Table, lest I should give these well-bred People a fresh occasion to murder me with their *Civilities*.

When this noisy *Scene* was pretty well over, I began to examine the Foreign Papers, to see what News. But *Europe*, as large as it is; and *Europe* let me see — from the farthest Extremity of *Spain*, to the remotest Parts of *Muscovy*, is at least two thousand Miles in Length, more than I shall ever be Master of; *Europe*, I say, that contains two *Empires*, fourteen *Kingdoms*, and the Devil knows how many *Principalities*, *Dukedoms*, *Marquisates* and *Earldoms*, with a *Pope* at the Head of it too, that loves to see Mischief go forward with all his Heart, is not able at present to furnish out a Letter for you; but to satisfy you, that I have not been wanting on my Part, to hunt for Foreign Occurrences, I have here sent you an Abridgment of the most material Passages in the Outlandish Gazettes.

Our last Letters from *Warsaw* advise, that three *Poles* were run through the Guts by three *German* Soldiers, and that some of the small *Diets* are broke up in a Heat; But, alas, what are Murders and *Mutinies* in *Poland*? No more than *Simony* in the Dominion of *Wales*. They talk too, that the Cardinal *Primate* grumbles in his *Gizard*, and is not so well affected to this new Monarch as he should be; but the Gentlemen of the sacred *Purple*, have a Privilege to be sawcy with Crown'd Heads. For my part, I wonder that none of our Clergymen have thought it worth their while to send him *Bishop Overall's Convocation-Book*; for certainly what help'd to open the Eyes of the Dean of *St. Paul's* can never fail of working

working Miracles in so enlighten'd a Country as Poland.

Madrid, July 20. The King of Spain's Health is of late much alter'd for the better, he eats and walks to a Miracle; for Yesterday at Dinner he ravenously devour'd a whole Lark, and without any one to support him, made shift to walk three-score Paces out-right. The Re-establishment of his Health, the Priests, ten to one, will Father upon some *She* or *He Saint*, that knows nothing of the Matter; but I heard a merry Gentleman a Day or two ago account for it otherwise. As *Monica* said of her beloved Son *St Austin's* Conversion, That it was impossible for a Son of so many Tears ever to miscarry; so 'tis impossible, crys this Gentleman, that a Monarch, whose Health is drank in all the Taverns in Christendom which are not *Frenchify'd*, should find himself amiss; and I daily put up my Prayers to Heaven, continues he, that a certain Person, who waits so impatiently for a certain dead Man's Spanish Slippers, may go barefoot, and not have so much as a Pair of French Wooden-shoes to keep him out of the dirt.

Paris, July 23. The King's Statue was lately set up here in the *Place de Vandome*; 'tis a perfect Colossus, and *Monf. Girardin* has made it appear, that our Monarch has been drawn three times bigger than the Life, not only by his Parsons, his Poets, and his Historiographers, but by his Statuaries too. The Ceremony of the Erection was very magnificent, several of the Nobility, the Councillors of the Parliament, and the Principal Citizens assisted at it in all their Formalities; and, if it had been the Custom of the Place, the City Recorder had made a handsome Speech to the Figure. Our Letters from all parts of the Kingdom inform us, that the poor Huguenots are persecuted ten times more severely, if possible, than the *Witches* in Scotland, and 'tis thought deserve it as little.

Rome, July 10. Our last Letters from hence advise, that mighty Preparations are making for the ensuing Jubilee; most of the Charnel-houses and Tooth-drawers Shops have been disfurnish'd of late, on purpose to provide Reliques for the great number of *Vetaries* we

expect here. A *Carmelite* Friar has brought a most valuable Rarity with him from the *Holy-land*, which he presented last Week to the Old Gentleman 'Tis the *Comb* which belong'd to the *Cock* that set *St. Peter* a weeping; and the *Pope*, they say, designs to make a Present of it to a peculiar Favourite, who has sacrificed his All for his Holiness. We are like to be over-run with Strumpets from all Parts of *Christendom*, who flock hither, partly to wipe off their old Scores, and partly to begin a fresh Tick with *Heaven*. 'Tis found, by a modest Computation at present, that they are at least ten *Harlots* to one *Churchman* already. How will they be over-power'd then, when the whole *Posse* is got to *Rome*! However it is hoped that we shall have a speedy reinforcement of Brawny well-chin'd *Regulars* and *Seculars* from the *North*, to keep the Balance more even between the *Gown* and the *Petticoat*. This is the first time that ever a *Plurality* of *Concubines* was thought a Grievance at *Rome*.

Amsterdam, July 23. The Magistrates of this place lately took it into their pious Considerations, to reform the Abuses of the *Long-Cellar*, and one of them proposed to have it lock'd up, for which he had like to have been *De-Witted* by the *Mob*; for a Parcel of *Sailors* hearing of it, gather'd in great numbers about his House, demolish'd his Windows, and had proceeded farther in their Outrage, had not some of the topping *Burgomasters* pacified them, by telling them, the old Immunities and Privileges of the *Long-Cellar* shou'd be continu'd to them and their Heirs for ever. It was likewise proposed in our Council, to lay some new Penalty upon *Drunkennes*; but it being represented to them, that it would *incense* the People, and bring down the *Excise*, for that reason they went no farther in it. Last Week four Men and as many Women came from the *Dutchy* of *Juliers* to this Place, with a Spick-and-Span *new Religion* (as 'tis reported) the whole Contents of which may be carried in the compass of a *Snuff-box*. They give out, that it is the *easiest* and *cheapest* Religion that ever was known, and therefore offer'd it to the *States*; who, after the *Ge-*
nius

nus of all Common-wealths, are for saving the Penny in every thing. If their Motion is rejected, they design to Embark for *England*, and see what Market they can make of their *new Religion* with our new Reformers in *London*. Two Learned Criticks of the University of *Leyden* have had a long Contest about the right Spelling of *Virgil's* Name, that is to say, whether 'tis to be written with an *e* or an *i*, and old Marbles and Manuscripts have been plentifully quoted in a Dispute of so great Importance; but at last, they have agreed to refer the Matter to *D. Bently*, who being a Person of singular Humanity, 'tis not doubted but he will do it to Satisfaction.

Edinburg, July 29. We have not had these ten Years so favourable a Summer as now, so that we don't doubt but that our *Sloes* will ripen; and the *Kirk* has appointed a general Thanksgiving for it: Fifty two *Witches* are in Custody in several Prisons in this Kingdom, and many terrible Things are alledg'd against 'em, and some of them have been such silly *Jades* to own themselves guilty, chusing to be burnt outright, rather than be daily persecuted by the *Masi-Johns*. The chief discoverer of them is a Pulpit-drubber by Profession, who knows all the *Witches* Forms in the Kingdom, and with his *Kirk Terriers* will unearth you ten of them in a Morning. We build great Matters upon our new Colony at *Darien*, and talk of covering all the Churches in *Edinburg* with Silver Tiles in a short time; but others, who are not altogether so Sanguine, are of Opinion, that all these mighty expectations will come to nothing. And now I am upon the Chapter of *Scotland*, give me leave to tell you what I heard a Politician say in the *Rainbow* Coffee-house Yesterday upon this; I am confident, says he, that the Hand of Heaven will appear very Visible in the Chastisement of the *Scots* in this new Project of theirs upon *America*; They have impudently bid Defiance to Fate, and opposed the Decrees of Providence; for as Heaven, from all Eternity, decreed the *Germans* to be Drunkards, the *Spaniards* to be grave solemn Coxcombs, the *French* to be Slaves, the *Jews* to be Rascals, and the *English* to be Mutineers, so he predestinated

destinated the *Scots* to be Pedlars; accordingly we find all other Nations acquiesce in what Providence had order'd for them: The *Germans* to this Day get Drunk before Noon, the *Spaniard* is not to be whipt out of his Pace, the *French* carry Packsaddles, and so will do in *Sacula Saculorum*, the *Jews* Cheat on, and the *English* once in a Century send a Monarch a grazing; but the *Scots* kick against the Decrees of Fate, and instead of Pedlars, a Title their Ancestors acquiesced in for two thousand Years and upward, set up for *Merchants*, forsooth; but if ever they make any thing on't, says he, (and if they are not at last reduc'd to their old ancient *Pedlarism*,) I'll forfeit my Reputation of a Prophet to you. Altho' they have cheated King *William* out of an *Act* of *Parliament*, I believe they will find it a hard matter, with all their Craft and Cunning, to cheat Heaven.

Thus, Sir, I have sent you the most important Occurrences I cou'd find in the Foreign Papers. But as to *London*, which uses to be an inexhaustible Magazine of News and Scandal, it affords neither at present. Our *Beaux* are all gone down to *Tunbridge* and the *Bath*, in hopes to make Conquests in both those Places; where, I presume, they will succeed as well as our dear Brethren beyond the *Tweed* in their new *Caledonian* Plantation, and return a Month or two hence to Town with their Pockets as empty as their Heads. The Lawyers are gone down to their respective Quarters to sow Dissention amongst his Majesty's Liege-People in the Country, and will reap, no doubt on't, a most plentiful Harvest next *Michaelmas-Term*. Our old red-nosed Claret-drinkers have now left us, to recruit, by a Vacation-sobriety, their decayed Carcasses, and enable 'em to sit up whole Nights with the Parliament-men the next Winter. In short, the Stock-jobbers have left the *Change*, and the Citizens are half of 'em gone to *Epsom*, in order to Cuckold one another, which is all the News at present from,

Sir, your most obedient, &c.

To George Moults, Esq; from the Gun Musick-Booth in Smithfield.

Dear George,

Aug. 30. 99.

*All Things are hush'd as Law it self were dead,
Poor pensive Fleetstreet drops its mournful Head;
Smooth Alcalies in Peace with Acids sleep;
The Church and Stage no longer Difference keep:
The Strand's a Desert grown.*

AND now the Spirit of Versification leaving me in the lurch, I come to tell you in honest Prose, that I mean no more by all this rumbling Stuff, than to let you know this is the long Vacation, which *Lawyers, poor Whores, and Taylors*, as well as many other Trades, agree to *curse* most plentifully. Yet tho' the generality of our People are glad this penitential Season is near expired, for my part, I cou'd heartily wish, as a *Soldier* does by the *Wars*, or a *Woman* by *Enjoyment*, it would last much longer.

You'll tell me, that this is a Paradox; For why the Plague shou'd a Man desire to be in Town, when it is a Solitude in a manner, and all the best Company is gone to *Tunbridge, Epsom* or the *Bath*? All this may be true; but before you and I part, perhaps I may bring you to be of my Opinion, I mean reconcile you to the *Long Vacation*.

In the first place: You must know, that I hate to be in a Crowd; for which reason I wonder why so many wise Gentlemen shou'd be so fond to go to the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, where they are like to be *throng'd* and *crowded*, as much as a Spectator at a Country Bull-baiting, and with almost as *bad* a Mob. I hope you'll pardon the *familiarity* of the Expression, for indeed, when I consider what a *motly* Herd of *Priests, Fops, and Bigots* will troop thither upon this occasion, I cannot find in my Heart to give them a *better* Name. In short, I love the Long Vacation upon the same account that some *honest* Claret-drinkers love walking home at *Midnight*, because the Streets are *clearer* and not so *incommoded* as at other times. Besides, *London* is at 'no time of the Year so *thinly* peopl'd (God be thanked) but a Man, with a little *Industry*, may find Company

Company enough of *both Sexes*, to the ruin of his *Health*, and consumption of his *Estate*. But this is not all, a universal Spirit of *Civility* reigns over all the Town; the *Tradesmen* are more confiding, and the *Harlots* better natur'd.

A Vintner, who, in the hurry of *Michaelmas-Term*, is as difficult of *access* as a Privy-Counselor, will now give you his Company for *asking*, and perhaps club his Bottle into the Bargain; and the very *individual* Damsel, with whom, a Month or two hence, nothing below a *Senator* will go down, or at least a Man that will bribe as deep, is now so *humbled* by the *Emptiness* of the Town, that for the *Credit* of being carried in a *Coach* to her Lodgings, and the Expence of a Bottle of *Wine* to treat her Landlady, she will put on a clean Smock to oblige you, without so much as *enacting* Money to pay the Landress.

I cou'd say a thousand things more in behalf of the *Vacation*, but I shall content my self at present with observing, that it produces *Bartholomew-Fair*; and when I have said that, I think it needs no *farther* *Panegyrick*. If *Antiquity* carries any *weight* with it, the *Fair* has enough to say for itself on that *Head*. Fourscore Years ago, and better, it afforded *Matter* enough for one of our best *Comedians* to Compose a Play upon it: But *Smithfield* is another sort of a Place now to what it was in the Times of *Honest Ben*; who, were he to rise out of his Grave, wou'd hardly believe it to be the same numerical spot of Ground where *Justice Overdo* made so busie a Figure, where the *Crop-ear'd Parson* demolish'd a *Ginger-bread Stall*, where *Nightingale*, of harmonious memory, sung *Bal-lads*, and fat *Ursula* sold *Pig* and bottled *Ale*.

As I have observ'd to you, this noble *Fair* is quite another thing than what it was in the last Age; it not only deals in the humble Stories of *Crispin* and *Crispianus*, *Whittington's Cat*, *Bateman's Ghost*, with the merry *Conceits* of the little *Pickle-herring*; but it produces *Opera's* of its own Growth, and is become a formidable Rival to both the *Theatres*. It beholds *Gods* descending from *Machines*, who express themselves in a Language suitable to their dig-

dignity ; it trafficks in *Heroes* ; it raises *Ghosts* and *Apparitions* ; it has represented the *Trojan Horse*, the Workmanship of the divine *Epeus* ; it has seen *St. George* encounter the *Dragon*, and overcome him ; In short, for *Thunder* and *Lightning*, for *Songs* and *Dances*, for sublime *Fustian* and magnificent *Nonsense*, it comes not short of *Drury-Lane* or *Lincoln-Inn-fields*. But to leave off this *Bombast* with which the *Booths* have infected me, and deliver my self in a more familiar *Stile*, you must know, that at this present Writing, your humble Servant is in a *Musick-booth* ; yet, tho' he is distracted with a thousand *Noises* and *Objects*, as a *Maid* whirling round with a dozen *Rapiers* at her Neck, a *Dance of Chimney-sweepers*, and a *Fellow* standing on his Head on the top of a *Quart-pot*, he has both *Leisure* and *Patience* enough to write to *You*.

Smithfield had always the Reputation of being a Place of Persecution, with this difference, that the *Women* do that in this Age which the *Priests* did in the last, and make as many poor *Sinners* suffer by Fire.

Cheapside Citts come to see horned Beasts brought hither from all parts of the World, when they might behold the very same Monsters at home, if they would but be at the pains of consulting their own *Looking-glasses* : Our pious *Reformers* have been long endeavouring to put down this Nursery of *Wickedness* and *Irreligion*, as they call it ; but the beloved *Wives* of their own *Bosoms*, and their virtuous *Daughters*, better understand their own Interest than to lose any Opportunity of getting abroad, and planting *Cuckoldom* or *Fornication*, as their Mothers did before 'em.

Certainly no place sets Mankind more upon a level than *Smithfield* does ; *Lords* and *Bellows-menders*, *Beaux* and *Flyers of dead Horses*, *Colonels* and *Foot-soldiers*, *Bawds* and *Women of Virtue*, walk cheek-by-jole in the *Cloysters*, and jostle one-another by Candle-light, as familiarly as *Nat. Lee's Gods* in *Oedipus* jostle one-another in the dark. The poor *Vizor-masks* suffer most unmercifully, for no sooner can they shew their Heads within this blessed place and

of *all Freedom* and *no Quarter*, but away they are hurried into a corner, and a hundred several Hands about 'em at once, to examine whether they carry any *Contraband Goods* about 'em.

The Woman and her Children in the *Maccabees*, that chose rather to part with their *Lives* than pollute themselves with *Swines-flesh*, would have died ten thousand Deaths, rather than have touch'd the Ear of a *Smithfield Pig*, with a thousand of *Prince Moloch's* Pagan Subjects floating in the Sauce about him. But perhaps our virtuous Citizens swallow Pig and Pork so earnestly, to shew their Aversion to *Judaism*; as the learned Mr. *Selden*, I-remember, somewhere tells us in his Table-talk, That for the very same Reason our Ancestors were wont to provide *Gammons* of Bacon against *Easter*, which godly *Custom* their Posterity keep up to this very day.

So much may suffice at present, for I am just now going to a *Puppet-show*, to see the *Creation of the World* and *Noah's Flood*, which will give me more Satisfaction, I don't question, than *Dr. Woodward's Hypothesis*, *Mr. Whiston's Theory*, or any new System of our modern *Virtuoso's*.

I am your most humble Servant.

To George Moulton, Esq; upon the breaking up of *Bartholomew-Fair*.

Dear Sir,

Sept. 12. 99.

THE Glory is departed from *Smithfield*, and Love and Intrigues have left the *Cloisters*; in short, *Bartholomew-Fair* is over, *Et voilà, mon Ami, les misérables Effets d'une si grande Revolution.*

Those very individual Persons, who, two Days ago, glitter'd in *Imperial Tinsel*, govern'd Kingdoms in *Imagination* commanded *Legions*, and talk'd sublime *Heroick* in *Tragick Buskins*; those very Persons, I say, who put the *Sun* out of Countenance in his double Capacity, both as the God of *Poetry* and the *Governour* of the Day, who out-shone him at Noon with their brighter *Bristol Stones*, and out-metaphor'd all *Parnassus* in their *Opera's*; Those very Persons, I say, who commanded Respect from the inferior

Mobb,

Mobb. and drew the Eyes of the whole City, more than a Lord-Mayor at a Publick Cavalcade;

——— *Quis talia fando, (Ulyssis,
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Temperet.
a lachrymis)*

are now, by a most wonderful Revolution of Fate, divested of all their Splendour and Magnificence. Their Troops, their Armies, nay, their very Guards have deserted 'em; they are now reduced to the common Obscurity of Mankind; instead of the most exquisite Wine, that useth to Crown their Glasses, we find them burying the Regret of their lost Sovereignty in humble Flip, or more humble Anniseed, and are glad to be trusted for a Dinner at a Boiling-Cook's, and snore contentedly in a Garret.

And those charming Dulcibella's, who by the unparalleled lustre of their Eyes forc'd Monarchs to lay their Scepters at their Feet, who had the disposal of Kingdoms and Dominions, who stole away the Hearts of all Beholders, and, whenever they pleas'd, drew either Admiration or Pity from the Spectators, are now, by the like Inconstancy of Fortune, oblig'd to return to the Privacies of a less pompous Life. They whom Yesterday's Sun beheld so majestically severe, that they refus'd a gracious Smile to prostrate Princes,

Nunc in quadriuiis, & angiportis,

Glubunt magnanimos Bruti nepotes.

are now glad to dispense the last Favours for no higher a Bribe than a Silver Thimble, and a double-gilt Brass Ring: In the Day-time they foot Stockings, wash Footmens Socks, and repair the Breaches of old Lace and Muslin, regale themselves with a Pint of Milk at Noon; and Gray-pease at Night, trudge it on Foot from Charing-cross to the Change, and with their officious Elbows remind all the Passers-by of their desolate Condition; In fine, They who so lately commanded the whole Universe, are under perpetual Alarms from Watchmen, Constables, and the savage Justice's Clerk; and, as an Ancient Author who lived in William Rufus's time has it,

In midnight Cellars now they Ply

For two-pence wet, and two-pence dry.

But

But though *Bartholomew-Fair* be dead and buried for a Twelvemonth, yet it is some Consolation to us that it revives in both the Play-houses. Poetry is so little regarded there, and the Audience is so taken up with *Show* and *Sight*, that an Author need not much trouble himself about his Thoughts and Language, so he is but in Fee with the *Dancing-Masters*, and has a few luscious *Songs* to lard his dry Composition. One would almost swear, that *Smithfield* had removed into *Drury-Lane* and *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, since they set so small a Value on good Sense, and so great a one on Trifles that have no Relation to the Play. By the by, I am to tell you, that some of their late *Bills* are so very monstrous, that neither we, nor our Fore-fathers, ever knew any thing like them. They are as long as the Title Pages to some of Mr. *Prinn's Works*, nay, you may much sooner dispatch the *Gazette*, even when it is most crowded with Advertisements. And as their *Bills* are prodigious, so are the *Entertainments* they present us with; For not to mention the *Bohemian Women*, that first taught us how to dance and swim together; nor the famous Mr. *Clinch* of *Barnet*, with his Kit and Organ; nor the worthy Gentlemen that condescended to dance a *Cheshire-Round*, at the Instance of several Persons of Quality; nor t'other worthy Gentleman that sung like a *Turkey-Cock*; nor, lastly, that Prodigy of a Man that diverted the *Boxes* so much with my *Ladies Birth-day*, and so dexterously mimick'd the Harmony of the *Essex Lyons*; not to mention these and a hundred other notable Curio-
sities, we have been so unmercifully over-run with an Inundation of *Messieurs* from *Paris*, that one would be almost tempted to wish that the War had still continued, if it were for no other Reason but because it would have prevented the coming over of these light-heel'd Gentlemen, who have been a greater Plague to our Theatres, than their Privateers were to our Merchantmen. Shortly, I suppose, we shall be entertain'd here with all sorts of Sights and Shows, as, Jumping through a Hoop;
(for

for why should not that be as proper as Mr. *Symson's* Vaulting upon the Wooden-horse ?) Dancing upon the high Ropes, leaping over eight Men's Heads, Wrestling, Boxing, Cudgelling, Fighting at Backsword, Quarter-staff, Bear-baiting, and all the other noble Exercises, that divert the good Folks at *Hockley*, for when once such an Infection as this has gain'd ground upon us, who can tell where it will stop ?

What a wretched Pass is this wicked Age come to, when *Ben Johnson* and *Shakespear* won't relish without these *Bagatelles* to recommend them, and nothing but Farce and Grimace will go down ? For my part, I wonder they have not incorporated Parson *Burgefs* into their Society, for after the Auditors are Stupify'd with a dull Scene, or so, he would make a shift to relieve them : In short, Mr. *Collier* may save himself the trouble of writing against the Theatre, for, if these lewd Practices are not laid aside, and Sense and Wit don't come into Play again, a Man may easily foretel, without pretending to the Gift of Prophecy, that the Stage will be short-liv'd, and the strong *Kentish* Man will take Possession of the two Play-houses, as he has already done of that in *Dorset-Garden*. I am

Your humble Servant.

P. S. The strong *Kentish* Man (of whom you have heard so many Stories) has, as I told you above, taken up his Quarters in *Dorset-Garden* ; and how they'll get him out again the Lord knows, for he threatens to thrash all the Poets, if they pretend to disturb him. Mr. *Joseph Haines* was his Master of the Ceremonies, and introduc'd him in a Prologue upon the Stage ; and indeed who so fit to do it as this Person, whose Breath is as strong, as the *Kentish* Man's Back ? I don't doubt, but that several of the Ladies who saw this Prodigy of a Man, long'd to try a Fall with him in private, like the

Woman in *Ovid*, that was desirous to lie with *Hercules*, for no other Merit but that of his Strength. Her words, unless my Memory fails me, were these,

——— *Subiit me magna cupido;
Ferre virum, rulerat qui prius ipse polum*

And to convince you that I have not Slander'd the fair Sex, I have sent you inclos'd the following Letter, which was written by a certain Countess that shall be nameless,, dropt by her Footman in the *Pall-mall*, and taken up by a Chairman. At present 'tis all the Talk of the Town, and every Chocolate-house rings of it.

To William Joy, the strong Kentish-Man. Suppos'd
to be written by the Lady ———

S I R,

I Saw you Yesterday with Satisfaction, exerting your Parts in *Dorset-Garden*, on that very Theatre where I have frequently beheld the *Alexanders*, the *Cesars*, the *Hercules*, the *Almanzors*, the greatest Heroes of *Greece* or *Italy*, of antient or modern Times, taking Towns, sacking Cities, overturning Empires, singly routing whole Armies, but yet performing less Wonders than You. Yer, I must tell you, it grieves me to see so noble a Talent misemploy'd, and that Strength thrown away upon underserving Horses, that cannot reward your Labour, which might much better divert the requiring Woman. Meet me therefore, thou puissant Man, in another Garden, on a better Theatre, where you may employ your Abilities with more Profit to your self, and Satisfaction to the expecting

MELESINDA

A Con-

*A Consolatory Letter to my Lady — upon the Death
of her Husband.*

Madam,

I Was very much surpriz'd to hear that your Ladyship takes so much to Heart the Loss of your Husband; that your Relations should not be able to conquer so obstinate a Grief, or that a Person of your good Sence and Resolution, should be so unfashionable and so weak, as to pay that Respect to the Ashes of the Dead, which well-bred Women now-a-days can scarce afford to the Living.

I will not pretend to *attack* your Grief in the common Forms, I will not represent to you, that *all Flesh is Grass*, that nothing is exempt from the Laws of Fate, and that 'tis in vain to regret a Loss, which it was not in our Power to prevent; these threadbare Topicks I shall leave to Divines and Philosophers, and shall content my self to oppose your Lamentations with Arguments better suited to your present Condition.

'Tis true, Madam, you have lost a Husband, and what of that? have not Thousands done so before you? But then consider, that this Death makes room for a new Election. A Widow ought no more to afflict her self for the Death of her Husband, than a Country Corporation is oblig'd to go into Mourning for the Death of the Member that represented them in Parliament; for without staying for a Writ from the Clerk of the Crown, she may proceed to a new Choice, as soon as she sees convenient. Your Husband, God be thanked, has neither carried your Youth with him into the other World, nor your Jointure; could he have robb'd

you of either of these Blessings, you might have just Reason to complain; but I think a Woman's Condition is not very desperate, when her two surest Friends, her Beauty and her Wealth, stick close to her.

As you have *Charms* and *Money* enough to procure you store of *Lovers*, so, in my Opinion, it must needs be an agreeable Diversion to you in your present Sorrow, (for I will allow you, Madam, to keep up the Appearance of it) to observe the different Address and Language of your Admirers.

One will tell you, that he adores the Perfections of your Soul, exclusive of all Worldly Considerations; but, Madam, have a care of these *Platonicks*, for a Man that makes a vigorous Court to the *Body*, is worth a Thousand Coxcombs, that pretend I know not what mighty kindness to the *Soul*.

Another will tell you, that he is ready to hang or drown for your Sake, and desires you to chuse what sort of Death for him you think fit, if you deny him that Blessing, wherein his Life can be only happy. Be govern'd by me, Madam, and take such a Lover at his Word; if he decently dispatch himself, you may take it from me, that he lov'd in earnest; but if he fails to give you this Testimony of his Affection, you may conclude he was a Hypocrite, and consequently not worth the saving.

A third perhaps will boast of his Acres, and tell you what a large Settlement he will make you; whatever you do, pray take care of these *Smithfield* Gentlemen, these Land and Tenement-Panders, for not one in a Thousand is honest at bottom; and if he can but join your Estate to his, never troubles his Head about the more comfortable Conjunction of Persons and Affections.

It will be a pleasant Amusement for you to manage these Humble Servants so artificially, as to make all of 'em hope; yet, at the same time jealous of one another, to steal a kind Glance sometimes

at

at one, and bestow a gracious Nod sometimes upon another, to see them languish at your Feet, and hear the different turns of their Rhetorick; then after you have thoroughly examin'd their several Merits and Qualifications, 'twill be high time to proceed in your Choice. But whenever you go about that, Madam, let me advise you to observe the same Policy as Cardinals do at the Election of a Pope, and pitch upon one, who in all probability, is soonest like to make a *se de vacante*. Thus, Madam, instead of dwelling upon the Illustrious Qualities of the Defunct, according to the threadbare Method of common Comforters, I have made bold to lay down before you the Measures you are to take with the Living. I confess I have ventur'd upon a Task, for which I am no ways qualified: Solomon has told us, That the Hearts of Kings are unsearchable; which, I suppose, he knew to be so by his own; he might have added, when his Hand was in, That the Hearts of Widows have the same occult Quality, and as hard to be understood.

Thus, Madam, you are not to wonder, if the Directions I have given you are none of the properest; however, such as you see 'em, they are at your Service, as is likewise,

Madam,

Your most Obedient and Faithful, &c.

To Walter Knight, Esq; at Ruscomb in Berkshire;
being a relation of a Journey to London.

S I R,

Lond. Octob. 15. 99.

YOU are earnest to know how I got to Town, and what Adventures I met upon the Road. Since you can condescend to entertain your self with

with Trifles of this Nature, be pleas'd to take 'em as they follow.

As soon as I came to *Reading*, I sent the Man of the House where I lay that Night, to enquire what Places were taken in the Coach; who brought me word, that only one Place was taken, and that for a Woman. I presently represented to my self some Maid, Wife, or Widow of Nineteen, with black rouling Eyes, cherry Cheeks, narrow Mouth, swelling Brests, and a Breath as sweet as Violets. I thank'd my kind Stars for this favourable Opportunity, and with these pleasant Imaginations pass'd away the Night very agreeably. Next Morning, full of these charming Idea's, I made haste to the Inn where the Coach lay; but, good Heavens! no sooner did I peep into the Leathern Machine, but I found my self the most lamentably disappointed that ever poor Sinner was. Instead of the Beauty I had represented to my self, behold there was an old Gentlewoman with formidable Whiskers, her Nose and Chin as ready to meet as the two Ends of a half-Moon, and a dismal Forehead-cloth into the Bargain, to cool my Courage. A Man of more Piety than my self would have thank'd Heaven for being so favourable to him, and securing him from a Temptation; but i'faith, I cou'd not find in my heart to do it. Into the Coach I stept, but with as much regret on my side as a Citizen, that has brib'd deep to get himself elected in a Country Borough, is turn'd out of the House, and without so much as bidding her Ladyship Good-morrow, I compos'd my self to sleep as well as I could; and, being pretty well prepar'd for it, by what I had been doing the Night before, slept Ten Miles perpendicular, without the least Interruption, till we came to *Maidenhead*.

Here we took up a Captain and two Gentlemen besides. The Captain was one of the most agreeable Companions that ever could have arriv'd for my

for-

mer Disappointment ; he had been in the Service ever since the famous Campaigns at *Hounslow*, since which he had seen most of the Actions in *Scotland*, *Ireland*, and *Flanders*. Our Conversation at first ran upon Politicks ; and we talk'd very judiciously of the Miscarriages of the War. Religion succeeded to that Discourse, and when we became weary of that Subject, as indeed none of us had much to say to it, by one unanimous Consent we fell upon Women. The Captain, who, as I told you before, was a Man of Wit and Pleasantry, diverted us extremely upon this Argument : He told us, that as other Gentlemen devoted their Time to *Geometry* or *Musick*, or any thing else that they fancied, he had made it his particular Business to study *Women* ; and had arriv'd to so great a Perfection in this Noble Science, that after the first *Interview*, he could as certainly tell how many Days a Woman would hold out, and when she would deliver, as *Monf. Vauban* could tell when a Town would surrender.

I compare, says he, a *Woman* to a *Fortification*. In the first place, because it is in my own Way, and, like *Tully's* Fidler, that defin'd the Soul to be Harmony, a Man always ought to borrow his Metaphors from his own Profession. And, secondly, because there's the greatest resemblance in the World between 'em. There's no *Fortification* so strong, nor no *Woman* so virtuous, but by open Force or Stratagem may be made to yield.

The World is at liberty to say what it pleases ; but I positively maintain, that every Woman is to be taken ; she is either to be undermin'd by *Flattery*, or won by *Bribery*, which we military Men call *Capitulation* ; or else (but it does not happen once in a hundred Years) to be manag'd by downright *Strength*, which the Learned in *Mathematicks* call taking the Town by *Storm*.

Now all the Art lies in knowing how to imploy these different Expedients. Some Ladies will be

flatter'd into Love, whom all the Bribes that can stir about *Westminster-hall* in a Sessions can never move: And others, by far the greatest part of the Sex, are to be manag'd by Money, who have too much Discretion to be impos'd upon by Flattery. And there are others too great for Bribery, and insensible to all the Flattery in the World, that must be vanquish'd by Force. Tho' their Inclinations, Gentlemen, are as rampant as yours, nay, perhaps, fiercer, yet they would seem to be forced; they think 'tis some Excuse for their Infirmary, and quarrel with you after you have oblig'd 'em. In the heat of my Discourse I have omitted one Thing, which never fails, when all other Artifices miscarry, and that is the pretending to be Religious; it gives a Man the Character of being silent and circumspect, which is all in all with the Ladies, and I have found it so by experience.

It was my Fortune, Gentlemen, about some eight Years ago, to be quarter'd upon an Elder, when some of our Troops were in *Scotland*: His Wife, as to her Beauty, was but indifferent, but she was young, and she belong'd to the *Kirk*, which were two extraordinary Temptations, especially the latter. I offer'd her half a Piece, which was a Sum big enough in that Country to have corrupted all the Ministry, but could not prevail: Then I laid out all my stock of Rhetorick upon her, and made a Goddess of this Coquette, but to as little effect as before. At last it came into my Head to speak well of the *Covenant*, and rail at the *Bishops*, after which, to my no little surprize, I found her communicative enough of her Person.

In short, Gentlemen, I have try'd all the Tricks in the World, and find by long Experience that Flattery does more than sincere Dealing with 'em, and Wine more than Flattery, Money more than that, and Religion (I mean the pretence of it) more than either Flattery, Wine or Money put together,
This

This you may take for granted, when you have beaten a Woman's Pride and Honour out of the Field, and she has nothing but her precious Soul to capitulate for, that Body and all are in a fair way of being yours; for *Spinosa* and *Vanninus* never made a quarter so many *Atheists* as *Love*.

Since I am upon this Argument, Gentlemen, and we have nothing else to talk of, give me leave to tell you a short Story relating to this Affair: The Scene lies in *Wales*, or the Borders of it, I won't be positive, but I dare swear it will divert you for want of something better.

In the Country above-mention'd lives a Family very remarkable for their Godliness, by the same token that they always kept three or four *Presbyterian* Divines, with as many young *Cubbs* of the *Schism*, to keep the House in due order. From Morning to Night there was nothing but *Exhortation* and *Use*, and *Application* to be heard within the Walls. The *Cook* exhorted the *Butler*, the *Groom* gave *Spiritual* Advice to the *Gardiner*: Nay, the *Kitchen-Wench* and *Turnspit-Boy* wou'd spoil my *Lady's* Dinner, to settle the grand Point of *Predestination*. Yet, amidst all this *Whining* and *Praying*, and *Singing* of *Psalms*, the *Devil*, who owed the Family a *Grudge*, for making this *Mocking-War* against him, seduced my *Lady's* *Praying Gentlewoman* to commit Acts of Wickedness with one of the *Knights* *Praying-Footmen*: The zealous Pair managed their Affairs with so little Discretion, that their Amour came to be discovered by some of their Fellow-Servants; but godly People, you know think themselves above *Scandal*. At last, word was brought to the old *Lady*, that they were actually in *Bed*. At the first she cou'd not believe the News, for how durst *Satan* be so impudent, as to put his nasty Cloven-foot within her Threshold? But finding it confirm'd by a Cloud of Witnesses, she went to the Scene of Leudness, taking with

her a *Smith*, and a *Nonconformist Parson*; one to break open the Door in case of Opposition, the other to rouse up their *Consciences* in case of Impenitence. Upon the first Alarm that my Lady gave them, the *Lovers* would not answer; but when they found the *Smith* began to fall to work with the Door in good earnest, the *Footman* got up and open'd it. The old Lady could hardly forbear striking them, so much was her *Holy Spleen* provok'd at the *Profanation* of her House; but she thunder'd out *Judgments* plentifully against 'em; and the *Divine* that was with her did the same, but especially to the *Trespassing Damosel*, tho' his Eyes gave his Tongue the Lye all the while he reprimanded her. In short, the *Footman* had his Livery stript over his Ears, and the poor Wench was sent Home to her Relations, by the same token that she attempted to drown her self by the way.

This godly Family was in a strange Disorder to be defiled thus with Fornication, and the Master of it being then in London, his Lady sent him an Account of this unhappy Accident, withal desiring his Advice, to know what must be done upon this occasion. He order'd the Bed, upon which this wicked Action had been committed, to be carried out of the Gates of the House, and there to be burnt. On the Day when this was put in Execution, the discarded *Footman* chanc'd to come by as Fire was setting to the offending Materials, and being told the reason of it, My Master, says he, might have let the Bone-fire alone; for, to my Knowledge, if he's resolved to punish in this manner, every Bed or Chair that has been accessory to Fornication, there's ne'er a Bed or Chair in the House can 'scape him.

The Captain had just made an end of his Story as the Coach was got upon the Stones. I took my leave of the Company in the Hay-market, being oblig'd, as you know, to visit Mr. B——, by whom

whom I find, that there's no stirring for me out of Town this Month or two. This is a sensible Mortification to me; for whereas I flatter'd my self, that I should pass the Winter with you in one of the best Airs in *Berkshire*, I must now do Pennance in everlasting Fog and Smoak, which is my aversion of all aversions. The only Relief I can propose to my self, is to converse with you by way of Letters as often as I can, and by that means to fancy my self at *Ruscomb*. So that when any thing remarkable happens here, you may depend upon having an Account of it from, Sir,

Your most humble and most obliged, &c.

A Letter from an Officer in the Army to a Widow, whom he was in love with before he saw her.

TH O' I never had the Happiness to see you, no, not so much as in a Picture, and consequently can no more tell what Complexion you are of than he that lives in the remotest part of *China*; yet, Madam, I am fallen passionately in love with you, and this Affection has taken so deep root in me, that in my Conscience I could die a Martyr for you, with as much Alacrity as thousands have done for their Religion, tho' they knew as little of the Truth, for which they died, as I do of your Ladiship.

This may surprize you, Madam, but you'll cease to wonder, when I shall inform you what it was, that not only gave birth to my Passion, but has so effectually confirm'd it. Last Week, riding into the Country about my lawful Affairs, it was my fortune to see a most magnificent *Seat* upon the Road: This excited my *Curiosity* to enquire after the Owner of so beautiful a Pile; and being inform'd it belong'd to your Ladiship, I began that very moment to have a strange *Inclination* for you; but when

when I was farther inform'd that some *Two thousand* Acres of the best Land in *England* belong'd to this noble Fabrick, together with a fine Park, variety of Fish-ponds, and such-like Conveniences, I then fell up to the Ears in Love, and submitted to a Power which I could not resist.

Thought I to my self, the Owner of so many agreeable Things must needs be the most charming Lady in the Universe: What tho' she be old, her Trees are green? What tho' she has lost all the Roses in her Checks, she has enough in her Gardens? What signifies it tho' she be Barren, since her Acres are fruitful? With *these Thoughts* I lighted from my Horse, and on the sudden fell so enamour'd with your Ladiship, that I told my Passion to every Tree in your Park, which, by the bye, are the *tallest, straitest, loveliest, finest-shap'd Trees* I ever saw; and I have since *wore out* above a dozen Pen-knives in engraving your Name upon 'em.

I will appeal to your Ladiship, whether any Lover ever went upon more solid Motives than my self. Those that chuse a Mistress wholly for her *Beauty*, will infallibly find their Passion to decay with that: Those that pretend to admire a Woman for the *Qualities* of her Mind, are guilty of a piece of *Pagan* Superstition, long since wore thread-bare by *Plato* and his Disciples; for he that loves not a Fair Lady for the *Flesh* as well as the *Spirit*, is only fit, in my Opinion, to make his Court to a Spectre; whereas, Madam, you need not question the *Sincerity* of my Passion, which is built upon the same *Foundation* with your House, grows with your Trees, and will daily encrease with your *Estate*.

For all I know to the contrary, your Ladiship may be the handsomest Woman in the World; but whether you are or no, signifies not a Farthing, while you have Money enough to set you off; tho' you were ten times more forbidding than the present

sent Red-nos'd Countess of——, and ten times older than the famous Countess of *Desmond*. I am a *Soldier* by my Profession, and as I fought for Pay, so, with Heaven's Blessing, I design to love for Pay: All your other *Suitors* would speak the same Language to you, were they as honest as my self: This I will tell you for your Comfort, Madam, that if you pitch upon me, you'll be the first Widow upon Record, from the Creation of the World to this present Hour, that ever chose a Man for telling her the Truth. I am

Your most *Passionate*, &c.

A Letter to Mr. Owen Swan, at the Black-Swan Tavern in Bartholomew-Lane; upon his forgetting to send Wine into the Country.

Friend Swan,

YOU promis'd to send me some Wine; you forget your Friends. I must excuse you; great Wits have short Memories. Pray remember me to the Rakes; tell 'em I would drink their Healths, if you would afford me Wine, which pray send by the first Opportunity, to

Your Friend and Servant, &c.

Mr. Swan's Answer.

Sir,

I Just now receiv'd a Letter from your virtuous Hands, by the same token you was pleas'd to make merry with a certain Friend that shall be Nameless, who, to my knowledge, thinks of you oftner than Somebody, that shall be Nameless too, does of his Maker. I should thank you too for the Title you give me of a Wit, but Wits have a worse Fault than Forgetfulness; the ill-natur'd World

World calls it *Poverty*. *Wit* and *Poverty*, you know, are as inseparable Companions as *War* and *Poverty*; and this may be the true Reason why the *Wits* lie under the Scandal of *Forgetfulness*: The Rakes last Night were all in bodily *Health*, and drank yours heartily, even your humble, whom (tho' no *Wit*, nor Pretender to it) the bare mention of your Name does somewhat inspire thus to accost you in the Poetical way.

I, Owen Swan, the most sincere and honest Man }
 That e'er drew Wine in Quart or Cann, }
 From Beersheba unto Dan, }
 Most humbly thanks you for your sage Epistle ; }
 Tho' my Muse can't Sing, she'll strive to Whistle. }
 Your virtuous Gentlemen, the Rakes, }
 Last Night were in for Ale and Cakes, }
 (For Wine, I mean) but you'll forgive Mistakes. }
 The Wits, dear Brother, }
 Are us'd to pardon one-another ; }
 And may old Nick your bumble take, }
 And as a Neighbour Brews, so may he never Bake, }
 If he'd not drink an Ocean for your sake. }
 My Verses limp ; and, why ? 'Tis meet }
 They keep proportion to the Feet }
 Of him who to his Cellar ran }
 To fill your Bottles,

OWEN SWAN.

To a Physician in the Country ; giving a true State of the Poetical War between Cheapside and Covent-Garden.

SIR,

WE are almost barren of News ; the War betwixt the Northern Crowns, and the Poetical Physicians is the only Subject at present ; Holstein and Rega, Cheapside and Covent-Garden, the

Scene

Scene of all our Coffee-house Debates. What passes in our two first, the Publick Prints will inform you; the latter I shall endeavour to give you some Account of: You are not ignorant of the Civil War that is broke out amongst the Subjects of *Apollo*, and what Disorders we have lately had in *Parnassus*. Two brawny Heroes, the Sons of *Pean*, Head the opposite Factions, both have signalized themselves extraordinarily, one in Four Poems, which he has Printed, and t'other in a Poem printed four times. The *City Bard* takes Arms to drive out *Wir*, as an Evil Councillor from all the *Realms of Apollo*. The *Covent-Garden Hero* rises in its Defence, and maintains its Services. This Quarrel is so far spread, that it's not like to be decided *Proprio Marte*; each Chief has his Faction, the *Knight of the Round Table* has gathered a Body of Mercenaries, to whom, on the other side, are opposed a Squadron of Auxiliary Volunteers; and thus, as in *Forty One*, *Blue-Aprons*, and *Laced Coats* are drawn up one against another, and the *Rabble and Gentlemen* set together by the Ears; each Side confident of Success, that trusting to their *Multitudes*, this to their Courage and Conduct. The *Pestle and Mortar-men* are drawn up against the *Æsculapian Band*; the first, who like *Taylors and Women* measure the Goodness of every Thing by the length, assert the good old Cause of long *Bills*, and long *Poems*, against the *Jus Divinum* of Efficacy and Sense; and think it infinitely more Meritorious to write three or four *Folio's* without *Wir*, than to fill a small *Octavo* with it, and prefer the Art of Swelling a Bill before the Skill to Cure a Disease. The *Cheapside Hero*, they say, devotes himself wholly to their Service, and *Rhimes* as well as Prescribes to the use of their Shops: However, this doubtry Chief, in the midst of his *Cheapside Triumphs*, has been brought under Martial Discipline, and forc'd to run the *Gantlet* in *Covent-Garden*,

den, and switch'd through the whole *Posse* of *Parnassus*, for fighting against the Law of Arms with false Colours. Those that favour his Cause complain of the Injustice and Indignity of his Punishment, alledging, he suffers for what he never did. They on the other Hand defend their Proceedings, and affirm they know him through his Disguise, and that coming upon 'em in Masquerade, he ought to suffer as a Spy, or an Assassins; and deserves no more Quarter, than he gives to his Patients. Notwithstanding this, his Party have rallied once more, and the *Mercenaries* are brought to the Attack, who hope to effect that by Stratagem, that they despair of by plain Force; and like the *Scots* at the *Bass*, since they can't reduce 'em by Arms, attempt to Poison them with *Stink-Pots*. At the Head of those is a Mendicant Rhymers, one that begs with a Poem, like a Pass in his Hand, and with a Sham Brief, as a Sufferer by Poerick Fire, has Collected the Charity of well-disposed Persons thro' all *Parnassus* for above twice Twelve Months; and like a true Beggar, when he has tired 'em out, falls a railing. For a Bribe from his Ballad-Printer's not large enough to rob him of the Benefit of the Act of Parliament for the Relief of poor Prisoners, and the Promise of a Dinner now and then from Sir *Arthur*, he has consented to Libel his Benefactors, and return to his old Quarters, and subsist for the Remainder of his Life upon the *Basket*. Thus countenanc'd and encourag'd, he lays about him most desperately, and like one not much concern'd for the Success, draws his Incense, and his Ammunition from the same House of Office. *Friends* and *Foes* are treated alike in Compliment, he Paints one with the same Sir-reverence that he aims to bedaub the other; and when his Hand is in, like the Conqueror in *Hudibras's* Ovation, bestows his Ordure very liberally amongst the Spectators. Thus, Sir, I have given you a true Account
of

of the State of the Poetical War, headed on both Sides by Gentlemen of your Faculty; among whom, tho' here has been no Bloodshed, there has been as much Noise of Slaughter and Execution as in *Holstein*, or *Livonia*. You may expect more on the same Subject, for the Quarrel is not like to drop, while *Hopkins* can tell his Fingers, or *Wesley* subsist on Mumping in Metre: *I am, &c.*

An Exhortatory Letter to an Old Lady that smouk'd Tobacco.

Madam,

THough the ill-natur'd World censures you for Smoaking, yet I would advise you, Madam, not to part with so innocent a Diversion: In the first place it is Healthful, and as *Galen de usu Partium* rightly observes, is a Sovereign Remedy for the Tooth-ach, the constant Persecutor of Old Ladies. *Secondly*, Tobacco, tho' it be an Heathenish Weed, it is a great help to Christian Meditations; which is the Reason I suppose that recommends it to your Parsons; the Generality of whom can no more write a Sermon without a Pipe in their Mouths, than a *Concordance* in their Hands: besides, every Pipe you break may serve to put you in mind of Mortality, and show you upon what slender Accidents Man's Life depends. I knew a Dissenting Minister, who on Fast-days us'd to mortify upon a Rump of Beef, because it put him, as he said, in mind, that all *Flesh* was *Grass*; but I am sure much more is to be learnt from Tobacco. It may instruct you, that Riches, Beauty, and all the Glories of the World vanish like a Vapour. *Thirdly*, It is a pretty Play-thing: A Pipe is the same to an Old Woman, that a Gallant is to a young one, by the same *Token* they make both *Water* at Mouth. *Fourthly* and *Lastly*, It is fashionable, at least 'tis in a fair

fair way of becoming so; cold Tea, you know, has been this long while in Reputation at Court, and the Gill as naturally ushers in the Pipe, as the Sword-bearer walks before the Lord-Mayor.

I am your Ladyship's humble Servant.

To Dr. Garth.

WHether your Letter or your Prescription has made me well, I protest I cannot tell, but thus much I can say, that as the one was the most nauseous thing I ever knew, so the other was the most entertaining. I would gladly ascribe my Cure to the last; and if so, your Practice will become so universal, you must keep a *Secretary* as well as an *Apothecary*.

The Observations I have made are these, that your *Prescription* staid not long with me, but your *Letter* has, especially that part of it where you told me I was not altogether out of your Memory: You'll find me much alter'd in every thing when you see me, but in my Esteem for your self; I, that was as lank as a Crane, when I left you at London, am now as plump as an *Ortelan*. I have left off my false Calves, and had yesterday a great Belly laid to me: A facetious Widow, who is my Confident in this Affair, says you ought to father the Child; for he that lends a Man a Sword, is in some part accessary to the Mischief is done with it; however, I'll forgive you the Inconvenience you've put me to. I believe you were not aware you were giving Life to two People. Pray let me have a Consolatory Letter from you upon this new Calamity; for nothing can be so welcome, excepting Rain in this Sandy Country where we live. The Widow saith, she resolves to be sick on purpose to be acquainted with

with you ; but I tell her, she'll relish your Prescriptions better in full Health : And if at this distance you can do her no Service, pray prescribe her

Your humble Servant.

To Madam — upon sending her Sir Richard Blackmore's Job and Habakkuk. By Mr. Tho. Brown after Balzac's manner.

TO shew you what an universal Submission is paid to Beauty, an Eastern Prince comes to wait on you this Morning. 'Tis true, he does not appear in his *Arabian Magnificence*, nor visits you with a Splendor suitable to his Rank ; but after the manner of *Supplicants* he addresses himself to you in a penitential Habit, and you see him just as he escap'd out of Sir Richard's Poetical Powdering-Tub, which has prov'd more unfortunate to him than his *Dunghill*. However, Madam, it was your Command he should appear before you in this Garb ; and the Patriarch, to shew his antient Meekness, has obey'd you. But altho' he enjoys the Happiness of your Company, yet either discourag'd by his late unworthy Treatment, or overcome by your Beauty, he is not able to speak a Syllable for himself. He that had Eloquence enough to describe the least of your Charms, he sees that the natural Armour of his *Leviathan* is not so impenetrable as your Heart, and that the weakest of your Glances exceeds the Strength of his fam'd *Behemoth*. Tho' he first saw the Light in a Country which furnishes our Altars with *Perfumes*, yet he owns they fall short of the natural Sweetness of your Breath, and confesses that his own *Arabia* was improperly call'd happy, since it ne'er produc'd any thing so comely as yourself.

But, Madam, tho' your Commands are not to be disputed, *Sal* had hardly ventur'd to appear before

fore you in this Disguise, had not a Brother in Affliction, and Fellow-sufferer come along with him to keep him in Countenance : Both of them are so much alter'd for the worse, since they have come out of the Doctor's Hands, who, not content to murder the *Living*, exercises his Cruelty upon the *Dead*, that their nearest Relations, were they now alive, would hardly know them. *Job* complains more of his ill Usage from the City Bard, than all his other Afflictions, which the Devil, in conjunction with his Wife, contriv'd to lay upon him ; and *Habakkuk* bewails the ignoble Captivity he lies under, with a deeper Resentment than that of his Country-men in *Chaldea*. However, both of them will glory in their *Misfortunes*, if you'll but vouchsafe to cast a *pitying* Look upon 'em, nay, thank their *unmerciful* Prosecutor for putting them in this disadvantageous Dress, if it produces so favourable an Effect.

To Mons. de la--- his Correspondent in Paris, writ in the Person of a Frenchman, of what he observ'd in London.

I Had long ago discharged my Promise, and sent you an Account of the most remarkable Things that offer themselves to a Stranger's Curiosity : But *London*, Sir, is too Gigantick a Place, and the many new Objects one daily meets are so apt to efface the Idea's of the former, that a Man may very well be allow'd to pass a few Months in it, before he can regulate his Thoughts, and reduce them into Method. For your Comfort, I shall not trouble you with any Relations that are not to be found in our common Itineraries. The Discoveries I send you, are either the Result of my own Observation, or such as I gather'd in my frequent Converse with the ablest *Virtuoso's* of this famous City. In short, they very well deserve your Attention, and you may depend upon the Truth of them.

People

People may talk as they please; but I am of Opinion, that there is more *Religion* stirring in *London* than most Cities in the Universe: Nay, that in a great measure 'tis incorporated with their very Trade. Thole worthy Gentlemen the Stage-Coach-Men shew it in their printed Bills, where they never fail to conclude with an *If God permit*. Nay, in one of their Lotteries, I observ'd, the Projector endeavour'd to hook in Customers with a Text of Scripture, and made *Solomon* Pimp to his Design, by quoting that Saying of his, *Time and Chance happen to all*. What is more surprizing, your very Beggars in the common Streets use the same Tone with the Presbyterian Parsons. In short, *London* is so far from being a prophane Place, that some of the most Eminent Citizens, who can afford it, have two Religions going at once, and will march you gravely at the Head of six notch'd Apprentices to Church in the Morning, and a Meeting in the Afternoon.

As for the Women, I'll say that for them, they are perfect *Heroines* in their Nature; they'll see you half a score Kings and Queens murder'd upon the Stage, yet shew no more Concern than if so many Ninepins were tipt down. And then at the *Old-Baily*, tho' the Judge gravely tells them, *Look ye, Ladies, we have a smutty Tryal coming on, where we shall be oblig'd to call every thing by its proper Name, and therefore it may be convenient for you to withdraw*; yet the Devil a Lady will flinch for the Business, but sit you out the whole Tryal without so much as putting on their Masks, tho' the Witnesses now and then talk a Heathen Philosophy that's enough to make even a Midwife blush. — But the merriest thing of all, is their *Pindaric* Poetry. Wou'd you know what sort of Versification it is? I will tell you then: Why first of all, here is one huge Line as long as my Arm or longer; then there comes one, two, or three short Lines, like a Pigmy behind a Giant;

a Giant; very pretty, began! then another long Line, and then a short one, and another short, and another long, and so on to the End of the Stanza. I was told that the *English* Poets borrow'd this Fancy from the Faggot-makers; for those Fellows will first of all put you down a long Stick, and then a short one, and after this manner binding the Sticks together, when they have done, call it a Faggot, as the Authors call the other a Pindaric Ode.

Few Towns in Christendom are so apt to promote *Scepticism* as this. There are at least half a score Pretenders to *Anderson's Scotch Pills*, and the Lord knows who has the true Preparation. The same Uncertainty there is about *Bateman's Spirit of Scurvy-grafs*: Nay, as you walk to *Hogsdon*, one Sign tells you, *This is the true, old, antient Farthing-pye-House*, and before you can walk three steps further, you meet another Sign that has the Impudence to tell you the very same Story. Thus a Stranger is wonderfully puzzled which of these two Houses to go to, and not knowing how to clear the Difficulty, sometimes goes to neither. They abound particularly in *Holes in the Wall*; to the best of my Remembrance, there are at least four in *Baldwin's-Gardens*, and as many more about *Red-Lyon-Square*; now, I believe it would *Nonplus* the ablest Antiquary of them all to determine which is the right, antient, and primitive *Hole in the Wall*.

I have been exceedingly surpriz'd at the great Variety of Spelling in the publick Signs. I cou'd instance in a hundred, but shall content my self with the Word *Lancashire*, that has been most inhumanly us'd by them. You shall find it written *Lanckysheir* in one, *Laukesheare* in another, and *Lanckasheer* in a third. I foresee that this Difference of Orthography in these publick Inscriptions, as your Alehouse Signs most certainly are, will give the Grammarian a World of Trouble two or three hundred Years hence: So, for my part, I wonder that Dr.

Penti-

Bentivoglio does not petition the *Parliament*, that no Victualler be suffer'd to set up a Sign till it has been first carefully examin'd and consider'd by Commissioners well skill'd in these *Matters*, and chosen for the purpose.

They have several *Latin Words* in and about this Town, that are peculiar to *England*, and go current no where else. In one of the Villages about *London* there is a very noble *Hospital*, and over the Refectory a *Latin Inscription*, giving to understand, that this Building was erected at the Charge of a Gentleman that belong'd to the *Societas Haberdasheriorum*. I was for a long while perplex'd to know what Countrymen these *Haberdasheries* were, or from whence they borrow'd their Name. Sometimes I thought 'em the *Remainders* of the old *Aborigines* of the Island, and sometimes a People of the *Cimbrica Chersonesus*, that came over with the *Saxons*. I consulted *Strabo*, *Ptolomy*, *Dionysius*, *Afer*, *Mela*, and the old Geographers, about the matter, who gave me not the least *Insight* into 'em : Then I turn'd over *Cluverius*, *Ferrarius*, *Du Fresne*, *Salmasius* upon *Solinus*, and who not, but was no wiser than before. At last a learned *English Gentleman* told me that these *Haberdasheries* were a civiliz'd moral People enough, and only dealt in harmless Manufactures, as *Pins*, *Tape*, *Inkle*, and *Packthread*.

Some *Airs* have been observ'd by *Naturalists* to breed *Agues*, as the *Hundreds* in *Essex*, some to breed *Calentures*, as *Guinea* in *Afric*, others to breed contagious *Distempers*, as *Barbadoes* and *Jamaica*.

Now the *Air* of *Cheapside* has this peculiar Quality belonging to it, as to breed *Horns*. 'Tis certain (and the Observation has been made ever since *William* the Conqueror's Days) that not one marry'd Man in a hundred that dwells in that Street escapes them. Nay, I have been credibly inform'd that a *Linnen-Draper* of *Cheapside* bought him a fine *Tortoise-shell Tobacco-box* near the *Exchange*, and before

fore he had wore it a full Week in his Pocket, it was converted to perfect Horn.

The Merchants of *London* are nothing near so polite as ours in *Paris*. The Devil a jot do they know of the *Ouvrages d'Esprit*, whereas ours will discourse better upon *Books* and *Authors* than *Trade* and *Commerce*. I made a *Visit* to one of them, and after the first Compliments were past, enquir'd of him what *Books* of Note had lately appear'd in the World, Oh, Sir, says he, since the joyning of the two Companies, we have had the finest *Bettelees*, *Palampores*, *Bafts* and *Jampars*, come over, that ever were seen. Pardon me, Sir, said I, these Affairs are somewhat out of my Knowledge. — Indeed, as for the *Mamoodies*, the *Lingoes*, the *Culgees*, and the *Chints*, continues he; they received some little Detriment by the *Salt Water*: but — you mistake me, Sir, cry'd I, for all this while I was talking of — but then for your *Mulmuls*, *Phootaes*, *Gurrah's*, *Moorees*, and *Rostaes*, mind me what I say, Sir, I defie the whole World to match us. And so he went on, till I was forc'd to break up abruptly.

Foreigners unjustly charge the *Londoners* with Want of *Civility* and *Invention*. Don't they give a plain *Proof* of their singular *Courtesie*, when *Curates*, *Surgeons*, *Operators* for the Teeth and Toes, *Anglice* *Tooth-drawers* and *Corn-cutters*, nay, *Farrriers*, and *Sextons*, go hy the Name of *Doctors*? Add then, who dares question the Goodness of their *Invention*, who considers that those noble *Curiosities*, *Swimming-Girdles*, *Pacing-Saddles*, *Chalybate Pancakes*, *Engines* to prevent *Leaking*, and that great Traveller Major *John Choke's* famous Necklaces for breeding of Teeth, with a numberless Ser of *Theories*, were invented here? Besides, the last new Religion that appear'd in these Parts of the World, was it not wholly contrived by the *Philadelphians*?

'Tis worth a Stranger's while to *peep* into the several *Conventicles* here, to observe how Affairs are *manag'd* among them. The Minister gets up into his *Box*, talks a great deal of *unintelligible* Stuff; the People *lugg* out their Silver Ink-horns, and take it upon *Content*; which puts me in mind of the *Fellow* in Hell that was always making of *Ropes*, and an *Ass* still devour'd them.

Among other Customs, I observ'd one very *singular*, and *antient*, and *still* kept on foot, which is, to make *Fools* of People on the first Day of *April*. I cou'd never inform my self what gave the first Rise to so *odd* a Frolic; but methinks they might let it alone; for since three Parts in four of the People are *Fools* every Day in the Year, what *occasion* is there to set a Day apart for it?

When a Humour takes in *London*, they ride it to death before they can part with it. As for instance, *Lotteries* were first set up for Annuities and Pensions; then they came down to Books and Pictures, at last they *descended* even to Snuff and Balsam, to Plum-Cakes and Mince-Pies. Thus, because *Æsop* from *Tunbridge* had the good Fortune to please, an hundred other *Æsops* from *Epsom*, *Islington*, and other Parts of the Kingdom were immediately trump'd up, till the very Name of *Æsop* at last grew *scandalous*. The same Folly *infected* the Theatre, where a *Beau* at his first Appearance upon the Stage happening to tickle the Fancies of the Auditors, you cou'd have ne'er a Play without that Animal to set it off. The first *Beau* diverted 'em with his huge *Muff*, the second with his monstrous *Periwig*, the third with *Buttons* as big as Turnips, the fourth with an extraordinary *Cravat*, the fifth with a fantastical *Sword-Knot*. 'Twas the same original Coxcomb all the while, but only a little diversify'd.——Having seen the famous *Brass Monument* in *Westminster*, I went in the next Place to see Dr. *Oats*, whom I found in one of the *Coffee-houses* that looks into

the *Cour* of Request. He is a most *accomplish'd* Person in his way, that's certain. The Turn of his Face is extremely *particular*; he has the *largest* Chin of any Clergyman in *Europe*; by the same token, they tell a *merry* Story how he cheated a *Two-peny* Barber by hiding it under his Cloak. In short, his Mouth stands *exactly* in the middle of his Face, like the *White* in the Center of a Target.

I had the *Curiosity* sometimes to bestow an half Hour at Mr. *Burges's* little Mansion in *Russel-Court*. Some Ministers will make you *cry*, some will make you *sleep*; but honest *Daniel* will make you *laugh* with his Preaching. I happen'd to hear him once, when he took occasion to prove the *Tendency* of Mankind to *Corruption* from their loving rotten Cheese. Do but observe, my Brethren, says he, when an old *Cheshire* Cheese is brought to the Table, how *readily* every Man sticks his Knife into the *blue* Part, a plain Indication (and then he nodded his Head) of the Truth of original Sin!

But of all the *Virtuoso's* in *London*, commend me to the ingenious Dr. *Thimbleworth*, who publish'd the Furniture of a *Chinese* Barber's Shop in the *Philosophical Transactions*. He is certainly a profound Philosopher, and will assign you a *Physical* Reason for any thing almost. I will give you one remarkable Instance, to shew you the great Depth of his *Penetration*. He *chanc'd* to be in a Gentleman's Company that *fainted* away at the Sight of a few Eggs. What does my Doctor do upon this, but *whipt* streight into *Essex*, where the Gentleman liv'd; enquires privately into the *secret* History of his Family, and finds his Grandfather had stood in the *Pillory* for *forging* a Bond. Having made this lucky Discovery, he soon found out the *true* Reason of the Grandson's *Aversion* to Eggs. A thousand other *Curiosities* I cou'd impart, but having *swell'd* my Letter to too great a Bulk, I will reserve

em to a fitter Opportunity, and conclude with
assuring you, that I am

Your humble Servant, &c.

*A Letter to a Lady that had got an Inflammation
in her Eyes.*

Madam,

YOU will hardly believe, perhaps, how much People talk of your Indisposition. The late *Eclipse*, when the Sun it self was in Labour, occasioned not half the Discourse as the present Distress your Eyes are in, throughout the whole Empire of your Beauty, that is throughout the whole Kingdom. Nothing is more generally talk'd of, or more universally lamented. Those beautiful Eyes, which were wont to spread Joy in all Hearts, now diffuse Sorrow in every Breast. At the same time they raise different Passions; the Women pity what they envy, and the Men lament what they adore. 'Tis true, there are some discontented Persons, that perhaps have formerly felt your Rigour, who let drop some bold Expressions; they say, your Eyes are deservedly punish'd for the many Violences and Barbarities they have committed; That 'tis but just they should be afflicted, who have made so many poor Men suffer; and, That it seems a manifest Judgment of Heaven, that the Distemper should attack you in the very place where you assault Mankind. These are the Murmurs of some few Men, *Madam*, whom we except from the Multitudes who bewail the Calamities of your Eyes.

Sir Thomas ———, who (you know) speaks fine Things, did me the Honour of a Visit Yesterday,

and commands me to tell you, That had he as many Eyes as *Argus*, to give yours one Moment's ease, he would pluck 'em all out, and throw 'em (as he would *himself*, and his *Fetters*) at your Feet. For my own part, *Madam*, who have but two Eyes, one of 'em is at your Ladyship's Service; the other I am unwilling to lose, because I am unwilling to lose the Sight of you.

And now I shall conclude with my *Advice* and my *Wish*; my *Advice*, That you would take care of the finest Eyes in the World: My *Wish*, That the Flame were remov'd from your Eyes to your Heart. I am, *Madam*.

Your Ladyship's most obedient Servant.





ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

Translated from the Greek by Mr. Brown.

Epist. II. Lib. I.

PART I.



Was a singing to my self one of the newest Songs last Evening in the *Piazza*, when a very merry Adventure befel me: Two pretty young Ladies in the Bloom of their Youth, and inferior to the Graces in nothing but their Number, came up to me; and the Elder of them, with a Look that had nothing of the Air of a Coquet in it, was pleas'd to greet me after the following Manner.

Whatever you may think of the Matter, Sir, you have made two Conquests to Night by your Voice: Love has found a Way to our Souls thro' our Ears; we are both subdu'd by your Harmony, and have had a Debate with our selves, for which of us you intended this Entertainment. My own Vanity made me believe it was meant for me; my Companion

panion here is as positive, that the Compliment was design'd for her. Thus not being able to decide the Controversy among our selves, which had lik'd to have engag'd us in a Civil War, we both agreed to have it determin'd by your self.

Why, Faith, Ladies, reply'd I to them, you are both of you very handsom; but the Duce take me if I am in Love with either of you: Therefore I would advise you, as a Friend and a Plain-dealer, not to quarrel about such an insignificant Fellow as I am, but to let all Actions of Hostility cease, and live like good Neighbours together: Not but that I believe I could be heartily in Love with both, or either of you at any other Time, but at present my Heart is engag'd elsewhere; and I am confident you have more Generosity and justice, than to usurp the Property of another, or to take up with the Leavings of Love.

Oh! cry'd they, this is a downright Sham. There's not one handsom Woman in this Quarter of the Town, yet you pretend to be in Love; 'tis plain we have caught you in a Story, therefore you shall swear that you love neither of us.

I could not but laugh at the Proposal: Why, Ladies, said I, every Thing about me is at your Service; but I have a tender Conscience, and would not willingly be perjur'd.

That is as we would have it, said one of them; we knew the Truth would come out one Way or other; therefore resolve to come along with us, for we won't lose so fair an Opportunity. With that, both the Damosels fell a rugging and hawling me forward; they pluck'd one Way, and I pluck'd another; but you know the Proverb, *Two to one is odds at Foot-ball*; so I was forc'd to submit to my Destiny, and go along with them whither they were pleas'd to lead me. So far the Story may be read or heard by all the World; but what follows is a Secret: In short, not to let your Mouths

and watering with a Description of every Particular, I was carry'd to a Room, where we made an extraordinary Bed of Chairs and Stools; so ingenious is Love, when it is put to its Shifts. The two good-natur'd Nymphs were not disappointed, and your humble Servant went off well satisfy'd with his good Fortune.

Glycera to Philina.

Out of the same, Epist. 3. Lib. 2.

SOME ill *Dæmon* certainly ow'd me a Spite (by the same Token he more than got out of my Debt when I was seduc'd to marry this dull Phlegmatick Lawyer of mine; for I'll tell you after what a horrid Rate he uses me: Every Night, when other Husbands, as in Duty bound, solace their poor Wives a-Bed, my Man of Law sits up, pretending he has a Conveyance to draw for my Lord——; and then, says he, I'm to make a Speech in the Court to morrow for my Client Sir *John*——; and if I have it not by Heart, there will be the Devil and all to do: With that, he walks about the Room in a meditating Posture, to make me believe he is in earnest, mumbling I know not what unintelligible Stuff to himself. Since he has not Assets enough, as far as I can perceive, to discharge the Debt of Matrimony, why should he Marry, I wonder, to inflame his Reckoning? Why should a Man, that doth not want a Wife to humble his Constitution, pretend to monopolize a young Virgin to himself, especially when he wants either Will or Ability to do her Justice? Did he chuse to make me his Spouse, only to deafen me with impertinent Stories of Executions, Answers, Ejectments, and impertinent Decrees? Did he ever think I could prove such a supple Slave, as to sit

up all Night to hear him? Since I find he puts my Bed-chamber to no other Use, than to prophane it with nasty Petty-fogging, I am resolv'd for the Future to have a separate Bed by my self: If this won't reform him, but he still continues an incorrigible Sor, drudging in other Peoples Business, and neglecting mine, I am resolv'd to give him a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*, and to speak to some more able Council to manage my Law-Case. This I hope is enough to make you comprehend my Meaning: You are a sensible Woman, experienc'd in these Affairs, and therefore a Hint is sufficient. Consider then, my dear Friend, and tell me how I must play this Game? You are a Woman, and understand the Necessities of our Sex; and tho' I have not nam'd my Disease to you in down-right Terms (for my Modesty would not give me leave to do that) yet since you know the Nature of it, I hope you'll be my Doctress, and prescribe me a Remedy. 'Tis but reasonable, I think, that you, who are my near Relation, and besides have a good Talent at composing of Differences, should stand my Friend at this Juncture: Besides, as you had a great Hand in making this wicked Match, you are oblig'd in Honour, to make it supportable to me. But above all, it will be requisite to be very secret; for should my litigious Blade come to hear, that I apply my self to other Council, he might reject me for good and all, and so what I get in the Hundred, I must expect to lose in the County.

Cirtion to Dyctis.

Out of the same, Epist. 7. Lib. 1.

Distracted between Joy and Grief, I write the following Lines to you. Yesterday I was at my old Recreation of fishing by the Sea-side, and

as I was drawing a thundering Fish out of the Water, so very large, that it made my Rod crack again, behold there comes up to me a pretty Damsel, with a lovely Mixture of Roses and Lillies in her Cheeks, tall and straight as a Cedar that likes the Ground it grows in. Thought I to my self, I'm a lucky Dog to Day; Fortune favours me in both Elements, and now I am like to get a better Prize at Land, than I drew just now out of the Water. Honest Friend, cries she, I conjure you by Neptune to look after my Cloaths a little, while I wash my self in the Sea. This Request, you may imagine, was not unwelcome to me, because it would give me an Opportunity to see something. She had no sooner thrown off her Rigging, but, good Heavens! there was a Sight enough to have spoil'd the most virtuous Resolutions of the severest Philosopher: From between her Hair, which was of a lovely Black, and flow'd down her Shoulders in great Quantity, I discover'd a pair of rosy Cheeks, and an Ivory Neck, that wholly possess'd me with Admiration and Surprise. Both these Colours were in the highest Perfection, but they deriv'd no little Agreement from the Neighbourhood of the Black. To return to our Nymph, she had no sooner undrest, but she plung'd foremost into the Waves: The Sea was as smooth as a Bowling-Green; and when she appear'd above the Water, had I not seen her before, I durst have sworn she had been one of the *Nereids*, of whom the Poets tell us so many Stories. When she had wash'd as long as she thought fit, out she came; and from such a Sight as this, our Painters, I suppose, were instructed how to draw *Venus* rising out of the Sea. I immediately ran to my lovely Damsel, to deliver her her Cloaths; and when she was so near me, could not forbear to touch her Bubbies, and so forth. But to see what ill Fate attends me! The young Gipsy blush'd, and frown'd at me: But

even her very Anger became her; it gave a fresh Lustre to her Beauty, and her Eyes darted Lightning at me: Then in her Indignation she broke my Rod, flung my Fish into the Sea, and ran away from me as fast as her Legs would carry her. Imagine in what Confusion she left me. I lamented the Loss of what I had taken with so much Pains; but the Loss of her, whom I had as it were in my Hands, afflicted me infinitely more. This Disappointment, in short, so mortifies me, that I dare no longer trust my self with the cruel Idea of it.

Philocorus to Polyænus.

Out of the same, Epist. 4. Lib. 1.

LAST Week Hippias and I were taking a Turn in the Park, when on a sudden he thus accosted me: Friend, says he, prithee mind that Lady yonder, that leans upon her Maid's Arm. How tall! how straight! how well-featur'd she is! By Heavens, she's a Miracle of a Woman! Let us e'en cross the Walk, and accost her. Why, reply'd I to him, you're mad I think: Unless I'm mistaken in her Outside, she's a Woman of Virtue, and consequently no Game for such as you and I: But if you resolve to proceed, let us view her a little more distinctly, before we board her; for I love to look about me, before I leap. My Companion fell a laughing, as if he had been distracted, and striking me gently on the Shoulder, Thou'rt a Novice, said he, I find in these Affairs. Take it from me, all the Women in the World are made of sinful Materials. One may have more Hypocrisy than another; but if you put it home to her, I'll engage you'll find her made of true Flesh and Blood. But alas! you are a perfect Stranger to the Town-

In:

Intrigues, otherwise how could you imagine, that any Woman of Honour would be walking here at this time of the Day, and dart her Glances so artfully on all she meets? Prithee observe how she plays with her Necklace, how slyly she steals her pretty Hand out of her Glove; and, as if she went to reform some Disorder in her Dress, how dexterously she discovers her Breasts? From these, and a thousand other Indications, I conclude, that this Lady won't let a Man sigh at her Feet in vain: But what is more convincing, I now tipp'd the Wink at her, and she as kindly return'd it; therefore let us go and board the Vessel, for I dare engage she'll make no Resistance. He had no sooner spoke these Words, but he makes directly to the Prize above-mention'd; and finding a fit Opportunity, he thus makes his Addresses to her: I swear by your Beauty, the most sacred Oath to me that can be, you have made your self in a Moment the absolute Sovereign of my Heart; and if you please to order that Eves-dropping Maid of yours to retire to some distance, I have something to communicate to you, which perhaps you will not be displeas'd to hear. She accordingly commanded her Attendant to file off, when the other in this Manner pursu'd his Discourse. As I know that Love is no Chamelion to live upon Air, I am not so unreasonable as to demand any Favours of you *Gratis*: And on the other Hand, Madam, I am sure you are too conscientious to put too high a Price on them. Gold, you know, may be too dearly bought; but I hope you'll comply with the running Market-Price. I have, Madam, two Things to plead for me, Vigour and Wealth; but I would, by my good Will, husband both of them so, as to make them hold out. Come, give me your Answer? The Lady's Eyes sufficiently declar'd the Consent of her Heart; she stood still and blush'd, and such a beautiful Red streak'd her Cheeks, as we find in the

the Heavens when the Sun is just a setting. When my Friend found the Bargain was now as good as struck, he turn'd about to me; and what do you think now of my Skill in these Affairs? You would have dissuaded me, forsooth, from this Expedition, but now you see how I have succeeded; for at the Expence of a few Words, and a little Time, I have brought the Nymph to surrender. You, alas! are such a Heretick, as to believe there are Women in the World above Flattery, Corruption and Bribery, but you are in a damn'd Mistake: Follow me, and I'll shew you some Sport. But, in the mean Time, take this for granted, That there is no Garrison so strong, and no Woman so obstinately virtuous, but by one Practice or other, both may be brought to take a new Master.

Lamprias to Philippides:

Out of the same, Epist. 16. Lib. 1.

YOU remember me troubled with all the Symptoms of Love, and desire to know how I got cur'd of it; I us'd to entertain my Passion in the Fields and solitary Groves, which, instead of abating, grew every Day fiercer, and raged more violently in my Breast. As I walk'd by the purring Streams, May *Cupid*, said I, and his Mother, (for they, and only they, know what Torments I languish under) give me Courage enough to make a Declaration of my Passion, which hitherto I have stiff'd within me. As Love has transfix'd with his Darts this tender Breast of mine, so I hope he will in the same Manner treat the fair Insensible, who has given me so many cruel Inquierudes. One Day it happen'd, that after I had amus'd my self with these Contemplations in the Woods; I found I had Resolution enough to venture an Interview
with

with my Mistress. I went accordingly to her House, and had a long Conversation with her, wherein I found the Beauties of her Mind, to be not at all inferior to those of her Face: Her Looks wore all the bewitching Marks of the most agreeable Innocence; I admir'd her Hand, the whitest and softest in the World: I view'd the sacred Horror, those killing Eyes, that penetrate quicker and deeper than Lightning. To compleat my Ruin, she shew'd me a delicious Pair of Breasts, as it were by Accident, on which the God of Love himself would be proud to recline his Head. All this while my Tongue was ty'd with a religious Awe, and I had not Assurance enough to acquaint her with my Pain. However, I was very intent on my mental Devotion, and pray'd to *Cupid*, that since he knew my Imbecility so well, (which I wholly imputed to himself) he would so effectually touch my Mistress's Heart, that she of her own Accord, should own her Affection to me. I had no sooner concluded these pious Ejaculations, but I found the God had heard my Prayers; for my Mistress, who look'd so coy and demure at my first coming into the Room, on a sudden smil'd very graciously upon me, and gently squeez'd me by the Hand; and then no longer able to conceal the Vehemence of her Desires, she impress'd so warm a Kiss on my Lips, that I was in good Hopes the Seal would never have parted from the Wax: All the Sweets of *Arabia the Happy*, all the fragrant Odours of the Eastern World, all the blooming Beauties of the Spring, and the Wealth of Summer; in short, all the Incense that is offer'd on the Altars of our Gods, comes infinitely short of the natural Sweetness of her Breath. But here I will stop my Narration; for what need I trouble myself to send every Particular to you, who are old enough to imagine them of your self? Only this I will add, that we strove all Night long, which
of

of us should express their Love in the most emphatical Manner; and that that sawcy Intruder, Sleep, found us too well employ'd to offer to interrupt us.

Philomatia to Emusus.

Out of the same, Epist. 14. Lib. 1.

THIS comes to let you know, that we are not so bewitch'd to Musick, as you imagine, and that the best Lute and Guitar in the World will make but little Progress, unless it comes attended with the more powerful Harmony of Money: Why then do you give your self and me the unnecessary Trouble of so many Serenades? Why must you imploy your Hands, to shew the Passion of your Heart? Why do you prosecute me with your Sonnets, and sing under my Windows?

*Since Beauty's Charms do hourly fade,
And 'tis a Shame to be a Maid;
Let not Love's Pleasures be delay'd.*

You are old enough, one would think, to know, that Money atones for all Defects with us Women; and that Beauty and Vigour have no Merit with us, if they have no Gold to recommend them: But you think me an easy, foolish, good-natur'd Creature, who am to be impos'd on by any wheedling Stories. You fancy'd, I suppose, that I never had been initiated in the Mysteries of our Profession, and that I would immediately surrender to you, upon the first Stroke of your Violin, and the first Touch of the Lute: But to undeceive you, know that I was bred up under the most experienc'd Mistress of her Time; who form'd my tender Mind with wholsom Precepts; telling me, that no-
thing

thing under the Sun was sincere or desirable, but Money, and teaching me to despise every Thing but that. Under her Instructions, and by her virtuous Example, I have profited so much, that I now measure Love, not by vain empty Compliments, that signify nothing, but by the Presents that are made me, and by the Almighty Rhetorick of Gold, which will stand my Friend, when a thousand such fluttering Weather-cocks as you, have left me in the Lurch.

Terpsion to Polycles.

Out of the same, Epist. 7. Lib. 2!

TO convince you how insensibly Love gets Admission into the most innocent Hearts, be pleas'd to read over the following Story: A young Country Girl fell desperately in Love with her Mistress's Gallant, and took Fire her self, while she contributed to extinguish that of others. Being oblig'd to keep watch upon the Stairs, lest the Lovers should be surpris'd, she could not but often hear their Murmuring and Sighing: She saw them too folded in one another's Embraces, performing the Ceremony of Love; and thus, through the Eyes and Ears of this tender Girl, the God of Love, with his Torch and Arrows, plung'd himself over Head and Ears in her panting Breast. She bewail'd the Unhappiness of her Condition, and accus'd her Destiny for giving her a Mind susceptible of the most tender Impressions, yet denying her the Means to satisfy them. Why should not I, said she, participate Pleasure with my Mistress, since I have a Soul as sensible as hers? Why should Love, that tramples over all Distinctions of Rank and Quality, shew himself faint-hearted only in my Quarrel? But she did not afflict her self
with

with these unprofitable Complaints. *Venus* would not suffer her to lose the Time in lazy Wishes; for being sent one Afternoon to invite the Gallant to her Mistress's Lodgings without any farther Preamble or Preface, she accosted him in this Manner, Sir, said she, *I believe you to be a Gentleman, and willing to ease the Longing of a young Virgin: If my Face will go down with you, that, and the rest of my Body are at your Service. You know well enough what it is to Love, and therefore will have Compassion, I hope, on one that languishes under that Distemper.* The Gentleman, without farther ado, took her at her Word, and was so courteous as to play the Priest, since she was so willing to be the Sacrifice. He soon eas'd her of that Burden she complain'd of, and own'd, that he never receiv'd more Pleasure in his Life. The Kisses of marry'd Women, are generally insipid; the Kisses of mercenary Harlots, are fallacious and deceitful; but those of an innocent, uninstructed Virgin, are sincere, and consequently the most delicious. Our Lovers had like to have fainted away under the Violence of their Agitation; their Souls kept hovering about their Mouths, but their uninterrupted Kisses deny'd them a Passage. While the golden Minutes pass'd away in their Transports, the Mistress, who was seiz'd with a Fit of Jealousy, to see them stay so long, stole softly into the Room, and surpriz'd them in very criminal Circumstances. The unhappy Maid found the first Effects of her Indignation, whom she thump'd, and beat, and dragg'd by the Hair; but the poor Wretch intreated her to consider, that tho' her ill Stars had sent her a Slave into the World, which was none of her Fault, she had as strong Inclinations as the best of her Sex: That Love was an imperious Deity; and when he had once got Entrance into a Heart, would not throw up his Possession, as she herself could not but know by Experience. Wherefore, Madam, says she, in

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Consideration of Love, who is our common Master, and whose Yoke both of us carry, be pleas'd to forgive this Indiscretion in me; which, after the worst Gloss you can put upon it, was only the Effect of a foolish Curiosity, from which the best of Women are not exempt. These Complaints so innocently deliver'd, soon appeas'd her Mistress's Fury, who, taking her Gallant by the Hand, thus rally'd him, I find, crys she, you are of the Humour of some People, who had rather gather sowre Grapes, than stay till they are ripe. What could make you so foolishly trifle your Time with a silly raw Baggage, that is so far from knowing how to perform her Part in the Chorus of Love, that she does not yet understand how to level her Kisses aright? A Virgin is dull and heavy, and unacquainted with the true Management of a Passion; whereas such a Woman as I am that has try'd many a Fall with many a Man in my Time, needs not the Instructions of any one, but given the utmost Satisfaction. In short, a Woman gives, but a Virgin only receives Kisses, which makes a sensible Difference between them. And this, continued she to her Spark, you know well enough; but, if you want to have your Memory refresh'd, come to me to Night, and I will make you own I am in the Right.

What happen'd upon this, I can't tell, neither am I curious to know, because all Men affect to govern themselves by their own peculiar Palates, but especially in the Business of Love.

A Letter of Gallantry, from a young Gentleman to his perjur'd Mistress.

Out of the same, Epist. 9. Lib. 2.

IF you consider, Madam, what ill Treatment I have had from your Hands, you are in the right
on't,

on't, to believe, that I hate you most mortally; but then, if you reflect what an absolute Empire your Beauty has gain'd over my Soul, you can't but be sensible, that it is impossible for me to harbour the least injurious Thought of you. To convince you how far I interest my self in every Thing that concerns you, I swear to you, by that adorable Face, which hath made so perfect a Conquest of me, that next to the Grief of losing you, I am in the next Place concern'd to think what Punishments Heaven has in Store for you, for affronting it by so open, so bare-fac'd a Perjury. Love has so effectually stifi'd all Resentments within me, that I dare not entertain the least disadvantageous Wishes against you. But tho' I am ready to forgive you, I am afraid lest the Powers above should call you to an Account for violating their Majesty by a Crime so provoking. If the Thing wholly depended on me, you might safely stare Heaven in the Face, after you have so often call'd down its Vengeance on your Head; but my Fear is (and my Concern for you, obliges me to tell you so much) that the Gods will not be so ready to pardon you, as I have been; and any Misfortune of yours would afflict me more, than to find my self neglected, and forgotten by you. I impute my Miseries to Destiny, not to you (you see, Madam, I would rather judge injuriously of Heaven, than of your self) and I will never cease to pray, that Justice it self may be blind, that so you may escape the Punishment you deserve, rather than those bright Eyes should suffer any Thing, tho' they have caus'd my Ruin. Nay, if it should be your Chance to trespass once more, and offend Heaven again, I hope it will have a due Regard to the Weakness of your Youth. I am content to sacrifice my Pretensions to you; I who would sooner part with the *Indies*, than your self, provided that you would be no Sufferer. Farewel, Charming Creature, farewel; and may

may Fate be as indulgent to you, as I have been: Shew me now, if you can, a Lover, like me, who, after such cruel Usage, ever writ so humble a Letter.

Abrocomas to his dear Delphis.

Out of the same, Epist. 21. Lib. 2.

YOU'll be angry, perhaps, at the frank Confession I am going to make to you. I examine with curious Eyes all the Women I see; I go to all the Places of publick Resort, and no Female escapes me: Pray, Madam, don't think I do this to carry on any Intrigue with them (for I would not have you put so unjust a Construction upon my Expressions) 'tis only to see how much your Beauty surpasses theirs, and to be able to do the more Justice to your Merits. Yes, Madam, by *Cupid* I swear it, who never had a devourer Votary than my self, you surpass the rest of your Sex in Dress, Beauty, and all other Agreements: Your Charms are so conspicuous and shining, that they need no Artifice to set them off: A natural Red adorns your Cheeks; neither do you lie under any Necessity to load your Head with that cumbersome Attire, other Women take a Pride in. You have the loveliest Hair in the Universe. Who can behold so black a pair of Eye-brows, in so fair and white a Fore-head, and not own himself your Slave? I dare not trust my Invention, as fertile as it is, with venturing upon more Particulars. In short, Madam, all the Perfections of your Sex, center in you; and your Empire is never so safe, as when you appear among our most celebrated Beauties. Your Sight alone, as it creates our Astonishment, so it commands our Love; and to make a new Triumph, you need only appear to a
new

new Beholder. Since my Life is intirely wrapp'd up in yours, I wish you may live long and happy. All my Inclinations, all my Hopes and Thoughts terminate in you; and I earnestly beg of Heaven, that I may always continue in this Opinion. Enjoy that Conquest therefore which Nature has given you, and I will everlastingly carry Love's golden Dart in my Breast. Neither do you endeavour to pluck it out; for besides that you are not able to do it, I don't desire to part with it, for I take Pleasure in nothing so much as in my Passion. May it always be the Scope of my whole Life to love *Delphis*, and may it be my Fate to be belov'd by her, to be subdu'd by her Beauty, and charm'd by her Conversation.

Oceanius to Aristobulus.

Out of the same, Epist. 20. Lib. 2.

YOU desire to know what Progress our Friend *Damon* has made in the Affections of his Mistress, whom he hath so long besieg'd; and I am sorry I cannot send you so good News as I could wish: He threw himself down at her Feet, and in the common Strain of Lovers; Will you not, says he, take Compassion on my Youth? Will you not pity one, that dies every Moment for you? Shew at least some Tenderness to the Man, who never was conquer'd by any Beauty but yours! But she return'd him a Compliment, as cold as if it had come out of the midst of *Tartary*: Leave persecuting me, says she, with idle Stories of your Passion, with your pretended Darts, and your Romanick Flames, for you do but lose your Time and Labour. The Youth was reduc'd to the last Despair, when he found himself thus slighted; and as Anger, on these Occasions, generally succeeds to Love,

Love, he said the most reproachful bitter Things to her, that his Indignation could inspire him with. When his Fury had spent it self, looking upon him with a scornful Air; I know, says she, how to punish the Insolencies of your Tongue. All your Sex are perfidious and false; you devour us, nay, you devour one another. The most savage Beasts in the Woods, unless compell'd by Hunger, seldom attack the Travellers; but when they are taken by you, and have been debauch'd with a Domestick Education, they prove erranter Brutes, than any in the Forest. To be short with you, your Perjury and Inconstancy, reach us to lay aside all Pity, and treat you as you deserve; for in the first Ardors of your Love, you can lie all Night at our Thresholds on the bare Ground; you can say the most submissive Things in the World; you can whine and cry, and make Goddesses of us; you have Oaths perpetually at Command, and with those Counters you deceive us; but no looner have we granted the last Favours to you, but ye grow insolent and haughty; you make us the Subject of your ill-manner'd Mirth, and you disdainfully reject her, whom the Day before you ador'd like a Divinity. You are all Atheists as to Love, and pretend that *Jupiter* has other Business on his Hands, than to trouble himself about the Oaths of Lovers.

Thus the Lady discarded the unfortunate *Lycó*; and, as partial as I am to my Friend, I cannot but own there is a great deal of Truth in her Invective.

Chrysis to Myrina.

Out of the same, Epist. 15. Lib. 11.

YOU and I, my dearest *Myrina*, have long languish'd under the Tyranny of *Cupid*, who is the most fantastical of all the Deities. You are
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in Love with my Husband, and 'tis my unhappy Destiny, (but who can resist the God, who commands all the rest?) to dote on your Page. What Expedient will Love, who uses to be no Blockhead, when he is put to his Shifts, what Expedient, I say, will Love find out, to put an end to our present Sufferings? You know I am a constant Woman at Prayers; and if a Woman ever prays for any Thing in good Earnest, you likewise know, 'tis when she prays for a kind Gallant. Now, to be plain with you, I put up a fervent Petition to Heaven this Morning, that it would furnish a Remedy for both our Passions; when immediately the following Thought came into my Head: I won't be positive, as our Priests generally are, that this Whimsy of mine is of Heaven's inspiring; but it seems so easy, so pretty, and so feasible, that I am resolv'd with your Help to see it put in Execution.

The Stratagem, in short, is this: Do you pretend to be very angry with your Page, upon what Occasion you think most proper, whether for tearing your Fan, beating your Squirrel, or so forth; but be sure to turn him out of your House. The better to colour this Business, I will give you Leave to strike him a Blow or two; but I article beforehand with you, that you shan't hurt him. Upon this, I know he will immediately run to me, as being your greatest Acquaintance; and I will take Care to dispatch my Husband on an Errand to you, under Pretence of interceeding for the Boy, that you would be so kind as to take him into your Service again. By this Means both of us will have a fair Opportunity to satisfy our Longings, which, for my Part, I will see punctually perform'd, unless your Page is a very ignorant Devil indeed; and I suppose you will not be wanting to your self. But, my dear *Myrina*, remember to keep my Husband with you as long as you can; for that

that, you know, will be for our Mutual Interest. I can tell you before-hand, that you will not be disappointed in my Spark; I that have so often experienc'd how well he performs upon Duty, am satisfy'd he'll out-do a Hero, when Wickedness spurs him on. *Farewel.*

Stesichorus to Eratosthenes.

Out of the same, Epist. 9. Lib 1:

TO see now what cunning Gipsies these Women are! T'other Day a certain Woman of my Acquaintance, walking in the Market-place with her Husband by her Side, and a Train of Servants at her Heels, saw a Gallant of hers at some Distance off, with whom she us'd to be familiar. She had a mighty Longing to whisper something in his Ear, and, if possible, to steal a Kiss from him before her Husband's Face: So, to bring the matter about, she pretends to fall upon her Knee, and her Gallant, who, as it seem'd, understood her Design, charitably lent her his Hand to help her up: Then down she tumbles again, and our Gentleman was forc'd the second Time to give her his Assistance, O! my poor Wife, cries the Cuckold, in a strange Consternation, I hope thou hast not hurt thy self. Troubled with such cruel Fits, cry'd she; and then she made a third stumble. The Gallant on one Side, and the Husband on the other, did what in them lay to let her on her Legs again: but as her Fits still encreas'd, the Husband, with the help of the kind Gentleman, was oblig'd to carry her to the next Tavern. The Gallant chaf'd her Hand, and rubb'd her Face; and all the while the Fellow thank'd him for the great Pains he took with his Wife: But finding her Indisposition still increas'd, he ran down Stairs, like
Light-

Lightning, to fetch a Physician of his Acquaintance to her, not daring to trust his Servants with so important a Message. In the mean Time, our Lovers were not wanting to administer mutual Consolation to each other: So by that time the Husband came back with his Doctor, his Wife was exceedingly refresh'd. The Gallant was complimented a thousand Times for his Civilities on this Occasion: Sir, says the Man, I heartily beg your Pardon for the Trouble my Wife has given you. Lord, Sir, answer'd he, if it was to do ten Times again, it would be no Trouble. But indeed 'twas too much, Sir, I faith, cries the other, I don't think I can ever do too much for her. I swear but you have, says the Husband; I find she hath put you into a Sweat with helping her. In short, they drank a loving Glass together: The Wife pretended she was twenty *per Cent.* better, than when she set out in the Morning; the Gallant was highly satisfy'd with what he had done; and the Husband the merriest Man alive, to see his Wife so miraculously recover'd.

The End of the First Part of Aristænetus's Epistles.





ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

Translated from the Greek by Mr. Brown.

Epist. II. Lib. I.

PART II.

*About a Lady that consented to grant her Lover every
Thing, but the last Favour.*



YOU have heard of several fantastick Effects, that Love has produc'd in the World: But I am going to tell you of *one*, who will surprize you more than *all* the rest. For my Part, I never heard of the like before: *Architeles*, to whose Person and Character I suppose you are no Stranger, has, for this good while, been most furiously in Love with *Telefippe*. It was not without a great deal of *Importunity*, that she was prevail'd upon to admit him into her Company: At last she suffer'd it; but has ty'd the poor young Fellow to such hard Conditions, that 'tis a Miracle to me

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me how he could *comply* with them. Young Man, says she, I give you leave to kiss me as often as you please, nay, to touch my *Breasts*, to squeeze my *Hands*, and to *caress* and *hug* me, even when my *Stays* are off; but as for *Marriage*, I would not have you so vain, as ever to *think* or *dream* of it, lest you should *forfeit* these Privileges, and force me to *discard* you my Service. Be it then, as my *Queen* would have it, replies *Architeles*; if you are pleas'd, I am resolv'd to be so, and shall think you *reward* my past Sufferings more than they deserve, if you will vouchsafe me a kind *Look* now and then, and sometimes honour me with your Conversation. But, Madam, may I make so bold as to ask you, why you *forbid* me to think of *Marriage*? For a hundred and twenty *Reasons*, replies the *Lady*; but, at present, I shall only give you *one*, which you must own to be *sufficient*. *Matrimony*, like some Sort of *grotesque Painting*, looks well enough, when you view it at a *Distance*; but when you come up *close* to it, the *Courseness* of the Daubing is enough to *turn* ones Stomach. *Hymen* puts the flattering End of his *magnifying* Glass into the Hand of all his *Customers*, which makes them see a thousand more *Charms* in their *Mistresses*, than they really possess; and this is the reason why most of them repent of their *Bargain*, when they find it so *wretchedly* disappoint their *Expectations*, and throw away the *Romance*, after they have once read it. *Enjoyment* as *naturally* begets Disgust, as Disgust concludes in Hatred, and a Man that would have *pawn'd* his Soul, to obtain one *favourable* Glance from his Mistress before he was *marry'd* to her, slight and undervalues her when he has her in his Power. Besides, there's no trusting to you young Fellows: You are as inconstant as *Weather-cocks*; and 'tis as impossible to *secure* you, as to *fix* *Mercury*. She that passes for a *Goddess* with you to Day, ten to one but you make a *Fury* of her, before the Week

is over. In short, Expectation keeps Love *alive*; but *Enjoyment* kills it, beyond all *Possibility* of a Resurrection. Thus you see what a narrow Circle this *imperious* Devil has confin'd the unfortunate *Architeles*. He lives with his Mistress in no better a Post, than an *Eunuch* would do; nay, I much question whether she does not grant some Favours to her *Monkey* and *Lap-Dog*, which she refuses him. For my Part, I wonder he does not *rebel*, and throw off a *Tyrant*, that treats him so *rigorously*, and imposes that as a *Diversion* upon him, which Antiquity made to pass for one of the greatest Punishments in Hell. To *touch* and *see*, and yet be *forbidden* to *taste*, is certainly the greatest of all Curses!

Euxitheus to Pythias.

Epist. II. Lib. 2.

A Gentleman falls in Love with a pretty Lady at Church, and sends her this merry Love-Letter.

WELL, Madam, for your Sake I believe I shall never like a *Church* so long as I live. People use to go to those Places to *pray off* their Misfortunes; but, for my Part, I have pray'd my self into such a Peck of Troubles, that only *Jove* and *You*; no, I beg your Pardon, only *You* and *Jove* can tell when I shall get clear of them: For alas! while with my *Hands* and *Eyes* most devoutly lifted up, I was as *busy* at my *Prayers*, as a *Lawyer* at his *Papers*, I found my self all on a sudden *shot thro'* the Heart, Liver, Pluck, and all, by that confounded Dog of an Archer, *Cupid*: For, Madam, *turning* my self to the Right, who should I happen to see, but your *Ladyship*? And I no sooner saw your *Ladyship*, but those everlasting *Murderers*, your *Twinklers*, pink'd and stabb'd me in 'a thousand

Parts of my Body. I endeavour'd to *remove my* Eyes from an Object, that would not allow me Time to say my *Prayers*: For, Madam, you must know I am plaguy *Religious* in my Nature; but the Devil a jot my *Eyes* would obey me: So on I gaz'd and star'd without *Intermission*, while the rest of the People went on with their Devotions. And, Madam, when you perceiv'd that my *Eyes* made so familiar with your divine Countenance, like the rest of your *cruel Sex*, that take a Pleasure in *mortifying* us poor Men, you threw your *Hood* over your Face; and not content with that, *turn'd* your self another Way; nor was that all, but you clapp'd your *unrighteous* Hand upon your *Seraphical* Cheek, only leaving a small Part of it, not much bigger than a Patch, as our Ladies now wear them, to be seen, which however was enough to do my Business *effectually*. Now, Madam, let me ask you one civil Question. Will you be pleas'd to take into your Service a *Slave*, that is ambitious of living and dying for your Sake; and who would rather chuse to carry your *Chains*, than enjoy a dull-lazy *Liberty*, or be the greatest *Monarch* in the Universe? I can't tell whether *Jupiter* is alter'd of late; but, by *Jove*, I dare swear, that even *Jupiter* himself would leave his *Heavenly* Mansion, and put himself once more to the Expence of a *golden Shower*. But what makes me talk of a *golden Shower*? I dare swear, that he would take any *Form* or *Shape* upon him, even that of a Bellows-mender, a Broom-man, or a Chimney-sweeper, only to have the *Privilege* of making you a small Visit. But, Madam, to let *Jupiter* alone, (*nam quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos*) and return to my self; I could wish you would give me as *just* an occasion to speak well of your good Nature, as you have given me to extol your *Beauty*: For, under the *Rose*, my Dear, it would be a most *horrid* and *lamentable* Thing, if your *cruel Treatment* should fright back the Lover, whom
your

your *Charms* have gain'd. Since you have spoil'd my Devotion at Church, I'll e'en try how I can pray at Home: And, O ye Gods! that any one of you would be so tender-hearted, as to assist and promote the Amours of the most passionate Wretch that ever drank his Mistress's Health out of a Slipper, or told his Pain in the Woods to those compassionate Gentlemen the Trees. And as for you, charming Damosel, I am ready to swear by you, by what God or Goddess in the Firmament you please: Or rather, if you'll take my Word without swearing, I will pray to every Divinity, that so long as you vouchsafe to be the Sovereign Lady of my Heart (and may that be so long as both of us live; and may both of us live as long as we are able to enjoy and look at one another) I may take a Pride in wearing your Fetters, and being

Your most obsequious Vassal.

Alciphron to Lucian.

Epist. 5. Lib. 1.

How a Woman put a Trick upon her Husband, who had surpriz'd her at a publick Entertainment, and made him glad to buy his Peace with her at any Rate.

TOther Day so merry an Adventure happen'd at our End of the Town, that I can't for the Heart of me forbear to send you a short Account of it. We had a publick Entertainment, you must know, in the Suburbs, to which Charidemus invited several of his Friends: Amongst the rest, there was a certain Lady (you'll excuse me if I don't think it proper to give you her Name) whom that Latitudinarian of a Lover Charidemus, who flies boldly at all Game, meeting accidentally in the Street, as he was upon the Hunt, must needs oblige

to sup with him. After all the *Guests* were arriv'd, the *Master* of the *Feast* comes into the Room, spruc'd up as fine as a *Lord*, and brought with him an old venerable Gentleman, who, it seems, was his Friend. Our young Female no sooner saw him come into the Room, but immediately she flew into the next *Apartment*, and sending for *Charidemus* to come to her; Lord! *says she*, what have you done? You have utterly ruin'd me: That old Fellow you brought along with you is my *Husband*, the most jealous, ill-natur'd, yellow-pated *Dog*, that ever was known, and as *surly* and *peevish* as he is jealous: He certainly *knew* me by my *Mantua*, for 'tis not a full Week since he gave it; and I perceiv'd he kept his Eyes incessantly upon it; so that when he comes Home, our House will be *until'd*, that's certain; and if I escape with the *Loss* of a Leg or an Arm, I come off cheaper than I expect: But after all, *says she*, perhaps *Ways* and *Means* may be found to put the *Doctor* upon the old *Prig*: Be you therefore so kind, as to send me out of Hand a Plate full of *Victuals* to my House, and I warrant you I'll manage my *Tyrant* rarely, and make him as *meek* as a Lamb, before I have done with him. 'Twas no sooner propos'd, but agreed upon: So she took the shortest Cut to her House, that she might get thither before her antient *Lord* and *Master*; and taking a Neighbour's Wife along with her, both of them lay'd their Heads together, how they might best *dumfound* the jealous Coxcomb. They were hardly got within Doors, but in comes Sir *Fumble* the *Cholerick*, roaring and swearing like a *Dragon*, and calling the Wife of his Bosom a thousand *Whores* and *Strumpets*: Well, you insatiable *Cockatrice*, *says he*, I'll put it out of your Power to abuse me, or my Bed any longer! My Eyes are not so bad, but I knew you well enough to Night by your *Mantua*; but I'm resolv'd to spoil your *gadding* Abroad for the future. With that he

ran furiously to his *Sword*, when the other Woman who had retir'd into the next Chamber, *pops* very *seasonably* into the Room. Neighbour, *cries she*, here is your *Mantua* again, and I give you a thousand Thanks for the Use of it. I was invited out to an Entertainment this Afternoon, which made me make so bold with you: And pray, Madam, be so kind as to *accept* of something that I have brought you: With that she uncovers the Plate, and set it before her. When her old *musty Cuckold* saw this, the Sky *clear'd* up with him in a Trice; the Suspicions vanish'd, his Jealousy was *nonplush'd*; nay, the Scene was so *wonderfully* chang'd, that from a haughty imperious Tyrant, he became the most obsequious Slave that might be. Dear Fubsee, *cries he*, I own I was in the Wrong. But what shall I say? The best of us may be sometimes *mistaken*. Truly, truly, I was *besides* my self; my Passion had made me as *blind* as a Beetle: But prithee, dear Wife, lay a *Fine* upon me, and see it be a good *heavy Fine* too, a Necklace of Pearl, a new Gown and Petticoat, or some such Matter; for I am resolv'd to *purchase* my Peace with thee, let it cost me what it will: But what a Mercy was it, my pretty *Pigsney*, that our Neighbour should come in so *luckily*, and thereby prevent the *Effusion* of my dear Spouse's Blood. Thus the old Gentleman *humbled* himself before his Wife, and to shew his *Gratitude* for this strange *Deliverance*, must needs go to Church immediately. His *pious* Wife made her best Use of this Opportunity, sends for her *Gal-lant*, and *Cuckolds* her Husband, that now he might have Occasion to thank Heaven for something.

Hermocrates to Euphorion.

Epist. 6. Lib. 1.

The great Danger a Man runs of finding himself disappointed when he Marries; confirm'd by the Story of a young Girl, that began to trade for herself very soon.

TO shew you how soon the Women of this Age grow Ripe, as likewise to deter you from committing Matrimony, 'till you have made a due Enquiry into all Matters, suffer me to entertain you with the following Story. A Gentleman's Daughter of my Acquaintance, surpriz'd her Nurse the other Morning with the following Confession: Nurse, says she, if you will give me your Word, and promise that you will never talk on't again, I have a Secret to impart to you, which highly concerns me. The Nurse swore by all that was good and sacred, by the never-failing Brandy-Bottle, and the comfortable Sack-Poffet, that it should never go out of her Lips. Upon this, the young Girl blushing very prettily, to tell you the Truth, Nurse, cries she, I have lost my Maidenhead. How? says the old Gentlewoman, Have you parted with that precious Treasure? Upon that she tore her Hair, wrung her Hands, stamp'd the Ground with both Feet, and lay'd on, as if she had been distracted. For God's sake, Nurse, said the young Gypsy, don't make such a Noise, lest the Folks in the House should over-hear us. You promis'd, did you not, to keep my Counsel? Why then do you make all this Pother, as if you design'd to betray me? And, Nurse, to let you see I am not so guilty, as you take me; tho' I was ready to die for Love, yet I did not surrender up my All on the sudden; no, I

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disputed every Inch of Ground with my Gallant; but alas! I found all this *Struggling* was to little Purpose: I was of *twenty* Minds in an Hour; and thus I *expostulated* with my self: Shall I *obey* the Dictates of Love, or bid *Defiance* to him? Shall I consult my Pleasure, or preserve my *Reputation*? Both are in my Power. But alas! I find a Woman has no Free-Will in these Matters, the *Bias* on Nature's Side runs so strong; and *Honour* is an unequal Match for *Inclination* at any Hour of the Day, but especially of the Night. What help'd to *inflame* my Passion, was the very Opposition I made to it; so that having held out about a Month, it was not in the Power of frail *Flesh* and *Blood* to sustain the Siege any longer. When she had done her *Story*; this is *lamentable* News, *reply'd* the old *Beldam*; you have dishonour'd my Grey Hairs, and broke thro' all the wholesome *Admonitions* I have given you. But, Miss, since (as the Proverb has it) *What is once done, is never to be undone*; all the Advice I can give you at present, Miss, is to forbear this Pastime, Miss, for the Time to come, 'till the *holy* Priest has join'd you to some *Husband*, and then you may fall on a God's Name, and take your *Belly* full; for, mind me, Miss, should you do this *naughty* Thing again with your Spark, ten to one, Miss, but your Apron-strings would rise up to your *Chin*, and tell strange Tales of you. This would enrage your Father, break the Heart of your Mother, and *expose* you, Miss, to the malicious Mirth of all the *Neighbourhood*. But, Miss, I trust in Heaven, that before any Thing of this *happens*, Providence will find out for you a good Pains taking *Husband*; and I hope your Father has got your *Portion* ready to strike the first fair *Chapman* that bids for you. So then, Mother, *cries* the Girl, jumping and frisking about her, I have nothing more to fear, have I? No, *cries* the Nurse, for this Bout, Miss, I hope you have nothing more to fear:

And when you come to be marry'd. Miss, leave every Thing to my Conduct: For, Miss, do you see, I'll manage Matters so for you, that, Miss, tho' your Husband could see as far into a Millstone, as the best Philosopher of them all; nay, tho' he were a Man-midwife, and a Conjuror into the Bargain, yet, Miss, he should never suspect you: And if he has any Skill in these Matters, his very Skill shall help to cheat him. This virtuous Discourse pass'd between the old Woman, and our young Harlot, in a private Arbour in the Garden, and was accidentally overheard by one of my Servants. Judge then, my worthy Friend, what a cruel Risque we poor Men run, that venture into the Terra incognita of Matrimony; when our Females are debauch'd before they get into their Teens, and know Man almost as soon as they can tell their Right-hand from their Left: So that if the Age goes on after this wicked Rate, as it has begun, a Man that is resolv'd to have a Maidenhead, must chuse his Wife out of the Cradle, or at best, be content to take her in her Bib and long Coats: But a Word to the Wife, is sufficient,

Eubulides to Sostratus.

Epist. 12. Lib. 2.

That 'tis Folly for a Man to marry a Woman beneath himself, out of Hopes that she'll make a dutiful Wife, which is confirm'd by an Instance to that Purpose.

IT seems you are not convinc'd by what I said to you in our last Conversation; therefore I once more affirm it; and you may believe your Friend, who has found it to be so by woful Experience, that a perverse froward Woman is never to be mended: Even Poverty, that uses to humble the haughtiest Tyrants,

Tyrants, cannot correct their *Insolence*, or make them tractable to their *Husbands*; of which sad Truth I am a living *Testimony*: For, like a silly Blockhead as I was, I marry'd a Woman with not a Groat to her Portion, thinking I should live *easier* with one whom I preferr'd, as it were, from a *Dunghil* to my *Bed*, than with one that was more suitable to my *Quality* and *Estate*, who perhaps might presume upon her *Family*, and the *Fortune* she brought me. I lov'd her, tho' a *Serving-maid*, with the truest *Passion* imaginable; I was concern'd to see so pretty a Creature undergo such vile *Drudgery*; I pity'd the Meanness of her Condition; and as *Pity* easily improves into *Love*, (which was a Piece of natural *Philosophy*, I then was unacquainted with) I *pity'd* and *pity'd* her still, 'till at last I fell up to the Ears in *Love*. Thought I to my self, the *Duce* is in't, if a Woman, who has so many *Obligations* to her *Husband*, will not make the most *dutiful* Spouse in the Universe; but I was lamentably mistaken in my *Politicks*; for tho' she had scarce Cloaths to her Back, when I took her, for better, for worse; yet now she is more insolent and ill-manner'd, than if she had brought her Weight in *Gold* with her. In short, the *Devil* can't match her for *Envy*, *Malice*, and *Ingratitude*: Her *Passion* sometimes transports her so, that she *threatens* to drub my Jacket. 'Tis true, she has not yet been so good as her Word; for which I may thank her *Fear*, and not her want of Will: However, she pretends to controul and contradict me in *every Thing*; and neither fears me as her *Husband*, nor respects me as her *Patron*. This, my dear Friend, is *all* the *Portion* I have had with her; tho', now I think on't, I must do her the Justice to own, that she brought a new Gown with her, but so beparch'd and beratter'd, I'll warrant you, that it had been two hundred Years out of Fashion; but now no Cloaths are good enough for her; and every other

Week

Week, forsooth, she must have a *new Gown* and Petticoat, as if she studied all the *Ways* in the World to ruin me, and bring me to a Goal. Were my Estate ten Times greater than it is, she would soon bring it to *nothing*, by her boundless *Prodigality*. 'Tis to no Purpose to tell her what will be the Effects of her *Vanity*. T'other Morning, as she was importuning me upon the old Score for a *new Gown*; my Dear, said I to her, prithee do but behold this Coat of mine, it has serv'd me a whole *Twelve-month* and yet I can make a *shift* with it still; in good Faith, you will undo me, if you go on after this Rate. Undo you? cries she to me so loud, that you might have heard her a Mile off; you are like indeed to be undone by my *expensive* living: There's never a Woman in Town, but goes better dress'd than my self, tho' their *Husbands* are nothing near so well able to bear it: And, Mr. *Thrifty*, how long do you think I have worn this Mantua? 'Tis about a Fortnight old, reply'd I. Look you there, cries this *Instrument* of Hell, as I hope for Salvation, I have had it a full Month; but every Thing, I find, is too good for your *loving* Wife. With that she fell a *roaring* and *crying*, as if she intended to exhaust all the radical Moisture in her *Body*. Now, what would you advise me to do in this Case? For my Part, I see no other Way left me, but to belabour her Sides with a good *oaken Cudgel* at parting, turn her out of *Doors*, and bid her make the best of her Way to Hell, rather than she shall squander all I have, and send me to an Hospital. I know by Experience, that the more a Man bears with an *imperious* Woman, the more she will ride him; and that a true *Scold* is no more to be cur'd, than a vicious Constitution, which turns the best *Aliments* into Poison: Therefore I am resolv'd she shall *troop*, and be a *Thorn* in my Foot no longer: This is fully concluded between me and my self, *Nemine contradicente*; and as for my dear Spouse, she may

may travel with her Band-box where-ever she pleases; and whether she *hangs* or *drowns* herself, in her great Discretion, 'tis all one to

Your humble Servant.

Epimenides to Agrinota.

Epist. 17. Lib. 2.

'A Letter of Gallantry to a marry'd Woman.'

I Protest, Madam, you advise one, like any *Ora-
cle*: Your *Exhortations* are the soberest Things in the World, by the same Token, I never *think* of them, but they *wonderfully* affect me: The last Time I had the Honour of your *Company*, you were pleas'd to ask me, when I intended to raise the *Siege*, and leave off *persecuting* you? Adding, that you had an honest Man to your Husband, and would sooner *lose* your *Life*, and all that, than *violate* his *Bed*? After this, Madam, you *very discreetly* counsell'd me to fly the *Country*, lest he should find me *prowl*ing in his Territories, and cut my *Throat*, for endeavouring to *fortify* his Head. Now, Madam, as I hinted above, you have a most excellent Hand at *advising*; but you must give me leave to tell you, that you were never in *Love*; nay, that you never saw a *Lover* in your Life; for your *Language* shews, that you are a perfect *Stranger* to these Matters. You tell me, that you have a *Husband*; why, what care I, if there were a *thousand* of them; for then there would be so many the more to *Cuckold*? A true *Lover* is as great a *Stranger* to *Fear*, as he is to *Modesty*. Break your *Fan* about his *Ears*; set your *Lap-Dog*, *Squirrel*, and *Monkey*, all at once upon him; turn him out of *Doors*; call him a hundred *Saucy Fellows*, and fling your *Chamber-Pot* at him; yet

yet all this won't hinder him from making a second Attack: Fright him with a *Bully* of a Husband eight Foot high; nay, set *Death* before his Face, he'll *break thro'* all Difficulties, and sail against *Wind* and *Tide*, to arrive at his expected *Port*. *Venus* is infinitely more honour'd by these noble *Resolutions*, than by all the Incense and Victims that her other Votaries present to her. So, Madam, you may save your self the Trouble of giving me any more wholesome *Admonitions*; for, upon my Word, they are not like to *edify* with me: Having made these Advances, I scorn to listen to the Suggestions of so treacherous a Privy-Counsellor, as *Fear*; and have resolv'd either to take the Town by *Storm*, or else to die in the *Trenches*, or to do something that's worse. You may dissuade me to the contrary, 'till your *Lungs* are tir'd; but my *Heart* whispers me to keep my Ground; and for your Sake, I have bound my self by an Oath, either to fall in your Quarrel, or else to cure my *Love* by *marrying*: For I have been told, that *Marriage* is as effectual a Cure for *Love*, as *beheading* is for the *Tooth-ach*. But, Madam, I hope you'll not put me upon such cruel *Extremities*. In the mean Time, oh! thou most charming of all Women! don't entertain such *wicked* Sentiments, as to think, that these are *Compliments* of Course, and no better. You must be a rank *Infidel*, to distrust me after so frank a *Declaration*: For, as I hope to be happy in your *Embraces*, my *Pen* is *Secretary* to my *Heart*, and *writes* nothing but what that *dictates* to it.

Farewel,

Ælianus

 ELIANUS to Calyca.

Epist. 1. Lib. 2.

A young Gentleman had fallen out with his Mistress; and a Friend of his endeavours in this Letter to re-establish him in her good Graces: And the better to bring it about, tells her, that he shall bring his Pocket lin'd with Gold; which Argument, they say, never yet fail'd with any Woman of any Age, Religion, or Country whatsoever.

I Have presum'd to write to you this Letter in behalf of my Friend *Charidemus*; and if my Eloquence could come up to the Height of his *Passion*, I should not much doubt of carrying my Point with you. This *young Gentleman* has been long your *Adorer*; and unless you propose a speedy Cure to his *Pain*, I am afraid will not continue long in the Land of the Living. At present he is a *walking Skeleton*; and I leave it to you, to consider what Credit it will be for you to send one, who is a *Ghost* already, to his Brethren below. For my Part, I daily put it up in my *Prayers*, that *Bloodshed* may never be laid to your Charge; and that so beautiful a Face as *Yours*, may never be indicted at *Heaven's Old-Baily* for *Murder*. You are *angry* with the young *Spark*, I know; and perhaps he has merited your *Indignation*: But if his *Youth* will not plead for his *past* Errors, yet remember he has done *Penance* enough by being *banish'd* your Company so long. As you are only *inferior* to the Goddess of *Beauty*, perhaps it may not be amiss for you to *try* to imitate her. 'Tis true, she has her *Fire*, and carries her *Darts* about her; but her *Fire* is gentle, not devouring, and her *Darts* are reserv'd for those that despise, not
for

for those that adore her. You are not content to set us on Fire by your *Sight*, but wound us even with your *Absence*. Now, where would the Harm on't be, to heal the Wounded by a kind Glance, and to soften that *Flame*, which your *Cruelty* first kindled? So far, Madam, I have talk'd to you in the Language of an *Interceder*; now give me leave to say a Word or two to you as an *Adviser*. I know, indeed, that it is no ill *Policy*, for a Woman to make her *Lover* now and then smart by her *Disdain*; because it not only puts an Edge upon his *Appetite*, but keeps him in his *Duty*; but then there is Danger in carrying this Point too far; for as *Satiety* is apt to cloy, so too severe a *Treatment* generally disgusts him. Who knows too, but it may make him bestow his *Applications* elsewhere, where he has a fairer Prospect of succeeding? *Cupid* comes and goes away in a Minute; where he hopes, there he settles his Quarters. Make him *despair*, and he *abandons* them in an Instant: For this Reason, a Lady that would *secure* her Lover to herself, ought to manage her Game *cautiously*; and tho' she is not inclin'd to grant him the last *Favours* as often as he demands them, to afford him at least so *slender* and so *cheap* a Diet as *Hope*. To deal plainly with you, Madam, several of your Sex have been laying out for my *Friend* already; and one that shall be nameless, had *certainly* drawn him into her *Toil*, if he had *firmly* resolv'd to forget all Womankind for you. As for those *fluttering* Coxcombs, that make Love to all the *Females* they meet, and adore all Faces alike, you may receive them in what manner you think fit; but a sincere Lover, like my Friend, ought to be us'd *sincerely*, and be treated upon the Square. Therefore, Madam, let me advise you to keep within due Bounds, lest you *crack* the Line by endeavouring to *stretch* it; and let not your Discretion degenerate into *Pride*. You need not be

be inform'd what a Pleasure the World takes to mortify the *Haughty* : Besides, Delays in these Matters, are often prejudicial ; and the *Fruit* that tastes well when *newly* gather'd from the Tree, loses all its delicious *Flavour* by being kept too long. Time spurs on *continually*, whether we employ it to our Advantage or no : And when old Age knocks at your Door, your other Guests will leave you ; and 'tis a *Sad*, but an *undeniable* Truth, that Love seldom or never survives the Loss of *Beauty*. A Woman is like a *Garden* ; while the *Verdure* lasts, and the *Flowers* are in Perfection, what can be more agreeable ? But when the *Spring* is once gone, the *Flowers* decay, and the Garden lies neglected. Thus it happens with a *Woman* ; for when her *Shape* and *Charms* have left her in the *Lurch*, she must either keep at Home, and be a *Magdalen*, in her own *Defence*, or resolve to be laugh'd at, if she peeps abroad. Love waits upon *Beauty*, as *Flatterers* do upon *Wealth* ; and both *disappear*, when the attractive *Object* is gone. But, Madam, I forget whom I am *talking* to all this while ; for what need I make a long *Harangue* to one who knows these Matters so much better than my self ? Let me therefore conjure thee, O thou *Phoenix* of thy Sex ! to forget and forgive all former *Quarrels* ; and let thy *Soul*, that inhabits so fair a Mansion, be, if 'tis possible, more charming than thy *Body*. You see how a *Rose* withers upon the *Stalk*, if it is not gather'd ; I need not make any *Application*. Will you then be reconcil'd to your *Lover* ? I am sure you will. For I know your *Breast* is capable of the most tender Impressions ; and 'tis not in your Temper to be cruel. Know then, that I will wait upon you to *Morrow-Night*, and be Master of the Ceremonies to my young Gentleman, who shall bring with him Store of *Mediators* in his Pocket ; I mean of *Broad-Pieces* : For between Friends, Ma-

dam,

dam, nothing is so *heavy* a Reconciler, or so effectual a *Pleader*, especially in the Affairs of *Love*, as a round Handful of *Gold*. Thus hoping you'll pass an Act of *Indemnity* for what is past, and put the best *Construction* upon the *present*, I remain

Your most obedient Servant.

Apollogenes to Sofias.

Epist. 11. Lib. 2.

Describes the uneasy Condition of a young Gentleman, who, at the same Time, had a violent Passion for his Wife and his Mistress.

I Believe no young Fellow in the World was ever in such *curst* Circumstances as I; and were it possible for a Man to consult every Lover, between *Pole* and *Pole*, I fancy they'd all own, that *mine* is the hardest Case that ever was. I kept a Woman, and lov'd her; but after a Month or two, grew *weary* of her, as 'tis the Way of frail Mankind. Thought I to my self, I'll even leave off this *foolish expensive* Course of Life, turn *honest*, like the rest of my Neighbours, and marry. I did so, and marry'd a Woman of Virtue and Fortune; and, in short, possess'd all those good Qualities, that can recommend one of her Sex. But tho' I enjoy this charming Bed-fellow every Night, my Passion for my old Mistress burns still as violently as ever; and yet I defy any Man breathing to love his Wife better than I do. But here's the *Mischief* on't, when I possess one, I cannot forbear thinking of the *other*; and thus when I am in Company with my Wife, my wicked Memory conjures up the Idea of my Mistress: And when I am circled in my Mistress's Arms, some untoward *Demon* or other puts my *Wife* into my Head. In fine, my

Cale

Case is like that of a *Pilot* at Sea, who finds himself attack'd by two *contrary* Winds, that struggle for the *Sovereignty* of the Ocean, and buffet his poor Vessel by Turns most *unmercifully*: You'll wonder, perhaps, how I should be able, at the same Time, to harbour two *such* incompatible *Interests* in my Breast, as a *Wife* and a *Mistress*: But you may rest assur'd, that what I have told you, is *true*; and I could wish, with all my Soul, that as these two *Passions* make a shift to subsist in my Heart, without *justling* out one another; so my *Spouse* and my *Miss* could be induc'd to set up their *Horses* together, and live *peaceably* under the same Roof, without any *jealousy* or *Heart-burning*. But this is a *Miracle*, which I must never expect to see; for tho' a *Miss*, so long as you supply her with *Money*, cares not a Farthing, if you are concern'd with a thousand other Women; yet that untractable, craving Animal, call'd a *Wife*, would sooner see you squander her *Fortune*, and plunder her of her Grandmother's *Jewels*, than let you pay the least *Sum* of *Love* into any *Exchequer*, but her own.

The End of the Second Part.



LET



EPISTLES out of *PLINY*, Junior.

Translated by Mr. THO. BROWN.

I Am to inform the Reader, that in the following Letters, I have not confin'd my self to a literal Version. Where I found my Place so perplex'd, that no certain Sense could be made of it; or where it could not be understood without a Comment (which would have look'd ridiculous in such a Collection as this) I have fairly omitted it; and sometimes I have made bold to alter a Word or two, to make my Author more palatable to the English Reader. As for the Choice I have made of the Letters, if they are not the best, I hope they will not displease.

To his Friend Romanus.

Lib. 3. Epist. 13.



AT your Request, I have sent you the *Panegyrick*, I lately deliver'd before our most incomparable * *Prince*, altho' I had sent * *Trajan*. it to you, whether you had desir'd it or no. Now you have it before you, I must beg you to reflect upon the Difficulty, as well as the Nobleness of the Subject.
Upon

Upon other Occasions, the Newness of the Argument generally draws our Attention; but here it was impossible for me to say any Thing, which all the World did not know before. For which Reason, the Reader, having nothing else to employ him, will only mind the Elocution, in which 'tis a hard Matter for a Man to succeed well, when that, and only that, is taken Notice of. I could wish, that the Order, Transitions, and Figures, could be consider'd at the same Time: For in the most barbarous Nations, you shall find many that are able to invent handsomly, and to express themselves magnificently enough; whereas to dispose of Things in their proper Order, and to vary the Figures with Art and Judgment, is only the Talent of the Learned. I am of Opinion indeed, that the sublime and pompous Stile, is not always to be us'd; for as in a Picture, nothing sets off the Light so well as an artful Disposition of the Shades; so an Oration is no less recommended by the Simplicity, than Majesty of the Diction. But why should I trouble you with these Things, who know them so much better than my self? In the mean Time, I beg the Favour of you, to mark what Places you think want Correction; for I shall be the easier inclin'd to believe, that the rest of the Oration pleases you, when I find you dislike some Passages in it. Farewel.

To his dear Caninius.

Lib. 8. Epist. 4.

T WAS the noblest Thing you ever attempted in your Life, to relate the *Dacian* War in Verse: For, besides the Newness of the Subject, what can be more copious and fertile, what more poetical? And tho' we all know it to be true, what

what more seemingly fabulous? You will have a noble Occasion to employ all the Stores of your Invention: When you talk of Rivers commanded to take a new Course, or bridled by new Bridges, that before were hardly to be pass'd in Boats: When you talk of Armies encamp'd on the Tops of Precipices, and a mighty King, who had grasp'd the whole Universe in his Imagination, not only depriv'd of his Kingdom, but his Life. In short, when you come to describe two magnificent Triumphs, both of which were celebrated for the Reduction of a Nation held invincible before; the only and greatest Difficulty will be, to express all this in a Strain equal to the Dignity of the Subject; which even you, my Friend, will find to be no easy Task, although you have a towering, elevated Genius, capable of the highest Undertakings. Some little Trouble too you'll find it, to soften the Names of these barbarous People, and particularly of their Towns, so as they shall not shock our Ears, when they come into Verse; but there is nothing so harsh and dissonant, but what may be made harmonious, or at least tolerable, with a little Care and Alteration. Besides if it were lawful for *Homer* to contract, to extend, and turn Words, even of *Grecian* Extraction, for the better Cadence of his Verse; why should not the same Privilege be allow'd you, especially since it is not affected, but necessary? Therefore, when after the Custom of Poets, you have invoc'd the Help of the Muses, and especially of your Hero's, their greatest Patron, whose noble Achievements and Actions you are going to sing, weigh Anchor, put up all your Sails; and if ever you did it upon any Occasion, so now more particularly hoist your Flag, display your Colours, and bear down with all the Force of Wit, these Metaphors, perhaps, may seem too daring for Prose; but why may I not be indulg'd to speak in the Poetical

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Language to a Poet? But this I bargain with you beforehand, that you shall send me your Poem in Pieces just as you finish it: Nay, even before you have finish'd it, by which Means it will come the more fresh, like Fruit newly gather'd from the Tree. You will tell me, 'tis impossible that small Fragments should please so well, as an entire Work, or that a Sketch should be so well lik'd, as a finish'd Picture: I confess it, and therefore I will consider it as such, and you shall bestow the last Hand upon it, at your Leisure, in my Library. To your other Favours, give me, I beseech you, this farther Mark of your Friendship, as to communicate to me what you would let no Body else see: For tho' I shall the more commend and value your Writings, as I see them come out more slowly and more correct; yet I shall both love and honour your self infinitely the more, as you send me these Things with most Dispatch, and in their Undress.

To his Wife Calphurnia.

Lib. 6. Epist. 7.

YOU send me Word, that my Absence does not a little afflict you, and that you have no other Antidote against your Melancholly, but my Letters. 'Tis no small Satisfaction to me that I am always in your Thoughts, and that such Trifles can contribute to your Diversion. For my Part, to let you see my Case is parallel with yours, I am perpetually reading yours; and the oftner I read them, the more new they seem to me, and I still discover some fresh Beauties in them, which I did not observe before. Tho' this, in some Measure, alleviates my Pain, yet it sets me a longing the more for your Company; for if your Letters are

are so sweet and entertaining, what Pleasures may I not expect from your Conversation? Therefore let me conjure you to lose no Opportunities of Writing to me, tho', as I hinted before, at the same time this Commerce delights me, it gives me some Uneasiness.

To the Same.

Lib. 7. Epist. 5.

TIS impossible for me to tell you how much I regret the Want of your good Company, and I have several good Reasons for it: In the first Place there is Love in the Case. Then 'tis to be consider'd, that you and I never liv'd asunder, which is the Reason why I pass the greatest Part of the Night in thinking on you. From the same Cause it proceeds, that even in the Day-time, at those Hours when I us'd to visit you in your Chamber, my Feet, of their own Accord, carry me thither; and then when I miss you, I come back no less melancholly and sorrowful, than if you had turn'd me out of your Room. The only Time that I am free from these Inquiétudes, is, when I am pleading in the *Forum*, and drudging for my Friends. Judge, then, what a mortify'd Life I lead, when I am forc'd to find Relaxation in Labour, and Comfort in Care and Misery.

To his Friend Ferox:

Lib. 7. Epist. 13.

YOUR last Letter is a convincing Argument that you Study, and that you don't. You'll, tell

tell me I talk Riddles to you, and so I do, till I explain to you more distinctly what my Meaning is. In short, the Letter you sent me, shews you did not study for it, so easie and negligent it appears to be; and yet at the same time 'tis so polite, that 'tis impossib'e that any one should write it, who did not weigh every Word; or else you are certainly the happiest Man in the World, if you can write Letters so just and exact, without Care and Premeditation.

To Cornelius Tacitus.

Lib. 7. Epist. 20.

I Return you your Book which I read over very carefully, having mark'd all along in the Margin what places I thought fit to be alter'd, and what struck out. For I am no less inclin'd to tell the Truth, than you are to hear it. 'Tis a plain Case, I believe, that no Man suffers himself to be so patiently found fault with, as he that deserves the highest Commendation. And now I expect my own Book from you, with your Corrections and Amendments. These reciprocal Offices of Friendship, that pass'd between us, give me no little Satisfaction; for if Posterity will have any Concern for us, I am pleas'd to think, that it will tell, with what Amity, and Integrity, you and I have liv'd together. It will be a Remarkable, and perhaps the only Instance in History, that two Men almost of the same Age and Quality, and of some Reputation for Learning, (I am oblig'd to speak the more sparingly of you, because at the same Time I speak of my self) shou'd promote one another's Studies so unanimously. When I was but young, and you had justly acquir'd a high Character in the World, even that it was my greatest Am-
 VOL. I. O bition

bition to imitate and follow you, tho' at never so great a Distance. We had then at *Rome* several Persons of Wit and Learning, that were deservedly admired; yet so great a Similitude was there between our Tempers and Dispositions, that even then I endeavour'd to Copy after you. For this Reason 'tis no small Satisfaction to me, that whenever there is any Discourse about Learning and learned Men, you and I are still quoted together, that when your Name is mention'd, the Company immediately mentions mine; and that when they prefer a third Man to one of us, they mean it of both. But 'tis no matter to me, whether you or I are mention'd first; for if I am first, it is only because I am the next to You. I don't question too, but you have observ'd, that in the last Wills of the Deceas'd, unless there was some particular Difference in the Case, you and I have Legacies of the same Value generally bequeath'd us. The Conclusion I draw from all this, is, That we have the the greatest Obligations that can be, to entertain the strictest Amity; since even our Studies, or Manners, or Reputations; in short, the united Testimony of the World, are so many Arguments, why the mutual Friendships between us should still increase.

Farewel.

To the same.

Lib. 6. Epist. 16.

YOU desire me to send you an Account of my Uncle's Death that you may be the better able to relate it in your History. I am oblig'd to you for this Favour, for I foresee my Uncle's Name will be immortal, if it has the Honour to be preserv'd by your Pen: Tho' it was his Fate to die, like great Cities memorable for their Calamities

lamities in the universal Desolation of the finest Part of *Italy*; Nay, tho' he himself has written several learned Volumes, which will propagate his Memory to future Ages, yet that Eternity, which seems to be entail'd on every thing you write, will not a little contribute to perpetuate his Name. For my part, I reckon those Men happy, who by a particular Indulgence of Heaven, are capable of doing Things fit to be transmitted to Posterity; or of writing Works, that deserve to be read; but I reckon those the happiest of all who possess both these Advantages. Among the number of those latter I reckon my Uncle, by Means of yours, as well as his own Writings; upon which Account I am proud to comply with your Desires. My Uncle was then at *Misenus*, with the Fleet under his Command in the Harbour, on the 24th Day of *August*, about one of the Clock in the Afternoon; when my Mother came to tell him, that she beheld a far off a Cloud of an unusual Magnitude and Form. He had taken two or three Turns in the Sun, after which he bathed himself in cold Water; then he lay down and tasted a small Repast, and fell to his Books: but upon this Alarm, call'd for his Slippers, and got up to the highest Part of the House, from whence he might most advantageously behold this Prodigy. At so great a Distance, we could not positively tell from whence this Cloud arose, tho' afterwards we knew it came from Mount *Vesuvius*. Nothing resembled the Shape on't more, than a Pine-tree does; for from a long taper Trunk, it spread it self to a very large Head, the reason of which I suppose might be, that when the Wind carried it up, began to fall, it's own weight made it run into a great Breadth. Sometimes it look'd of a whitish, and sometimes of a black gloomy Colour, according as it carry'd up with it Earth, or Ashes. My Uncle, thinking it impossible to make a just Observation of this Phenomenon, without

coming nearer, commanded a Gally to be got ready, and made an Offer to take me along with him, if I thought convenient. I excus'd my self to him, and answer'd, that I would pass that Afternoon at my Study; and as it happen'd, he had given me something to transcribe. As he was going out of the House with his Pocket-book in his Hand, the Seamen of *Resina*, affrighted at so surprizing a Conflagration (for the Village lay under the Mountain, and there was no other Way of escaping but by Sea) begg'd of him not to expose himself to a Danger that so eminently threaten'd him. This did not dissuade him from his Design; and what he began, out of a Spirit of Curiosity, he perform'd with the greatest Resolution imaginable. So he order'd the Gally to put out to Sea, and went himself aboard it, with an Intention to assist, not only those of *Resina*, but the Neighbouring Towns, for the Country all along that Shore is extreamly well Peopled. He steer'd his Course towards those Places, from whence the affrighted Inhabitants ran away in great Multitudes; nay, he sail'd into the very Mouth of Danger, and was so free from Fear, that he took particular Notice of every Circumstance almost, relating to this Eruption. By this Time a Shower of Ashes, attended with Pumice-stones, cover'd the Deck, falling the hotter, and in greater Quantities, as they approach'd nearer to the Shoar. Upon this he consider'd a little within himself, whether he had not best tack about, and sail homewards (which the Pilot advis'd him to do) but he told him that Fortune favour'd the Bowl, and so order'd him to sail to his Friend *Pomponianus*, who was at *Stabia*, on the other Side of the Bay. In this Place, tho' the Danger seem'd to be at some Distance, yet upon the first Approach of it, *Pomponianus* had order'd all his Luggage to be carry'd on Ship-board, being resolv'd to make his Escape, had

had not the Wind lat in the contrary Corner. But the same Wind that hinder'd him, brought my Uncle into the Harbour, who perswaded them to be of good Courage, and endeavour'd, by his own Example to make them lay aside their Fears. After this he bath'd, and was very cheerful at Supper; or (what in these Dangers is full as great) he seem'd at least to be so. All this while the Flames broke out in several Places of the Mountain *Vesuvius*; which appear'd so much the brighter in so dark a Night: In this strange Consternation, the Country People left their Habitations, which in their Absence were devour'd by the Flames; and this my Uncle urg'd as an Argument, why it was not adviseable to quit the Place where they were. After this he compos'd himself to rest; and slept very soundly, as those which were in the next Room, and heard him, affirm'd; for by reason of the largeness of his Chest, he breath'd somewhat of the loudest. But the Court-yard, thro' which there was a Passage to the Dining-room, was by this time so cover'd with Ashes and Pumice-stones, that there was no getting out of it for him, if he had stay'd never so little longer; so being awak'd out of his Sleep, he join'd *Pomponianus*, and his Company, who had watch'd all this while. And now they debated among themselves, whether they should stay within Doors, or venture Abroad in the open Air; for the Earthquake was so violent, and the Houses reel'd and stagger'd so, that one wou'd have thought they had been torn up from their very Foundations. When they were now in the Fields, they fear'd the falling of the Pumice-stones, tho' they were light and porous, however of the two Dangers, this was the least. With my Uncle, Reason overcame Reason; with the rest, one Fear overcame another; so they carry'd Pillows on their Heads, to break the Fall of any Thing that might fall on them. In other

Places it was Day, but here it was as dark as possible Night it self could be, tho' it was somewhat lessen'd by the numerous Flambeaux, and other Lights. Then he was resolv'd to go to the Sea-Shore, and see how the Sea stood affected, which still continu'd very rough and tempestuous. Here my Uncle, lying all along upon a Bundle of Cloaths, call'd once or twice for cold Water, and drank it off. After this the Flames, and a Smell of Brimstone, which us'd to preceed the Flames, as it made the Place too hot for the rest, so it wak'd my Uncle, who being supported by two Servants, got up, but in an Instant fell down again, being, I suppose, suffocated by the sulphureous Vapours. and the Orifice of his Stomach clos'd up, that was naturally weak and puling. Three Days after this his Body was found whole and intire, without the least Hurt or Mark upon it, and in the same Cloaths he last put on; in a Posture too, that made him rather look like one that was asleep, than dead. While this happen'd, my Mother and I were at *Misenum*; but this is nothing to the History, and you desir'd to be inform'd in no other Particulars, but those that related to the Death of my Uncle. I will therefore conclude; but before I do that, give me leave to add, That I have given you a true and faithful Account of all that has come to my Knowledge. I leave it to you to pick out what you think most proper for your Purpose; for it is one Thing to write a Letter, and another to write a History; one Thing to write to a Friend, and another to address himself to all the World.

Farewel,

To

To Sura.

Lib. 7. Epist. 27.

YOU and I are both at Leisure, you to teach, and I to be inform'd; I have for a long while earnestly desir'd to know, whether there are any such Things in Reality, as Spectres, or whether they are only the Results of a fearful Imagination: For my Part, I am inclin'd to believe the former, by what happen'd, as I have been told the Story, to *Curtius Rufus*: He was walking up and down a Portico, towards the Evening, when the Shape of a Woman appear'd to him; but much bigger than the Life, and much more beautiful. This unexpected Sight strangely surpriz'd him, when the Phantom told him, she was of *Africk*, and came on Purpose to tell him his Fortune; adding, that he was going to *Rome*, where he should be advanc'd to the greatest Honours; that he should return back to this Province in Quality of Governour, and there die. Every Thing exactly happen'd, as the Spectre foretold. The Story goes, that as he was sailing for *Carthage*, and coming out of a Ship, the very same Figure met him upon the Shore, upon which he fell sick; and remembering what it had formerly told him, gave over all hopes of Recovery, before the Physicians thought his Case dangerous. But what I am now going to tell you, as it is by much stranger, so it is more terrible than the other. There was a large and stately House at *Athens*, but untenanted, by reason of the ill Name it lay under; for in the Depth of the Night you might hear a Noise, like that of the dragging of Chains, which at first seem'd to be farther off, but by Degrees came nearer and nearer to you: At last,

a Ghost appear'd in the Shape of an old Man, lean and meager, with a long Beard, and the Hair of his Head matted ; it had Fetters about its Legs, and Manacles on its Hands, which it shak'd and rattled. These strange Noises disturb'd the Neighbourhood so, that few or none could sleep for them ; some fell sick with watching so long, and their Fears increasing, dy'd soon after ; for tho' the Spectre was not visible in the Day, yet their Memory still represented it to their Eyes, and one Fear begot another : For this Reason, no one would dwell in the House, but it stood empty, and was left wholly to the Ghost, to play its Midnight-Frolics in ; however, there was a Bill put over the Door, to signify, that the House was to be lett, or sold, if by Chance they could meet with a Chapman, who knew nothing that it was haunted. It happen'd, that one *Athenedorus*, a Philosopher, coming to *Athens*, read the Bill, enquir'd after the Rent, and suspecting there was something extraordinary in the Matter, because it was to be had so cheap, he informs himself of the Neighbours, who fairly acquainted him with the whole Business : He was so far from being discourag'd by it, that it made him the more eager to strike a Bargain. When it began to grow dark, he order'd a Bed to be made for him in a Room that fac'd the Street ; he call'd for Paper, Ink, and Candle, and order'd all his Servants to withdraw ; he employ'd his Mind, his Eyes, his Hands in Writing, lest his Imagination, having nothing to employ it, might be at Leisure to create Visions and Spectres : All the former Part of the Night, the Scene continu'd quiet enough ; at last he heard the rattling of Iron, and shaking of Chains. Our Philosopher did not so much as lift up his Eyes, to see what was the Matter, nor left off Writing, but endeavour'd all he could to neglect it ; the Noise still increasing, and moving nearer, so that sometimes

it

it seem'd to be within, and sometimes without the Room, at last *Athenodorus* look'd behind him, and saw it, just as the Neighbours had describ'd it to him. It stood still, and beckon'd with its Finger, like a Man that calls to another. He, on the other Side, makes a Sign with his Hand, that it should tarry a little for him, and falls a writing again. All this while, the Spectre rattled his Chains over his Head, as he writ; and he looking behind him, found that it beckon'd to him, as before; so he took up his Candle in his Hand, and follow'd it. The Ghost walk'd leisurely along, as if its Chains did hinder it; after that, it turn'd into the Court-yard, and immediately vanish'd under Ground. Our Philosopher took some Leaves and Herbs, that he might know the Place again. The next Day, he goes to the Magistrates of the Town, and advis'd them to dig in the Place where this happen'd: Which they accordingly did, and found a Parcel of Bones wrapp'd about with Iron Chains, formerly belonging to a Body, which, Time, and the Earth together had putrify'd. These Reliques were publickly bury'd; after which, the House was haunted no more. I am inclin'd to believe this Story, having had it so confidently affirm'd to me. — I earnestly intreat you to bestow a little Consideration to inform me better upon this Point. 'Tis a Subject worthy of your deepest Enquiry, tho' I confess I am not worthy to have you to communicate your learned Thoughts to me. Altho' you can plead on both Sides, and manage an Argument, either *pro* or *con*, as the Custom of the Gentlemen at the Bar is; yet I beg you not to employ that Talent here, but fairly to determine the Point, because I would not be dismiss'd uncertain, or left in Suspence, since this is the Reason of my giving you this Trouble.

Farewel.

C. Pliny to his Friend Fuscus.

The Argument.

In this Letter Pliny advises a young Gentleman what Method to follow, in his Studies.

SINCE you have been pleas'd to ask my Advice, how you are to regulate your Studies, and improve the present Retirement you enjoy, to the best Advantage; in the first Place, I am of Opinion, that it will be *highly* beneficial to you (and 'tis what some of our *greatest* Masters have often advis'd) to translate out of Greek into Latin, and back again out of Latin into Greek; for, by this sort of Exercise a Man not only makes himself *complete* Master of both Languages, acquires the *Propriety* and *Beauty* of Words, *Variety* of Figures, and *Perspiciuity* of Stile; but by setting the *best* Authors before him, as *Patterns* to imitate, he attains at last to *copy* their Virtues and Perfections. Besides, there are several Things which escape the *Observation* of the nicest Reader, which 'tis impossible for the *Translator* not to see: So that by thus *employing* our selves, we cultivate the Understanding, and improve the Judgment. Neither will it be amiss, when you meet with any *Passage* in an Author, that is *extreamly* fine and beautiful, to enter the Lists in *Competition* with him, if I may so express my self, and try how you can perform upon the same Subject; then when you have so done, *carefully* and *impartially* to consider in what Places he *excels* you, and where you have the better of him. It will be no little Satisfaction to you, to find that you *out-do* him in some Things; as, on the other Hand, it will be a great Mortification, if you see he *exceeds* you *every where*: But if you are minded

to be upon this *Sport*, I would not have you *practise* upon mean, ordinary Authors, of little or no *Reputation*; but single out the most *eminent* Masters, and chuse the most *shining* Places. This is a daring *Enterprize*, I must confess; but such as can't be tax'd with *Impudence* or *Vanity*, since a Man performs it in private by himself. However, 'tis certain, that abundance of Men, to their great *Commendation*, have ventur'd to *contend* with our most *admir'd* Writers, by the same Token that they were not, at their first setting out, *asham'd* to *follow* them at a Distance, while they were in *Hopes* one Day to *overtake* them. You will likewise find it very *serviceable* to you, when you have committed *any* of your *Thoughts* to Writing, to lay them aside for some Time, and endeavour to *forget* them: Then when you are *cool* and *sedate*, and divested of that Fondness, that a Man *naturally* has for his own *Compositions*, to call them to a severe *Examination*; to strike out some Expressions, and to retain *others*; in short, to make such *Improvements* and *Alterations*, as you see convenient. Did not the *Advantage* we receive by it, make us sufficient Amends for our Pains, 'tis an *ungrateful* Piece of *Drudgery*, I confess, to call our Works to a second *Review*, to expunge and amend them; and when the whole *Body* of the Building is finish'd, to *enlarge* the Entrance, to *strengthen* the weak Parts of it, to strike out new *Lights* where they are necessary; in short, to make several *Additions*, however so, as not to *destroy* the *Symmetry* or Proportion of the whole *Structure*. I know that, at present, your Intention runs *chiefly* for the *Bar*: However, I would by no means advise you to *confine* your self *wholly* to that wrangling and litigious Stile, which is *practis'd* by our Pleaders: For as we find by common Experience, that the *Ground* is soon worn out and exhausted, if it is *only* sow'd with one Sort of Grain; whereas it recovers *Heart* by exchanging the

the Seed : So the Faculties of our Mind lose all their *Vigour* and *Activity*, when they are constantly employ'd upon one Subject, while a judicious *Variety* gives them a new Force. For this Reason, if you would be govern'd by me, you should sometimes try how well you can perform in the *Historical Way*; sometimes I would have you employ a few Hours in writing of Letters upon occasional Subjects; and sometimes too I would advise you to sacrifice to the *Muses*, and see how you can perform in *Poetry*. I say, I would sometimes have you try your *Poetica' Genius*; because, even in our publick *Speeches* and *Harangues*, where we are oblig'd to make any *Descriptions*, a Man is forc'd not only to indulge himself in the Liberties and Decorations of an *Historical*, but even of a *Poetical* Stile : And then, as for the *Purity* of Language, and a close compendious Way of expressing one's self, 'tis no where so happily learnt, as by frequent writing of Letters. When I tell you, that you may sometimes divert your self with *Poetry*, I don't mean, that you should attempt the writing of a long continu'd Poem, which cannot be done without a great Expence of Time, and, perhaps, more than the Thing is worth; but only that it may not be amiss for you, now and then, to chequer your serious Hours and Occupations, with a few short Sallies of Versification. This the World generally calls *Lusus* or *Sports*, and indeed so they are; however, a Man gets sometimes no less Reputation even by these *Sports*, than by the gravest Performance. But to relieve my *Prose* with a little *Poetry*; for why should I not make Use of Verse, when I encourage you to write it?

As the squacious Wax with Ease receives
Whatever Shape th'informing Artist gives :
Now represents the furious God of War,
Or in Minerva's Likeness does appear.

Now

Now a fair Venus shews, with all her Charms,
 Or wanton Cupid sporting in her Arms,
 As murmur'ing Rivers, with their Chrystal Streams,
 Not only serve to quench th' aspiring Flames;
 But in belov'd Meanders, as they flow
 On Fields and Flowers, fresh Beauties do bestow:
 So should the Mind with early Care be wrought,
 And fashion'd for the different Turns of Thought.
 One Art alone too dull a Chase does yield:
 Your active Sportsman ranges all the Field.

And thus we find, that the most celebrated Orators, and Persons of the most eminent Rank, have condescended to employ and divert, or rather to divert and employ themselves in these agreeable Amusements: And it is almost incredible to tell, how strangely the Imagination is affected by them; for they are not only proper to describe Love, Hatred, Anger, Envy, Compassion, and the like, but likewise comprehend every Thing that has a Relation to human Life; nay, what seems directly opposite to its Genius. Verse takes in even the * Law it self, as rugged and morose as it appears. This Advantage, at least, we reap from Poetry, that when we lay it aside, and return to Prose, we seem to have knock'd off our Fetters; and what every Man will soon find to be true, upon making the Experiment, our Thoughts and Words flow with more Facility and Freedom. Perhaps I have exceeded my Commission, and interpos'd my Advice in some Matters where you never requir'd it: However, I
 am

* Grotius has attempted something of this Nature, in a Paraphrase of one of the Chapters in Justinian's Institutions, de rerum divisione, & acquirendo earum Dominio, which is to be found among his other Poems; but, for all that, I would not advise any of our Inns of Court Gentlemen to try how Littleton's Tenures, or my Lord Vaughan's Reports, would run in Verse.

am sensible that I have omitted one Thing; and that is to tell you, what Authors I think most proper for you to *read*; altho' in *Effect* I did it, when I advis'd you what to *write*; only *remember* this, by the bye, always to read the best in their Kind; for as the Proverb has it, 'Tis not the *Quantity*, but the *Quality*, that recommends every Thing: Now, who these are, is so *commonly* known, that they need not be *pointed* out, or *nam'd* to you. Besides, without engaging to make any such *Catalogue*, I have already swell'd my Letter to such a *Bulk*, that I have *trespass'd* upon your Hours of *Study*, even when I pretend to *regulate* them. In short, take your Pen and Ink in Hand, and either put in Practice some of these *Rules* that I have sent you; or if you are taken up about any Thing else, *dispatch*, and finish it.





M. Tully Cicero's EPISTLES

Translated by Mr. THO. BROWN.

Brutus to Cicero.

The Argument.

After Cæsar had been assassinated in the Senate-House, Octavius, who was then about eighteen Years old, was sent for out of Epirus, and desir'd to take the Government into his Hands. Among the rest, Cicero made his Court to young Octavius, and recommended his Friend Brutus, and those of his Party, to his Protection; for which Brutus, who was zealous for the Republick, quarrels with him in this Letter. 'Tis written with a great deal of Fire and Vehemence; and fully answers the Character that Antiquity gives us of that great disinterested Man.



Receiv'd, by your Friend Atticus, the Parcel of Letters which you sent to Octavius. Your Affection and Concern for my Safety, gives me no new Pleasure, because I daily receive fresh Instances from all Hands of your Friendship, and hear how zealously you speak in behalf of your absent Friend; but 'tis impossible for me to tell you, how much I was griev'd at that Part of your Letter directed to Octavius, wherein you take

take Occasion to mention *me* to *him*. What shall I say? I am *asham'd* both of my Condition and Fortune. However, I must *wine on*. You recommend me to his Protection: Gods! what Death is not preferable to such a *Servitude*? And you *thank* him for his great Care of the Republick, in so *abject* and so *submissive* a Strain, that one would conclude from what you write, that the *Tyranny* was not *extinguish'd*, but only the *Tyrant* chang'd. Reflect a little upon your *Words*; and deny if you can, that this is the *Language* of a crouching *Slave*, to a haughty *King*. You tell him there is one Thing *requir'd* and *expected* from him; that is, he would be pleas'd to take into his *Protection* those Citizens, of whom the People of *Rome* have a good Opinion: But what if he won't? Must we therefore be treated like *Out-Laws*? For my Part, I think it much *better* not to be at all, than to owe my Being to him. I can never believe that *Heaven* has so far abandon'd the *Roman* People, and the *Preservation* of our Empire, that such a one as *Octavius* ought to be *petition'd* for the Life of any one single *Citizen*, much less for that of the *Deliverers* of all *Mankind*. I am proud to use this *magnificent* Language: And certainly a Man is *allow'd* to do it, when he talks to *those* that neither know what they are to *fear* or *ask* for others. But this you'll tell me, is in *Octavius's* Power, and are his Friend: But if you have any *Kindness* for me, can you wish to see me in *Rome*, since you have begg'd leave of a *Boy* to suffer me to live there? Wh. Occasion is there for you to *throw* away so many *Compliments* upon him, if he must be intreated and humbly *petition'd* to *grant us* our *Lives*, which we never *forfeited*? Or do you think that he looks upon it as an *Obligation*, that for the obtaining such a Favour, you address your self to him, rather than to *Anthony*? What Man in his right *Senses*, ever ask'd the *Successor*, much more

the *Affertor* of another Man's *Tyranny*, that he would be *pleas'd*, forsooth, not to cut the *Throats* of those that have best *deserv'd* of the *Commonwealth*. Now this *scandalous* Weakness and Dispair, for which you are no less to be *blam'd*, than the rest of your *Complexion*; see what blessed Effects it has produc'd: It first of all taught *Cesar* to *aspire* to *Empire*; and, after his *Death*, *incited* *Anthony* to pursue the same *Designs*; and now, at last, has so far *encourag'd* the *Ambition* of a young *Beardless Stripling*, that you must humbly beg him to spare the *Lives* of the *Defenders* of the *common Liberty*; and we must depend upon the *Mercy* of one, who cannot as yet stile himself *Man*. But if we would remember, that we have the *Blood* of the *ancient Romans* in our *Veins*, these arrogant *Usurpers* should not be so forward to establish their *Greatness*, at the *Expence* of the *Publick*, as we to *pluck* them down; neither would *Anthony* be so much *encourag'd* by *Cesar's* invading the *Sovereignty*, to attempt the *like* after him, as *deterr'd* and *humbled* by reflecting upon his *Fall*.

You that have born the *Consular* Dignity in your Time, and stickled *earnestly* for those generous *Patriots*, who if they are once brought under, I am afraid your *Destruction* will not be far off; how can you look back upon your *past* Actions, and either *approve* the *present* Villanies, or behave your self so *sneakingly* and *submissively*, as at least to seem to *approve* them? Tell me what private *Quarrel* you have to *Anthony*? Why, because he would have our *Lives* in his *Power*; because he would have us *petition* him from our *Protection*, who had receiv'd his *Liberty* from us; in short, because he would *trample* upon our *Liberties*, and *govern* the *Commonwealth* in an *arbitrary* Manner. Then you thought it *necessary* for us, to take up Arms to *prevent* his *Tyranny*; and now we have *prevented* him, must we be such *Slaves* to *desire* another to
take

take his Place? Or else manfully assert the Rights of the Republick; unless after all it can be said, that we had no *Aversion* to *Slavery*, but only to the Manner of it. If this had been our *Case*, we could not only have preserv'd our *Fortunes*, under that righteous Master *Anthony*, but shar'd the chief *Employments* and *Dignities* of the State: And this Treatment we might well expect to find from him, since our passive abject behaviour would have been the greatest *Security* to his *Usurpation*: But no *Bribe* was great enough to make us prostitute either our *Fidelity* or *Liberty*. This very *Boy*, whom *Cesar's* Name seems to stir up against *Cesar's* Murderers, what would he not give, if we were capable of being brib'd, that he might set up an absolute *Authority* by our *Means* and *Assistance*, as it is probable he will soon do, because we are content barely to live, to keep our *Estates*, and retain the empty Name of *Senators*? Why did we dispatch *Cesar*, or to what Purpose did we rejoice at his *Death*, if after we have remov'd him out of the Way, we can resolve to carry Fetters, and take no Care to prevent our *Slavery*? But may Heaven take every thing from me, even what the World reckons the dearest. rather than that Greatness of Mind, which not only forbids me to suffer, that in the Heir of him, whom I kill'd, which I could not bear in the Usurper himself, but not even in my own Father, were he now alive; I mean, to assume to a despotick Power over the *Laws* and the *Senate*, and I to stand tamely by, and see it. Can you be so vain, as to imagine, that others will have better Quarter from him, if we cannot be allow'd to live at *Rome* without his *Permission*? Besides, how can you think to obtain that which you desire of him? You ask him, that he would be pleas'd to let us live in *Safety*? Do you think we receive our *Safety* from him, if we receive our *Lives*? And how can we be said to receive the lat-

ter,

ter, if we are forc'd to throw up our *Dignity* and our *Liberty*? Perhaps you fancy, that to live at *Rome*, is to live in *Safety*. Alas! 'tis not the *Place* I value, if the *Thing* be wanting. I never look'd upon my self to be *safe*, while *Cæsar* was alive, 'till I had fairly rid the *World* of him: Neither will I be a banish'd Man, if I can help it, while I hate *Servitude*, and the tame bearing of *Affronts*, above all the *Plagues* in the *Universe*. In the *Græcian* Republicks, when they knock'd any *Tyrant* on the *Head*, they used to serve his *Children* the same *Sauce*. And are not we the most abandon'd *Sots*, that ever crawl'd upon all *Four*, if we can stoop to flatter the Man that has taken a *Tyrant's* Name upon himself? We, I say, that were the *Destroyers* and *Punishers* of *Tyranny*? Do you think, that I have any *Regard* for that *City*, or indeed believe it deserves the *Name* of one, that would not accept of *Liberty*, when it was so fairly put into its *Hands*; nay, is rather inclin'd to truckle to a *Boy*, whose *Father* was serv'd according to his *Merits*, because he has assum'd the *Name* of *Cæsar*; than to assert its own *Freedom*, especially since it has so fresh and recent an *Example* before its *Eyes*, of an *Usurper*, who wanted no *Power* to support him in his *Pretensions*, that it was taken off by the *Bravery* of a few *Persons*? Therefore let me desire you, for the *Future*, to recommend me no more to your new *Lord* and *Master*, nor indeed your self, if you'll be rul'd by me. You set too high a *Value* upon the few *Years* you have to live, if you can condescend to supplicate a *Boy*, that he would be graciously inclin'd to let the *Candle* burn to the *Snuff*. You behav'd your self very bravely against *Anthony*, and still continue to do so; for which Reason I would not have you forfeit your old *Reputation*, or give the *World* any *Occasion* to suspect your *Want* of *Constancy*; for if you can so vilely sneak to *Octavius*, whom you have, I find, desir'd to

to be *merciful* to us, People will be apt to conclude, that you are not out of *Love* with a *Tyrant*, but are only for having his *Nails* *pull'd*. As for your *commending* him for what he has already done, I own indeed the *Actions* are *Praise-worthy*, could I be satisfy'd, that the *End* of them was to *repress* another's *Usurpation*, and not to *establish* his own. But when you carry Matters so far, as to tell me, that it is not only *convenient*, but *necessary* to *petition* him in our *Behalf*, take my *Word* for it, you pass a *Compliment* upon the *young Gentleman*, which he never *deserv'd*. You bestow that very *Power* upon him, which I thought the *Republick* had obtain'd by his *Means*. Besides, you don't consider, that if *Octavius* deserves our *Esteem*, because he makes *War* upon *Anthony*; the *Roman People*, tho' they bestow'd all they have, yet they can never sufficiently *recompence* those who cut off that *Monster's Head*, of which that *Fellow* and his *Party*, are only the *Tail*. This may let you see how much farther our *Fear* carries us, than our *Gratitude*, because *Anthony* is still alive, and in *Arms*. As for *Cæsar*, all that could, or ought to be done to him, is *past*, and cannot be *recall'd*. But is *Octavius* one of that *Bulk*, that the whole *Roman People* must *stay*, to see how he will be *pleas'd* to use us? Or are we such contemptible *Wretches*, that one *Man* must humbly be *implor'd*, to grant us our *Liver*? As for me, to return to my self, I am of that *Temper*, that I not only *scorn* to *supplicate* him, but will do all that lies in my *Power*, to hinder others from doing the like. However, I will take care to get out of the *Neighbourhood* of *simple Slaves*. In whatever *Place* I am, that *Place* I shall fancy to be *Rome*, and shall heartily *pity* such as you, who can neither be taught by your *Age*, nor by your *Quality*, not yet by the *Examples* of brave gallant *Men*, to despise a vile, nasty, precarious *Life*. To be plain with you, I shall think my self too happy

If I can keep up to this *virtuous* Resolution, that I
 shall think my Duty and Services to my Country
 over-paid: For what greater *Pleasure* can we en-
 joy, than the *Remembrance* of honourable Actions,
 and under the happy Contemplation of our *Li-*
*ber*ty, to despise the *vain* Greatness of the World?
 I am fully resolv'd to run with the *Populace*, or
 be carry'd down the *Stream*, with a Herd of tame
passive Fools, or overcome by such as are willing
 to be made *Slaves*. I will still oppose our *Ulrp-*
ers; I will try all *Expedients*, and leave nothing
 unattempted to free my Country from *Servitude*.
 If my Desires are crown'd with *Success*, as they de-
 serve, we shall all *rejoyce*: But if it happens other-
 wise, I shall not *repent* of my Labour; for how
 can any Man *better* employ his Time or Thoughts
 than in setting his Country at *Liberty*? Therefore
 I conjure you, my dear *Cicero*, never be *cast down*
 or *discourag'd*; and while you endeavour to avert
 the *present* Evils, cast your Eye upon the *future*
 too, unless you have already *provided* against them,
 lest they should surprize you *unawares*. Take this
 for granted, that without *Constancy* and *Resolution*,
 all your *Bravery* and *Freedom* of Mind, with
 which both, when a *Consul*, and now when a *Se-*
nator, you *asserted* the *Rights* of the Republick,
 will be reckon'd as nothing. The *Case* of an *ex-*
perienc'd *Virtue*, is much *harder* than that of one
 that is not *known*. We consider their Services as
 so many *Debts* or *Earnests* of future *Payments*;
 and if they don't answer our *Expectations*, we
 proclaim them *Bankrupts*, and look upon them as
Cheats. For this Reason, when we find *Cicero* to
 oppose *Anthony*, although it deserves our highest
Commendations, yet because the *former* is in all *Re-*
spects superior to the *Latter*, no one wonders at it.
 If the same *Cicero*, who chas'd *Anthony* with so
 much *Resolution* and *Gallantry*, should be found
swerving in his Conduct towards others, he will
 not

not only rob himself of all his past *Glory*, but utterly efface the *Memory* of it: For what can be call'd perfect, where *Constancy* is wanting? And to be plain with you, no one is more oblig'd than you, to stand up for the *Common-wealth*, and to maintain its *Liberty*; not only in regard of your own great *Qualities* and past *Actions*, but the *Wishes* and *Expectations* of all that know you. In a Word, you need not trouble your self about petitioning *Octavius* to protect us; rather rouse up your self, and doubt not but that City, where you have perform'd so many great Things, will recover its ancient *Splendor*, and *Liberty*, if its *Noblemen* will but head the *People*, and unite, to hinder the wicked *Designs* of our *Enemies*.

Farewel.

Sulpitius to Cicero.

The Argument.

Sulpitius, in this Letter, condoles Cicero upon the Loss of his Daughter Tullia. One of the chief Reasons by which he endeavours to alleviate his Grief, is taken from the short Duration of all mortal Beings, the Instability of Human Affairs; and particularly, from the Confusion and Disorders which reign'd at that Time; and at last ended in the utter Subversion of the Common-wealth.

I No sooner receiv'd the unwelcome News of your Daughter Tullia's Death, but I was heartily and earnestly afflicted at it, as I confess, I ought to be, and look'd upon it to be a common Calamity, wherein I had no little Share. Had I been upon the same Spot with you, I had not been wanting to testify to you my *Resentment* on this Occasion, and administer all the *Help* that I was

capa-

capable of giving you. I must own indeed, that this Sort of *Consolation* is melancholly and troublesome; for our *Relations* and *Friends*, from whom we expect this *Relief*, are equally concern'd with our selves; and therefore rather want others to comfort them, than are in a *Condition* to do it themselves. However, I am resolv'd to send you, by the first Opportunity, all that my Thoughts suggested to me; not that I am so vain, as to imagine that you know them not; but because your Grief, perhaps, does so *entirely* possess all the Faculties of your *Mind*, that you are not at *Liberty* to reflect on them. Now, give me Leave to ask you, why this *domestick* Loss should afflict you in this excessive Manner? Do but consider how *Fortune* has already dealt with both of us. We have seen all those Things *snatch'd* from us, which ought to be no less dear to a *sensible* Man, than his *Children*. We are robb'd of our *Country*, our *Reputation*, of our *Places*; and in short, of all our *Honours*; and when we have suffer'd this, what can farther happen to *inhance* our Grief? Or what *Soul*, that has labour'd under these *Calamities*, ought not to grow *callous* and *insensible* to all other *Accidents*? Can you regret the *Loss* of your Daughter, when ever you think? (And how can you avoid it? For 'tis no more than what I say daily to my self) That in this wretched *Juncture* of Affairs, 'tis no great *Unhappiness* to shake off a troublesome *Life*, which, at best, is scarce worth the *dragging* after us. Now, what was it that should make her so fond of Life in this general *Shipwreck* of the Republick? What *Temptations*, what *Hopes* could she have, or what mighty *Advantages* could she propose her self? I suppose to marry some fine young *Gentleman* of Quality, and live *handsomly* and *comfortably* with him. I don't question, but that a Person of your *eminent* Rank in the World, whenever you pleas'd, might have *chosen* a Son-in-Law,

Law, with whom you might *safely* trust your Daughter. But let us see what you could have *expected* from such a Match, suppose it had been never so *advantageous*? Why, to have Children by her Husband, who might be a *Comfort* to her when they were grown up; who might enjoy the *Fortune* left them by their Parents, advance themselves, by *Degrees*, to all the considerable *Posts* of the *Government*, and have it in their Power to serve their Friends. Alas! *all* these Things are already gone, before they are *given*; and our *Government* and *Liberties* lie *bury'd* under the same *Rubbish*. But still you tell me, 'tis a *sad* Thing to lose one's Children. 'Tis so, I confess; but 'tis a more *stabbing* Affliction to survive the *Destruction* of one's Country. And this puts me in mind of a certain *Passage*, which did not a little contribute to make me *easy* in my Mind, in Hopes it may have the same *Effect* upon your self. At my Return from *Asia*, as I was sailing from *Ægina* to *Megara*, I had the Curiosity to *look* about me, and cast my *Eyes* upon the Coast by which we pass'd. *Ægina* was behind me, *Megara* before me; I had *Piræus* on my right, and *Corinth* on my left Hand: All which were formerly flourishing and wealthy Towns, but at present nothing but a Heap of Ruins. So then I began to make these *Reflections* with my self; "Why should we, poor Mortals, *complain* and *repine*? We, who cannot reasonably expect to live "long in this World, if the Fate of *War*, or the "common Course of *Nature*, carries us out of it; "when we see the Skeletons of so many *illustrious* "Cities, that might have promis'd themselves a "much longer Duration? Stifle all your *Resentments*, and remember that you were born a *Man*, "and consequently ordain'd to *die*. To deal *ingenuously* with you, this *Reflection* gave me a great deal of *Ease*; and I would advise you to *cure* your self, by setting something of the *like* Nature before your

Your Eyes: As for Instance; so many considerable *Men* have lately been kill'd in the *Wars*: Our *Government* is shatter'd all to Pieces; our *Provinces* are all exhausted and undone. Can you then be so exceedingly concern'd for the *Loss* of one *Daughter*, who, if she had not dy'd now, must certainly have pay'd the *Debt* of *Nature* at another Time, since she was born subject to its *Laws*? But I conjure you to divert your *Thoughts* from these melancholy *Considerations*, and rather remember those Things that become a *Man* of your *Character*. Consider, that she liv'd as long as it was worth her while to live; that she saw her *Father* possess'd of the most eminent *Dignities* of the *City*; that she liv'd long enough to see the better Part of her *Citizens* die before her; in short, that she went off the *Stage*, when our *Republick* likewise was destroy'd. I would desire to know what Reason either you or she have to complain of *Fortune* in all this?

Lastly, Remember who you are! One that us'd to give Advice and Consolation to others; and don't imitate those sordid *Quacks*, that pretend to cure all the *World*, and are not able to help themselves; but rather make Use of the same *Remedies* you prescribe to others, and expect a *Cure* from them. There is no Grief so obstinate, which Length of Time can't diminish and soften. 'Twill be scandalous in you, to expect your Relief from Time, as the common *Herd* of *Mankind* use to do, and not overcome it rather by your *Wisdom* and *Philosophy*. If the *Dead* below have any Sense left them, your *Daughter* in *Duty* to you, and *Love* to all her Relations in general, is so far from countenancing this Affliction, that even she conjures you to grieve no longer. Pay therefore this Respect to the *Dead*; pay it to your *Friends*, who are concern'd for your Grief; pay it to your *Country*, that whenever an *Occasion* offers it self, you may

be able to *serve* it with your Advice and Assistance. In short, since we live in such calamitous Times, that we must go down the Stream, whether we will or no, don't give those at the Helm any *Umbrage* to think, that you rather regret the Destruction of the *State*, and the good Fortune of our new Conquerors, than the Loss of your Daughter. I am ashamed to say more to you on this Head, lest I should seem to distrust your Prudence; for which Reason I will conclude. Your Friends have seen you behave your self so steadily in the Time of *Prosperity*, that you were universally admird for it. Let them see, that you can bear bad Fortune with the same Equality of Mind; and don't afflict your self more, than Decency and Prudence require of you, that you may give no Occasion for People to say, that this is the only Virtue you want. As for me, so soon as you are grown calm and sedate, I will take Care to inform you how *Affairs* go in this Part of the World.

Cicero to Titius.

The Argument.

The Letter is consolatory, and of the same Nature with the former. The Arguments are almost the same, taken from the common Destiny of Mankind, and from the calamitous Disorders of those miserable Times. By this it will appear, that a Letter which Lentulus sent to Cicero, was still fresh in his Memory, since he uses most of the same Reasons that are to be found in that; unless it will be said, perhaps, that two great Men, when they come to write upon the same Subject, may easily happen to fall upon the same Things, without communicating their Thoughts to one another.

Although I am one of the unfittest Men in the World to administer Consolation to you, because

cause I am so exceedingly afflicted at your Troubles that I want a Comforter my self: yet since my Grief, as great and as just as it is, is not altogether so violent as yours, I thought my self oblig'd, in Point of *Gratitude* and *Friendship*, to hold my Peace no longer under this your present Sorrow; but endeavour to give you some little *Comfort*, at least, that may serve to *alleviate* and *assuage* your Grief, if it cannot perfectly cure it. The Consolation which is most commonly prescrib'd in these Cases, and which we ought always to have in our *Mouths* and *Thoughts*, is, to *remember*, that we are born *Men*, and that we are sent into the World, on purpose to be *expos'd* to the Uncertainties of a fickle capricious *Fortune*; that consequently we ought to *acquiesce* in these Terms that Fate has allotted us; that is the greatest *Folly* imaginable to be overmuch afflicted at those *Misfortunes*, which it was not in our Power to *prevent*: And lastly, that if we *reflect* upon those that were born before us, or cast our *Eyes* upon our Neighbours about us, we shall soon find, that we do not stand singly by our selves, but that others have their Losses and Calamities, as well as we. These Reasons, indeed, are not without their *Weight*, having been us'd by the wisest Men, and may be found in the *Writings* of our greatest Philosophers. But in my Opinion, neither *they*, nor any other Reasons of the like Nature, ought to make that *Impression* upon us, as the Confusions and Disorders of those *miserable* Times; when those are the *happiest* Men in my Opinion, that have no Children at all; and even those that have lost them in this calamitous Juncture, are far less *miserable*, than if they had bury'd them when the Republick was in a *flourishing* Condition, or when we had at least the Face of a Government among us. Now, if your own private Losses, and the Reflections you make upon them, are the Things that wholly take you up at present, I suppose that your *Stock* of Grief, let

it be as *great* as it will, may soon be exhausted : But if you are griev'd for the *Misfortunes* of those that are *dead*, which seems to be the Effect of your *Compassion* and *Love*, I will not represent to you upon this Head, what I have frequently *read* and *heard*, That there is no Evil in *Death* ; for if there remains to us any *Sense* after it, 'tis rather to be call'd *Immortality*, than *Death* : And if we *lose* all manner of *Sense*, we ought by no Means to call that a *Misery*, which we don't feel. But this I dare venture to *affirm* to you, without pretending to set up for a *Prophet*, that there are those *Rods* preparing for our Backs, and those *Calamities* hang over our Common-wealth, that whoever gets out of the Way to avoid them, in my Judgment, takes the wisest Course that can be. Have we not *bannish'd* all Manner of *Virtue* and good *Learning* from amongst us ? Nay, don't we daily see our Lives and Liberties *ravish'd* from us by the *Violence* and *Rapine* of unjust *Usurpers* ? For my Part, I never hear of our young Fry carry'd off by Distempers, and other Casualties, in a most *lamentable* and *dismal* Year, but I am so far from thinking them unhappy, that I take it to be the highest *Mark* of the *Affection* and *Goodness* of Providence, to *remove* them out of their Miseries, and take away a *Life* from them, which would have been a perpetual Series of *Calamities* and *Vexations*. And therefore, if you can but so far *prevail* upon your self, as to believe that no *Misfortune* has happen'd to those *Friends*, whose Loss you so much regret, you will find that you have *beaten* your Grief out of one of its *strongest* Holds, and that very little *remains* to perfect your Cure : For when once all those *Branches* of your Sorrow, which had *Communication* with them, are dry'd up, you have none but your self left to mind : And one would think it no difficult Matter, for a Person of your *consummate* Prudence and Discretion, of which
you

you have given the World so many *Testimonies* even from your *Infancy*, to forget your Grief, especially when it is wholly *confind* to your self, and has nothing to do with the Miseries and Misfortunes of your *Friends*. Upon this Occasion, give me Leave to *represent* to you, that you have all along manag'd your self with that universal *Applause* in all your Affairs, both *publick* and *private*, that you are oblig'd in *Reputation* to preserve your *old Character*, and shew that you are still *Master* of all your former *Constancy*. 'Tis not enough for you, that *Time*, which uses to *conquer* the most *obstinate* Grief, will at last *abate* your *immoderate* Sorrow: You ought to *anticipate* so vulgar a *Remedy*, and should make Use of no other *Physician*, but your *Moderation* and *Prudence*. What *Woman* was ever known to *abandon* her self so excessively to Grief, upon the Loss of her *Children*, but at last she *ceas'd* her Lamentations? A Man of *Conduct* and *Temper*, will not tarry 'till so tedious a Healer as *Time* *closes* up the Wounds of his Sorrow, but will immediately call his Reason and Resolution to his Relief. Now, if this Letter of mine is so *happy*, as to give you the least *Ease* under your *Afflictions*, I shall think I have perform'd a very *meritorious* Work: But if it fails of Success, I shall however *satisfy* my self, with having discharg'd the Duty of a cordial and faithful *Friend*; in which you may *assure* your self I will never be found *wanting* to the *last* Moment of my Life.

Cicero to Lucceius.

The Argument.

One, who hath never been so conversant in Tully's Works, needs not to be told here, that the Desire of Glory was his predominant Passion, which perhaps he carry'd to an Excess. Accordingly, we find him very urgent in this Letter with his Friend Lucceius, a famous and learned Author, but none of whose Works are now extant, to write the History of his Actions, and particularly Carilines's Conspiracy, upon the defeating of which he valu'd himself so much. Monsieur Perrault, at the End of his Parallele des Ancienes & Modernes, T. 1. where he pretends to set the Moderns upon the same Level with the Antients, with what Justice I will not say, opposes to this Letter of Cicero, one written by Monsieur Balzac, to Cardinal de Richelieu, which the Reader will find below. What an Opinion Tully had of this Letter, appears, by what he says to his Friend Atticus, about it. *Epistolam Lucceio nunc quam mihi qua res meas ut scribat rogo, fac ut ab eo sumas; valde bella est. Ad Att. l. 4. Epist. 7.*

AN awkward Sort of Bashfulness has all this while hinder'd me from asking a certain Favour of you, altho' I have frequently endeavour'd to do it; and yet I can make a shift to communicate it to you at this Distance; because Letters don't use to blush. I am extreamly desirous, and I hope the World can't blame me for it, to see my Name made immortal in your Works. 'Tis true, you have often promis'd to do me that Honour; but excuse me if I am importunate and pressing with you upon this Article; for altho' I had always a very great Opinion of your Writings, you have never-

nevertheless surpass'd it; and I am so transported whenever I read them, that I am impatient to the last Degree, to have you *celebrate* my Actions with all *Expedition*: For 'tis not only my Desire, that *Posterity* should talk advantageously of me hereafter, and that my *Name* should live in future *Ages*. I am ambitious, while I am alive, to *enjoy* so authentick an Approbation as *yours*, to receive so distinguishing a Mark of your Friendship, and to be prais'd by a *Hand* so *universally* esteem'd. I am sensible, that while I am writing this *Letter* to you, you are engag'd in several other *Designs*; which you have undertaken and begun: But since your *History* of the Wars of *Italy*, and particularly that of our late *Civil* Commotions, is in a Manner *finish'd*; and since I heard you say, that you were going to begin the *Continuation* of them, I was resolv'd not to be *unmindful* of my self; and therefore beg you to consider, whether it will be most proper to insert my Actions into the *Body* of that *History*, or else to make a *separate* Volume of *Cautiline's* Conspiracy, as several of the *Greek* Historians have done? *Calisthenes*, for Instance, has compos'd a Treatise of the Wars of *Troy* by it self; *Timæus* has done the same, in his Wars of *King Pyrrhus*; and *Polybius*, in that of *Numantia*. I confess, that it does not much concern me in Point of Fame, whether 'tis so or no; but it highly concerns my present *Impatience*, not to wait 'till you come to that Part of your *History*, but to engage you, if possible, to dispatch me out of Hand. Besides, I foresee this Advantage in it, that if you confine your self to the Limits of one *Subject*, and of one *Person*, you will have more Room to display the *Fertility* of your Wit, and the *Riches* of your Eloquence. I am not ignorant what an *impudent* Request this is, considering the *Multiplicity* of Business which takes you up at present, and how ill it looks in a Man to *court* Commendation and Applause;

plause; but what will you think of me, if after all I don't deserve to be so much commended as I *desire*? But a Man that has once abandon'd *Modesty*, must be *heroically* impudent, and not do Things by Halves. For this Reason, I *earnestly* intreat you to *praise* me, and perhaps more than you think I *deserve*, without tying up your self so religiously to the strict Laws of *History*; and if you find any Inclinations for me (tho' remember it was pleasantly said by you, in one of your *Introductions*, that you were no more to be influenc'd by them, than *Hercules* in *Xenophon*, was by the Goddess of Pleasure.) let me request you not to check them, but for once make those Allowances to Friendship, which the Severity of Truth will not permit. Could I prevail with you to undertake this Affair, I dare engage it would not be unworthy of your Eloquence; for it might make a pretty *History* by it self, beginning with the Conspiracy, and ending with my Return from Banishment; in which Compass of Time, you might take Notice of all the Changes that have happen'd in this Republick; and either describe the Causes of these Disorders, or lay down those Remedies, that may be most proper to prevent them for the future. I shall wholly leave it to your own Discretion, to condemn or justify whatever you think deserves your *Censure* or *Commendation*; and if you have a Mind to express your self freely and openly, as your Custom is, you may take Notice of that perfidious base Treatment I have found in the World. With Submission, I say it, the Adventures of my Life will afford a Variety that must certainly please; for nothing gives a greater Pleasure to the Reader, than the Diversity of Times, and the Vicissitudes of Fortune. I must confess, that when I suffer'd under them, they were not very pleasing; however, the reading of them must needs be agreeable; for the Remembrance of a
past

past Affliction, gives a Man Joy, when he has no longer any Occasion to fear it; even those who never suffer'd any, and behold the Misfortunes of other Men at a Distance, without taking any Part in them, must surely find a secret Joy in commiserating them. It is possible for any Man to read how gallantly *Epaminondas* dy'd at *Mantineæ*, without feeling in himself some Compassion for the *Hero*, when he finds he would not suffer the fatal Spear to be pluck'd out of his Side, 'till he had ask'd whether his Buckler was in the Hands of the Enemy? And when he was told, that it was not, expir'd with Pleasure and Satisfaction? Who can read of the Banishment, and happy Return of *Themistocles*, without being sensibly affected at the fantastick shifting of the Scene? I may positively affirm, that the reading of our common *Annals*, makes no more Impression upon us, than the reading of an *Almanack*; whereas the dangerous and uncertain Revolutions in a Great Man's Life, inspire us with all Sorts of Motions, give us Admiration and Desire, Joy and Grief, Hope and Fear; and when all this is finish'd by some remarkable *Catastrophe*, the Mind, if I may so express myself, is sat'd with the Pleasure it finds in the Narration. And this makes me the more importunate with you, to bestow a separate Treatise upon this Tragi-Comedy of my Adventure; for so I may very well call it, since it comprehends so many different Acts, play'd at several *Intervals*, and carry'd on by so many various Motions: Neither am I afraid, that you'll suspect me of Flattery, for desiring to be prais'd by you, rather than any one else; for you cannot be a Stranger to your own Worth, and must certainly know, that those who don't admire you, ought with more Justice to be reckon'd among the Envious, than those who praise you among the Flatterers. Besides, I am not such a Fool neither, as to expect

immortal Glory from a Man, who will not obtain the same for himself by the Beauty of his Language, and the Elegance of his Work, even while he commends me. Thus, when we find that *Alexander* would suffer himself to be painted by none but *Apelles*, and none but *Lysippus* to make his Statue and Medals, 'twas not, because he had a mind to gratify and Humour these two great Masters, but because he thought, that the Excellence of their Art, as it would do Credit to them, would bring much more Glory to himself. And yet these famous Artists only gave the Representation of his Body to those that knew him not. And had it never been done, what had he lost by it? Or, indeed, what great Man makes the less Figure in Story, because his Portraiture was never taken? *Agessilaus* of *Sparta*, is no less esteem'd, although he never would suffer his Picture to be drawn, or any Statues to be erected to him, than those who were so extravagantly fond of these Vanities: For that little Book, wherein *Xenophon* has describ'd his excellent Qualities, has done him infinitely more Honour than the others receiv'd from all their Pictures and Statues. Therefore, if you'll oblige me so far, as to allow me a small Place in your Compositions, I shall be much more pleas'd, and think my Memory much better secur'd, than if all the Writers of this Age should conspire to do me the same Honour: For, not to mention the Advantages of a beautiful Stile, which I may as certainly expect to find from you, as *Timolean* found from *Timaeus*, or *Themistocles* from *Herodotus*, I shall have this farther Satisfaction, to see my self supported by the Authority of a great and deserving Man, who has shewn the Wisdom of his Conduct in the greatest and most important Revolutions of State: So that I shall not only have my Actions describ'd in the politest Language, not inferior to that

that which *Alexander* acknowledg'd to have been bestow'd on *Achilles* by *Homer* ; but I shall likewise have the grave and solid Approbation of the most illustrious Person of his Age. I love the *Saying* of *Hector*, in our Poet *Nevius*, who not only tells us, That, *It is a Pleasure to him to be prais'd* ; but goes farther on, and adds, *To be prais'd by a Praise-worthy Man*. Now, if you cannot oblige me in this Particular ; that is to say, if your other Affairs should hinder you, (for I cannot believe that you'll refuse me any Thing, by your good Will) I must be forc'd to do that for my self, which several Persons have often condemn'd ; I mean, to write my own *History* ; altho' 'tis certain, that I have the Example of several Great Men to justify me in so doing. But you know, my dear Friend, that there are many Inconveniences in an Undertaking of this Nature : A Man is oblig'd to write of *himself* with more *Indifference*, than he would of *another* Person, when he is to relate any Action that deserves *Praise*. On the other Hand, when he is to speak of his own *Defects* or *Infirmities*, 'tis natural for him to pass them over in *Silence*. Besides these *Disadvantages* there are many more behind ; a Man is apt to be less *believ'd*, when he tells his own Tale ; he talks with less *Authority* : In short, the World exclaims against him, and *says*, that he is more impudent, than your Trumpeters at the publick Sports, who after they have crown'd the other Conquerors, and solemnly nam'd them, when they themselves, at the Conclusion of these Sports, come to receive the *Crown* which they have deserv'd, desire a Brother-Trumpeter to do the Ceremony for them, lest they should be forc'd to *proclaim* their own *Victory*. Now, this is what I would *willingly* avoid ; and I shall *effectually* avoid it, if you will undertake this Affair for me, as I *earnestly* desire you ; and that you may not be surpriz'd to see me *beg* this of you with so much Eagerness, and in so tedious and so long

long a Letter, as if you had never given me your Promise to oblige the World with an exact *History* of all the Occurrences of our Time; I must farther declare, and confess to you frankly and ingenuously, that I am in *Pain*, as I have *already* told you, to see this *History* concluded by you in my *Lifetime*. Whether this proceeds from the natural *Impatience* of my Temper, or whether 'tis because I am desirous to be known by *your* Books, and to *taste*, while I am alive, the Pleasure of that *Glory* which they will *certainly* bestow on me after my Death; I conjure you to let me know what you design to do, if it will not be too troublesome to you: For if you'll set about it, I will furnish you with sufficient Memoirs; but if you defer it to another Time, you and I will talk more of it, when we meet next: But I hope you'll *immediately* take it in Hand, polish at Leisure what you have begun, and continue to love me.

Farewel.



LET-



LETTERS

From the best *French* Authors, adapted
to the Humour of the Times.

Translated by Mr. Tho. Brown.

*Monsieur Foutenelle's Letters, Author of the
Amusements.*

---- To Mademoiselle de J.----

*Upon sending to her a Boar in a Pasty, who had like
to have wounded him at the Chase.*

Madam,



Have ran the greatest Risque in the
World, but at last my Enemy is defeat-
ed, and now I send him to you, bound
to his good Behaviour in a Pye-crust.
I have order'd him to be well spic'd,
and season'd with Salt, to preserve the
Memory of my Triumph. Had I been acquainted
with the Receipt of the ancient *Egyptians*, I would
have

have embalm'd him, and made a Mummy of his Body: By that Means, he would have lasted numberless Ages; but it unluckily falls out with us Moderns, that we have no other Secret, but this of Paste. Imagine that this Animal, you see before you, had no great Mind that I should kill him: As soon as he saw me, away he scamper'd, as if the Devil had been behind him; but on a sudden turn'd full upon me, with a Felonious Intent to murder me: Upon which I deliberated with my self, what I had best to do. I could not tell, but you might have set him against me; for whenever I see any Thing that is dismal or terrible, I immediately conclude, that it comes from you. But after I had well examin'd the Boar's Countenance, I could not find, that he came upon any such Errand. There was another Difficulty still behind, and that was, to know whether I had not best die, to put an End to those cruel Torments you make me suffer; but there was too much Self-Interest, I thought, to take that Course; and I humbly conceiv'd it was for your Ladyship's Honour, that a Lover so faithful as I, should live, altho' he did not find his Account in it. Thus, the Zeal that I had for your Glory, cost the poor Boar his Life, who little imagin'd he had to deal with an Adversary, that was animated by so powerful a Motive. In short, I shot my Gentleman dead upon the Spot; and his Brother Boars, I presume, will have more Guts in their Brains for the future, than to pick a Quarrel with such as preserve their Lives on purpose for you. I should be the happiest Man in the Universe, Madam, if you would feed heartily upon him, out of Revenge, for having been so impudent to put me in Peril of my Life; and if that Consideration would make him go down the better with you, I am,

Your most Obedient, &c.

To

To Monsieur G—,

Upon the Cartesian Philosophy.

SO then 'tis a plain Case, I find, that you have lost your Understanding. It seems you are turn'd Philosopher of late; and what is more, you belong to that Sect of Philosophy, which is the oddest in the World. Among other Heretical Doctrines, you maintain, that there are no such Things as Colours: Nay, you pretend, that Beasts are Machines, and move by Clock-work. In fine, you turn Things topsy-turvy, after so strange a Rate, that a Man can't tell what to trust to. I spoke of it the other Day to Madam B—, who is very much your Friend, and is heartily afflicted at the loss of your Reason. I dare swear she would strangle *Des Cartes*, in one of her Garters, if she had him in the Room; for in short, his Philosophy is not to be endur'd in a *Christian* Country; it robs the Ladies of their Beauty, and makes them all as ugly as Witches. If there is no such Thing as Colours, there's consequently no such Thing as a fine Complexion; and what will become then of Lillies and the Roses in the Cheeks of our great Beauties? You'll come off but scurvily, let me tell you, if you think to appease them, by saying, that Colours are in the Eyes of those that look upon them, and not in the Objects themselves. The Ladies won't depend upon the Eyes of other Men, for their Complexion, but are resolv'd to hold it of themselves, and not at the Courtesy of every Spectator. If there are no Colours in the Night, our Friend Mr. N— is finely brought to Bed, who fell in Love with Madam L—, meerly upon the Score of her fine Face, and marry'd her. It would be a great Mortification to him, after

after having believ'd, that he has the finest Red and White in the Universe between his Arms, to find there is no such Thing as Red and White in Nature. But if the Complexion is a Cheat upon our Senses, what will you say to those Ladies, that practise the Mystery of Painting, and lay on the Carnation and the White as thick as Plaister? 'Tis certain, nothing can be more real, and so these Ladies will enjoy a Privilege above the rest of their Sex, I mean that of having a true Complexion: However all the World are of another Opinion, and will positively tell you, that theirs is not true.

I desire you to answer this Argument, at your Leisure: But this is not all; for Madam de B--- and my self have found out another Objection against your Philosophy. which you'll find it no easy Matter to solve. You pretend, that Beasts are no less Machines than Watches, Now, I dare engage, that if you put a certain Machine, call'd a Dog, and another Machine, call'd a Bitch, together in the same Room, there will result a third little Machine from their corresponding together; whereas you may keep two Watches together as long as you live, nay, till Dooms-Day, if you please, and they will never produce a third Watch between them. Now, Madam B---- and I, find by Philosophy, that any two Things that have the Faculty to produce a third out of themselves, are a Class much superior to that of Machines. We give you Time to consider of an Answer to these Objections; for we know very well, that you must consult your Books, before you'll be able to do it. Madam B---- sends you Word by me, that she will not receive a Visit from you, before you have made some Reparation to her Complexion. As for me, I assure you, I am a Piece of Clock-work new wound up, to go into your Service, and am

Your most obedient-Servant.

To

To Madam de V----

Upon sending her a Black, and a Monkey.

Madam,

A Frick, to oblige you, has exhausted herself, and sends you two of the oddest Creatures she produces ; so that nothing could be wanting to make my Present compleat, if I could send you a Crocodile to keep them Company. Both of them are in Perfection ; the Black is the saddest Dog of all Blacks, and the Monkey, the most malicious Devil of all Monkeys. I can assure you, that one of these Beasts has a mighty Respect for the other, and is a profess'd Admirer of his Ingenuity, and great Parts. You'll soon discover, that this Admirer is the Black. Besides that, it is an Article of Faith among those of his Nation, that the Monkeys have as much Reason as themselves ; but that they conceal it as much as they can, by not talking, for fear Men should clap Pack-Saddles upon their Backs, and make them work for their Living. This Black, Madam, has a particular Esteem for the Monkey, as having liv'd under the same Roof many Years with him, and has not a Jot of Understanding more, than he has learnt in his long Acquaintance with him. But I have one Advice to give you, Madam, and that is, to look him frequently in the Face. Our Blacks in France, turn tawny, and become of an Olive Complexion ; which is enough to scare *Lucifer* out of his Senses. The Physical Reason of this, is, because the Sun is not strong enough in our Climate, to keep up that charming Black which it gives them in *Africk* : But Madam, your Eyes, that are so lively and piercing, will supply the Defect of

of the Sun, and will not let him lose an Ace of his primitive Complexion. I am extreamly glad, that you will always have a Slave in your Presence, to represent me: He is not more yours, than I am. If he gives you any Occasion to have him well cudgell'd sometimes, to put him in mind of his Duty, he sometimes resembles me; for the Devil of Rebellion, often tempts me to revolt against you. As for the Monkey, pray don't be surpriz'd, Madam, if you hear Sighs come from him, that are strong enough to turn about a Windmill; if you see him pass whole Nights without sleeping a Wink; if you find him as melancholly as a Horse in a Pound, when he is not in your Company: In fine, if he eats little, and can't divert himself in any Thing; for I must tell, you, Madam, that, like a Trusty Servant, he has learn'd all this of his old Master, who is,

Your most Obedient, &c.

To the same.

Upon the Death of her Monkey.

I Am told, your Monkey is gone the Way of all Flesh, at which I am exceedingly griev'd; for I am like to be a great Loser, by his Decease, since I have no Body now to put you in Mind of me: But the *Monkey*, the unhappy Creature, I suppose, broke his Heart, because he was not able to imitate me before you, as well as he desir'd: Indeed there was nothing which he could not handsomly counterfeit with infinitely more Ease, than my Passion; but may his Destiny light upon all my Rivals, that shall have the Insolence to be the Apes of my Affection. Perhaps too the poor Thing drew your Displeasure upon himself, for endeavour-

your-

vouring to imitate my Passion, and so unluckily dy'd of Despair. If it is so, I have nothing left me to do, but to imitate him in my Turn, and to die after him. I am inform'd you have shed some Tears for him : It is something of the latest to repent for your ill Usage of the poor Creature ; but regulate your Conduct, I beseech you, by him, and don't oblige me to die, if you must needs regret me after Death. It is very probable, that if you so heartily lament the Party that imitated me, you'll grieve ten Times more for your humble Servant. I am an Original of Tenderness ; and if you lose me, you are not like to find my Fellow in haste, but must even content your self with such scurvy Copies. But, Madam, let me conjure you not to use the Black the worse, because he is my Representative. It would be very hard upon him, indeed, if for that Reason he must meet with the Destiny of the Monkey. Can you suffer nothing to be near you, that has the Misfortune to bear some Resemblance of my Fidelity and Devotion for you, but you must kill it by your Cruelty ? The Tears I shed for the Death of the Monkey, are better founded than yours, since his Adventure teaches me what I am to expect. Farewel, Madam ; but remember, if you please, that you cannot restore the late Defunct to Life again, but that you have still the Power to preserve

Your humble Servant, &c.

To Madam —,

How a young Gentleman, that had try'd all other Methods unsuccessfully, frighted his Mistress to comply with him, by threatening to starve himself in her Cloſet:

YOU will excuse me, Madam, if I have made bold to send you a short Account of a remarkable Accident, which lately happen'd in these Parts of the World; and for the Truth of which, I dare pawn my Reputation to you. It will give you a wholesome Testimony of the Power of Love, and serve to instruct you, that when a Lover is once positively resolv'd to gain his Point, the best Thing a Woman can do, is, to strike up a Bargain with him, and lose no more Time in capitulating.

Monsieur — had courted a Lady two Years; but was so unfortunate, as not to make the least Progress in her Affection. All his Services, his Cares, his Respects, his Complaints; in short, all his Tears and Protestations, had prov'd unsuccessful. One Day, happening to be alone with her in her Cloſet, he fairly and plainly told her, that since nothing was capable of touching her, he was fully resolv'd to die, and put an End to his Pains. This Discourse, I must confess, had nothing that was singular in it: For a thousand Men have threaten'd to dispatch themselves, that never intended it; but what follows, you'll own to be very particular. *And to the End, Madam, says he, that you may fully enjoy my Death, and have the Satisfaction to see it steal upon me by Degrees, I am resolv'd to die of Hunger here in your Cloſet.* With that he flung himself upon the Floor, resolving to put his Design in Execution from that very Moment. The
young

young Lady only laugh'd at him, and left him there, making no Question, but that he would be gone in less than a Quarter of an Hour. In the mean Time, the Evening approach'd, yet our rusty Lover still continu'd in the Closet. She came to see him, and ask'd him whether his Brains were not grown addle, and whether he intended to take up his Quarters there? To both which Questions, our Gentleman made no manner of Reply; so that the Lady was oblig'd to leave him. In short, the Night pass'd, and next Morning the Lady came very early, to advise him to lay aside this foolish Resolution; but all she could get from him, was, *Madam, I have already done my self the Honour to acquaint you with my last Intentions.* Having said this, he look'd languishingly upon her, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and turn'd his Head the other Way. On the third Day, our Lady, more perplex'd than ever, brought him something to eat with her own Hands. 'Tis impossible to tell you, with what a scornful Look he beheld it. He appear'd, in this short Time, to be considerably weaken'd; his Eyes look'd dead and heavy, his Complexion pale, and there seem'd to be something wild and distracted in his Looks. The fourth Day no sooner arriv'd, but our Lady began seriously and gravely to consider what a cruel Scandal this would be to her, if she did not take Care to prevent it. How! a Man die in my Closet, kill'd by Despair, kill'd by Hunger! I am utterly undone, if I don't hinder it. What malicious Stories will the Neighbourhood raise of me, if this should happen? Perhaps, by this Time too Love had gain'd some Ground upon her Heart; and I am apt to believe, for my Part, that Love work'd as powerfully with her, as the Fear of Scandal. However it was, she resolv'd to go and argue the Matter with him; and after a long Exhortation, which he did not seem to understand, because he was in a Man-
ner

ner dead ; she told him, That since all the Arguments she had offer'd to him, could not get him out of her Cloſet, ſhe was willing to let him go out upon his own Conditions. With this, our poor Lover caſt an amorous Look at her ; and ask'd her, whether what he heard was true, or only an Illuſion of his Senſes ? She ſatisfy'd him, that all was true ; when immediately Life return'd to him, and not only Life, but a ſurprizing Vigour, which enabled him to pay off Part of his Debt to Madam, before ſhe ever ſtirr'd out of the Cloſet. Never did Lover make a more honourable Retreat, that's certain. In all Probability, our Lady was mightily pleas'd with her own Charms, ſince they had Efficacy enough to perform ſo miraculous a Cure ; and I don't doubt but in Reality they had a good Share in the Miracle. But then, 'tis as true, that they ought not wholly to aſſume it to themſelves ; but to divide the Glory of it with a cold Neat's-Tongue, a Roll of Bread, and a good Bottle of Wine, which our Lover had dexterouſly convey'd under a Couch, which was in the Cloſet ; for you muſt know, that foreſeeing he was to die, he had taken Care, like a good *Chriſtian*, as he was, to make ſome Preparation for it before-hand. And now, Madam, methinks I ſee your Ladyſhip ſtriking your Fan againſt the Table, and crying, Was there ever ſuch a horrid Piece of Treachery acted ? What will this wicked Age come to ? And yet, Madam, I muſt take the Freedom to tell you, that I look upon that Woman to be happy, exceeding happy, who has a Lover that can cheat her ſo ingenuouſly : For, in the firſt Place, ſhe has the Honour of having done all that can be requir'd from a Lady of the moſt rigid Virtue ; and, ſecondly and laſtly, ſhe has the Pleaſure of finding her Appetite gratify'd, without the leaſt Injury to her Honour. I dare engage, that our young Lady has not been backward to teſtify her
Love

Love to *Monsieur*——: And that, to convince him of it, she has sent him Home an hundred Times since, with as much Satisfaction as then, and less Hunger. The Truth on't, is, he deserv'd this kind Treatment, if it were only for the Fruitfulness of his Invention. Others take Towns, by blocking them up, 'till they starve them; whereas our Lover carry'd the Place before him, by only pretending to starve himself. Well, this was certainly one of the prettiest Stratagems in the World! All the Mischief, is, that you Ladies for the future, will take no Notice of us Lovers, when we talk of dying for you; tho', after all, I am apt to believe, that it will do us no very great Harm neither. You may find, by this short Story, that our Cavalier had come off but bluely, had the Lady's Rigour continu'd: But to our Comfort be it remember'd, her virtuous Resolutions did not hold out so long, as a small *French Roll*, and a single Bottle of Wine.

To Mademoiselle de C——,

Upon sending an Extract of the Church-Register.

Madam,

I Can, without Vanity, boast, that I make you to Day a very considerable Present: In short, I give two whole Years; you thought you were twenty two Years old, and I bring it you attested in a Paper under Hand and Seal, that you are but twenty. Now, I reckon that I give you these Years which I take away from you, and indeed, in these Matters we never reckon otherwise. The two Years you thought had pass'd over your Head, are still to come; and I do my self the Honour to make you a Present of them. I am ready to die for Fear, Madam, that you will not value them, as they de-

deservē: But, good Heavens! the Man that was able to make such a Present to certain Ladies, that shall be nameless, what Favours might he not expect from their Hands? Where are the Charms and Graces, the fine Expressions, and Compliments, that can be put into the Ballance with two compleat Years? It is but reasonable, Madam, I think, that you should employ them wholly upon me, since you are indebted to me for them. When they are gone and pals'd, you may do what you please, I shall then pretend to have no manner of Right over you; but, with Submission, Madam, from the present Moment, till you are compleatly twenty two, you wholly belong to me. After that, I leave you just as I found you; at Liberty to break off, or continue the Commerce, according as you see convenient: But, if I find you not at all inclin'd to do me Justice, know, Madam, that I will suffer no one to love you, upon the Foot of twenty Years. Where-ever I go, I will proclaim to all the World, that, in Truth, you had not been so old by two Years, if you had not been so minded, but that you refus'd to accept them from me; and that since you don't love me, 'tis but requisite you should reckon your self twenty two Years old. You little imagine, perhaps, to what strange Hazards you expose your self, by making me Master of the Secret of your Age: For, 'tis a Secret, Madam, which those of your Sex keep inviolably to themselves, and perhaps the only one a Woman can keep. Several Ladies have trusted me with the Affairs of their Families; nay, even with their Intrigues; but I could never yet meet with one so open-hearted, as to trust me with her Age. There are a thousand Women, that will run up to the Mouth of a Cannon; that will hang or drown with as much Cheerfulness, as if they were going to a Gossiping; that will make you nothing to jump down four Stories; but I never found a Woman,

man, that had Courage and Resolution enough to tell her Age. The Truth on't is, the older they are, the more sensible they become of what Importance it is, that they had not so many Years upon the Account. As for you, Madam, who have not play'd your Cards so cautiously, as you should have done: You little think how you will tremble one Day, lest I should tell any Tales of you. Your Destiny will depend upon me; and there is nothing which I cannot force you to comply with, if instead of a Ponyard, I send you the Extract of the Church-Register. I suppose you laugh at my Menaces now, and think the Time is so far off, that you don't believe I shall ever live to see it. I am afraid indeed you'll prove a Prophetess; for unless you are less rigorous, you'll soon dispatch

Your most Obedient, &c.

To Monsieur de T---

About a young cross Devil of a Wife, that would not let her Husband have any Thing to do with her the first Night of her Marriage.

YOU are desirous to know what happen'd at my Niece's Marriage; and having an entire Confidence in your Friendship, I shall make no Scruple to acquaint you with the Secrets of our Family. You must know then, that we are in the strangest Confusion imaginable; and when the Storm will be over, a greater Conjuror than my self must resolve you. That young Fury, my Niece, has a mortal Aversion to her Husband, and would not suffer him upon the Wedding-Night to perform the usual Duties of Matrimony. We that knew nothing of what had pass'd between them, accosted the Bridegroom next Morning with the common Questions; asking him, how many Fingers he could shew?

and how often he had trespass'd upon Madam's *Patience*? He, on his Side, receiv'd us very coldly; whereas the young Slut never look'd so gay and pleasant in her Life. I could not imagine what should be the Meaning of it, unless it were, that the Bridegroom's Conscience privately reproach'd him for having given very slender Proofs of his *Manhood* the Night before, and his Wife insulted him for it; tho', at the same Time, I consider'd, that if the Case were so, his Spoule, in all Probability, would not be so *merry*! For what Woman, that has all her Fortune lodg'd in a Goldsmith's Hands, would rejoice to hear he was a Bankrupt? But, in Truth, I was far from divining the true Reason of her Gaiety, which proceeded from the Pleasure she took in having punish'd her Husband the Night before. Since her Friends would force her to marry against her Inclinations, she's resolv'd, by what I can find, to make her self amends for it, by playing the Tyrant to her Spouse; and the Success of her *Revenge*, which is Meat, Drink, and Cloth, to a true Woman, has given her that Air and Vivacity, that she looks ten times prettier than ever. My Sister, who you must know, is a very devout Woman in her Temper, is almost at her Wits End, to see her Daughter in so fair a Way to damn her self. And what is worse, to damn her self for a Sin, which, perhaps, not one marry'd Woman, since the Creation, was ever guilty of. For this Reason, she sent for some of the most learned and able Divines in *Paris*, to come and try what they could do with her; who very piously advis'd her to discharge the Duties of a Wife, as she was in Conscience bound; and quored a thousand Passages out of Fathers and Councils, out of the Civil and Canon Law, to prove, that she must obey her Husband *in omnibus licitis & honestis*, and not refuse him the Use of his own. But this silly Baggage answer'd them very pertly, that for her Part, she would neither

ther be govern'd by Fathers nor Councils; for what Authority had they to controul her? And endeavour'd to justify her Rebellion with such foolish idle Arguments, that our worthy Clergymen could hardly keep their solemn Countenances. When their learned Remonstrances were over, in came her Husband, who, by his obliging Behaviour, and tender Embraces, try'd to put her in a better Humour; but she was equally Proof against all these different Attacks, and minded him no more, than she did the Gentlemen in Black. I expected, indeed, that the Parsons would soon conquer her Obstinacy; because a Woman is easily persuaded to be complaisant to her Body, when she is told, that 'tis for the Health of her Soul: But as for her Husband, I never thought he would advance a Step by any Thing he could say or do to her. In Truth, he is so woful a Figure, that altho' our Spiritual Guides had stagger'd her in this foolish Resolution, yet the very Sight of him was enough to confirm her in her Contumacy. However, I must do him the Justice, as to own, that he omits nothing that may help to reconcile him to his Wife, and make him appear lovely in her Eyes. The Perfumer and the Taylor, the Embroiderer and the Sempstrefs, have taken a World of Pains to set off his Person; but, as I told you before, his Person is so incorrigible, that no Art can amend it. So that, to deal plainly with you, nothing gives me any Hopes in this Affair, but the Bridegroom's Resolution, who is not a Jot discourag'd: But, upon second Thoughts, I very much question, whether the Constancy of a marry'd Man will hold out so long, as that of a Lover's? For that very Thing, wherein he seems to have the Advantage of the latter, I mean, the Right he has to obtain what he desires, produces the quite contrary Effect; and is so far from helping him forward, that it proves a Rub in his Way. As the World goes at present, a Man sooner comes at

what is forbidden him than what he may challenge as his Due. And after all, I'll appeal to you, whether it would not be better for this poor Husband, to be engag'd in a short Skirmish of an *Intrigue* which is soon over, than to be only titular Master of a *Citadel*; which, tho' it owns his *Sovereignty*, refuses to open its Gates to him.

To the Same.

By what Means the aforesaid young Lady was at last brought to be complaisant to her Husband.

'TIS a Concatenation of merry Adventures, this *Marriage* of my Niece: She has been of late strangely indispos'd with the Vapours, which made her see very dreadful Visions, as Deaths-Heads, Winding-Sheers, Church-yards, and the like terrible Apparitions. All the Physicians she consult-ed, unanimously prescrib'd her Husband to her. At first, she could not bear the mention of this *Prescription*, and told the Doctors flat and plain, that they must find out some other *Remedy* for her. We then represented to the young Fool, that nothing but her Husband could cure her; that tho' the *Physick* he administer'd to her, would gripe her a little at first, yet it would go off in a Minute; that it would throw her into a fine *breathing Sweat*, and afterwards into the most *delicious Slumber* that could be. As for me, I offer'd her all the Duties and Services of a Lover, after she had try'd her Husband, in order to put the nauseous Relish of *Matrimony* out of her Mouth, as 'tis the Custom, you know, to take a little Spoonful of Sugar after *Pills*, to make one lose the *Taste* of them. As her Vapours still grew upon her, they help'd to fortify our Arguments: So, at last, after two Months holding out, the *Castle* surrender'd, and the Marriage-Rites were

were consummated. It went a little against the Grain with our Husband, to be taken like a Do e of *Calomel* or *Jalap*, by the Doctor's Direction: But what, I should think, he ought to take much nearer to Heart, he has been too profuse of his *Remedy*; and his Wife's Vapours have gone off too soon; so that now he is afraid, that he shall be no longer necessary to her; and, I fancy, enquir'd of a Physician t'other Day, whether there was not some Secret, to give the Vapours to Persons that had them not? I will take Care to inform my self better of this Affair. As for the young Gentlewoman, she is concern'd too; but 'tis because her *Distemper* has left her so soon; and, in my Conscience, would not complain, if it had visited her again, to see whether her Husband's *Receipt* is infallible. It cannot but afflict her too, to find her good Man triumph upon the good Success of his Medicine, and value himself an important Person. And indeed, of all the *frightful Visions* she has seen, nothing haunts her at present, but her domestick Lord and Sovereign, who, to her great Misfortune, sticks closer to her, than her Vapours, and is harder to be dislodg'd. During the Time that she kept off her Husband at Arms Length, and bid *open Defiance* to him, she had the Curiosity to go to an *Italian Astrologer*, to consult him about her Fortune; and the *Oracle*, by our Management, answer'd her, that she should be the Mother of several Children; but gave her not the least Encouragement of ever seeing herself a Widow. This Prediction was somewhat miraculous, considering how Matters stood with her at that time; for how could she expect any Harvest, while she suffer'd her Ground to lie untill'd? But as Women are naturally superstitious, and easy of Belief, Sir *Sidrophel* soon persuaded her, that this was her Destiny. Thus, partly out of Obedience to the Stars, which foretold that she should have Store of Children, and partly out of Fear of lying alone,

when the Deaths-Heads, and other frightful Apparitions came to visit her, my Niece has, with great Difficulty, been prevail'd upon to comply with that, which she ought to have submitted to out of Duty.

To Monsieur de F——.

Desiring his Advice, whether he should marry a certain Lady, that was recommended to him.

Dear Friend,

I Never stood more in Need of good Advice, than at this present Writing; and I conjure you to assist me, to the best of your Skill. My Friends would have me marry: But, deal plainly with me, don't you think this Affair somewhat too serious for one of my Temper; and that I am not worthy to be admitted into so honourable a State? For my Part, I never had one grave solid Thought in all my Life, yet never found my self the worse for't; and must I now begin to be plagu'd with them? Well, but who do you think they would have me marry? Why, Madam A——, the most sage and discreet Person in the Universe. Methinks I see her already advise me to lead a more regular Life, love me by Rule and Method, and take it for granted, that she shall have a Child by me every Year. The other Day, she gave me an Item of her Resolutions which did not a little discompose me. She told me, that it was impossible for a Woman of Virtue to continue long a Widow, without being expos'd to strange Inconveniences. Now, nothing but a Woman, that was very confident both of her self, and her own Reputation, durst maintain a Discourse of this Nature. But does she think, I am the Man that must put an End to her dolesom Widowhood? Well then,

then, what say you? Are you not of the Opinion, that I should be a very rash Man, to engage in this Enterprize? What perplexes me most of all, is, that the Party, to do her Justice, is very deserving in every Respect; so that I am reduc'd to the sad Necessity of coming to a grave Deliberation, or threaten'd to be posted for a Sot, if I don't comply with so advantageous a Proposal. Better Men by far, than my self, would be glad to receive it on their Knees. I am inform'd, the Lady speaks very favourably of me in all Companies: Perhaps she proposes the Satisfaction to herself, to convert me, and make a stay'd, sober Husband. If this is her Design, I am undone to all Intents and Purposes. For what will become of me, if ever she reconciles me to that troublesome Companion, *Reason*? I have been considering with my self, whether 'tis not more likely, that I shall sooner spoil her Gravity, than she reclaim me from roving. A very pretty Design this, for a Man to have in his Head, when he is going to take a Wife! But, upon second Thoughts, I dare not flatter my self, that I shall be able to do this; for I find, that in Spite of my Teeth, she commands a Respect from me, which will certainly give her a strange Superiority over me. I am not at all afraid of being govern'd. I am afraid of being made a grave plodding Fellow. They will put me upon Offices and Employment; they will plague me with Projects and Designs, and settling Fortunes upon Children; and, for my Part, I have not Courage enough to trust my self with any such terrible Ideas. Oh! that at this present Minute some good-natur'd Earthquake would swallow all her Lands and Tenements at one Gulph; that some quick-sighted Lawyer would find out a Flaw in the Title of her Estate; or that some charitable Palsy would seize her from Head to Foot! How should I think my self oblig'd to any such favourable Ac-

cident, that would fairly disengage me out of this troublesome Affair, without any Fault on my Side! For, by my good Will, I would not be guilty of one; neither would I give the World a just Occasion to reproach me upon that Head. You cannot imagine how strangely I am alter'd, for the worse, within this four Days, since I have had this Conflict within my Breast. I never thought so much in my whole Life, and find, by Experience, that Thinking is an Exercise, which by no Means suits my Constitution.

To the same.

Wherein he gives him an Account that the Match is broke off.

*In cheerful Airs you Joy discover,
Hymen's Tyranny is over,
Sing Io Pæan, every Lover.*

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MY Marriage is broke off, God be thank'd. 'Tis true, I am somewhat in the Fault; but my Honour is safe before Men; and I am resolv'd to make you the Confident of my Amour. I went Yesterday to Madam A—'s House, being carry'd thither in Spight of my Teeth, trembling, sweating, confounded and distracted with the bare Thought, that I was going to treat of that dreadful Affair, call'd Matrimony. I dare swear, never did Girl of Fifteen suffer more, from her Modesty, on the like Occasion: I am sensible, that this Comparison is too faint to represent my Confusion; therefore I will give you one, which will make you much better comprehend my Case. In short, I was so much chang'd, that had you seen what a wretched Figure I made, how sneakingly I look'd, and with what Gravity I entertain'd Ma-
dam

dam A——, you would certainly have taken me
 —— (nay, don't be startled at what I am going to say) for a grave serious Man, the Father of at least half a score Children. I don't know whether my Mistress flatter'd herself, that this blessed Alteration she observ'd in me, was purely owing to the Ambition I had to please her: But if she did, I can assure her, she reckon'd without her Host. At last, the Person who negotiated this Affair between us, taking me aside, after a World of Cringe and Ceremony, thus accosts me,—— And well, Sir, how do you like my Lady? —— Does not every Thing about her answer the Character I gave you? —— You'll certainly live the happiest Life in the World with her. To my Knowledge, there are four Marquisses, and an old Judge, keep their Beds, because she will have nothing to say to them. After a great deal of such impertinent Stuff, squeezing me by the Hand, and sneering in my Face: Under Favour, says he, I hope you have brought your Writings with you; for we have a Counsellor in the next Room, who will peruse them in a Moment; not but my Lady takes you to be a worthy Gentleman, and so forth; and would sooner have you, than the best Peer in the Land: But you know, Sir, that the World loves to be satisfy'd in these Matters; and who would be so unfashionable, to oppose what the World does? A little Love, and a little Money, says a good old Proverb. Nothing is to be bought in the Market, without a Penny, says another. Four Legs in a Bed, cries a third, want something to keep them warm. And though my Lady has no Occasion for your Estate, yet there is a fourth Proverb, which tells us, That it is good to walk with a Horse in ones Hand. The old Gentleman had no sooner concluded this fine Speech, but the Devil put it in my Head, to make my Estate much less than it was; a Piece of Policy which, I dare swear, has been practic'd by none but my self. Well, I was forc'd to betake my

self to this Shift; for the Match must certainly have gone forward, if I had not prevented it by some Artifice. The Officer was so very advantageous, that I could not openly reject it: And, for my Part, I was glad of any *Excuse*, that would hinder the Proceedings, provided I could do it without being discover'd. Therefore I resolv'd to put this Design in Execution, and frankly told him, that my Fortune was not so great, as the World took it to be: That my Father had very much incumber'd the Estate, before it came to my Hands; and that there were some Legacies, and two or three Portions, still to be pay'd out of it. Tho' I made my Condition much worse than it was, yet still I was afraid, that the Lady would accept me for all this: However, I resolv'd to trust *Nature* with the *Event*; which does not commonly suffer it self to be carry'd to that Excess of *Generosity*; and thus I expected to receive my Denial, with Abundance of Thanks and Praises. It happen'd just as I expected. But what sets me a laughing, as often as I think on't, this prudent Lady, as I was *Yesterday* inform'd, had *carefully* computed, whether her and my Estate together would be able to purchase a Place for her eldest Son, and such another for a second, and so on for a third: For, as she is a Person of wonderful Regularity and Method, she had already contriv'd Fortunes for all the Children she was to have by me; and, in my Conscience, she had reckon'd before-hand in what Order the Boys and Girls were to be born. You may imagine what a Pleasure and Satisfaction it was to me, to see my self so happily deliver'd from so ticklish a Bargain; for I flatter'd my self, that let whatever Woman come to my Share, I should live full as happy with her, as with this Arithmetical Lady. The next Time I did my self the Honour to wait upon Madam *A*——, I carry'd all my usual Gaiety with me: For knowing now I was in no Danger of marry-
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ing her, I had no manner of Awe upon my Spirits; nay, what is wonderful, I thought her ten Times more charming than ever; so that I would have given her a Cast of my Office, with all my Heart, if she had been so minded. 'Tis true, she is a grave discreet Lady: But there is no Favour in the World I would refuse her, to testify my Gratitude to her, for refusing to marry me. In short, I am damnably mistaken, if she has not some new Graces, which I could not discover in her before this Refusal; and, perhaps, nothing but the Terror of Matrimony hinder'd me from seeing them all this while. This, you'll say, is very strange and wonderful; but, upon the Word of a Friend, 'tis as true, as that I am

Your most obedient Servant.

A Letter of Monsieur de Balzac, to Monsieur de la Motte Aigron.

The Argument.

The younger Pliny, in one of his Epistles, gives us a large Description of his Villa, or Country-Seat at Laurentum; to which Monsieur Perrault opposes this of Balzac. Of both these Letters, 'tis pleasantly enough said in the Apologie de Balzac, that the latter describes his House, like an Orator, but Pliny, like a Mason, that had a Mind to part with it to the next Customer.

WE had Yesterday one of those fine Days without a Sun, which, you say, resembles the blind Lady, with whom *Philip the Second* was so much in Love. To tell you the Truth, I never was so well pleas'd in my Life with being alone. And although the Place where I walk'd, was
a large

a large spacious Heath, which could be put to no fitter Use, than I know of than to serve for a *Stage* for two *jolly* Armies to engage upon; nevertheless, that agreeable *Shade* which Heaven gave me on all Sides, hinder'd me from desiring that of Grotto's and Forests. 'Twas a general Peace from the highest Region of the Air, to the Surface of the Earth; the Water of the River seem'd to be as standing, as that of a Lake; and if our Vessels that go to Sea, were always to find such a Calm there, as they could not escape, so they could not be destroy'd in it. This I say on Purpose to make you regret the losing so fine a Day in the City, and to tempt you to make a small Trip into the Country, to come and taste the Pleasures of the antient Patriarchs, who quench'd their Thirst with Fountain-Water, and had no other Nourishment, but that which fell from the Trees. We live here in a small Valley shut up on every Side with Mountains, from whose antient Sides, some Grains of that precious Metal still descend, of which the first Ages were made. When War is busy in all the four Corners of *France*, and within an hundred Paces of this enchanted Spot, the whole Ground is cover'd with Troops of Soldiers; yet our military Squadrons, by common Consent, spare this humble Sanctuary; and the Spring, which uses to open with Sieges of Towns, and other Warlike Exploits, and which, for these twelve Years last past, has been less expected for the Change of the Seasons, than for that of Affairs, shews us nothing new, but Violets and Primroses. Our People preserve themselves in their Innocence, neither by the Fear of Laws, nor by the Study of Wisdom. To do well, they only follow the simple Dictates of Nature, and receive more Advantage from their Ignorance of Vice, than we derive our boasted Knowledge of Virtue; so that in this happy Kingdom, of half a League in Compass,

pass, we know not what it is to cheat, except it be the Birds and Beasts. And the vile Jargon of that eternal Babler, the Law, is a Language full as unknown to us, as that of *America*, or any other new World, that has escap'd the Avarice of *Ferdinand*, and the Ambition of *Isabella*. Those Things that destroy human Health, or offend their Eyes, never had any Footing in this charming Paradise. We are troubled with no *Lizards* or *Snakes*; and we know no other Reptiles, but our Melons and our Strawberries. I will not pretend to trouble you with the Description of a House, which was never built according to the nice Rules of Architecture; and whose Materials are not altogether so precious, as those of Marble or Porphyry. I will only tell you, that before our Gate there is a Wood, where at full Noon we have just Day enough to let us know that it is not Night, and to hinder all Colours from being Black; so that between the Obscurity and the Light, there results an agreeable Mixture, that cannot injure the weakest Eyes, and conceals the Defects of the most indifferent Faces. Our Trees are green to the very Root, as well with their own Leaves, as those of the Ivy that embraces them; and if they bear no Fruit, their Branches are full of Turtles and Pheasants all the Year round. From this delightful Place, we come to a Meadow, where we tread upon Tulips and Anemonies, which I purposely sow'd among the other Flowers, to confirm me in the Opinion I learn'd Abroad in my Travels, that the *French* Women are not so pretty, as the Foreigners. I sometimes walk down to the Valley, which is the most retir'd Part of my Desert, and which no Man ever enter'd before me. In this Place, which 'tis impossible almost to describe, I chuse to contemplate upon my dearest Recreations, and to pass the sweetest and most innocent Hours of my Life. The Water and the Trees, between them,

them, always furnish us with something cool and green. The Swans, which formerly cover'd the whole River, have retir'd to this Place of Security, and live in a Canal, which silences the greatest Talkers, as soon as they draw near it; upon the Sides whereof I am always happy, whether I am chearful or melancholy. Upon the least Stray, I make in this delicious Place, methinks I return to my primitive Innocence; my Desires, my Fears, and my Hopes, leave me all on a sudden; all the Motions of my Soul stop in their full Career; and either I have no Passions at all, or if I have any, they are wholly at my Command. The Sun affords us enough of his heavenly Face, but does not disturb us with his Heat; the Place lies so low, that it can only receive the last Points of his Rays, which, for this Reason, are so much the finer, and shine with a purer Light. But as it was I that first discover'd this new Land, so I possess it, without a Co-partner, and would not so much as let my own Brother divide the Sovereignty of it with me. As for every Thing else, I have not a Servant, who is not Master of it; every one takes his Fill of what he loves, and thus the Time passes merrily on all Sides: So that where-ever I see the Corn bearen down to the Ground, or the Grass levell'd, I immediately conclude, that neither Wind nor Hail did it, but a Shepherd and Shepherdess. Let me go which Way I please out of my House, and turn my Eyes towards any Part of this agreeable Solitude, still I behold a Chrystal Rivulet, in which the Beasts, when they drink, behold the Heavens, as clear as we do, and enjoy that Advantage, which otherwise Men would rob them of. But this pretty Rivulet is so much in Love with this pretty Place, that it divides it self into a thousand Branches, and makes an infinite Number of Islands, that it may longer enjoy the Pleasure of so bewitching a Prospect; and when it overflows its Banks,
tis

'tis only to make the Year more fertile, and furnish us with its Trouts and Pikes, that much exceed the Crocodiles of the Nile, and the fabulous Gold of all the Rivers of the Poets. The great Cardinal of *Richlieu* sometimes comes down hither to taste a new Sort of Happiness, and leaves behind him that severe Virtue, that Pomp which surprises all the World, to take up softer Qualities, and a Majesty more sedate. This mighty Minister whom Heaven has chosen for its Instrument, to perform so many great Exploits, and who is never out of my Thoughts, after he had lost a Brother so well accomplish'd, that if he might have chosen out of all Mankind, he could not have made a happier Choice: I say, after he had suffer'd a Loss, which deserv'd the Tears of the Queen, he came down hither to find Satisfaction, and receive from God's own Hands, who loves Silence, and inhabits Solitude, that Relief which is not to be found in the Systems of Philosophy, and the Tumult of the World. I could bring other Examples, to convince you, that my Desert has been visited, in all Times, by illustrious Hermites, and that the Footsteps of Princes and great Noblemen, are still fresh in my Walks. But for my concluding Invitation, I need only tell you, that *Virgil* and I expect you here; and that if you bring down your Mules, and your Papers with you, we need not Trouble our selves with the Intrigues of the Court, or the Confusions of *Germany*. Let me die, if any Thing can be finer, than your Writings, and if the least Paragraph of the Book which you shew'd me, does not infinitely exceed all *Franckfort-Fair*, and those unweildy Volumes we receive from the North, to which we are indebted for the above-mention'd bulky Blessings, as well as Frost and Snow. I know indeed, that the famous President *de Thou*, who was as nice a Judge of the *Roman Eloquence*, as he was of the Characters and Qualities

lities of Men, had a mighty Opinion of the Writings of those Countries: But, for my Part, I cannot imagine what should make him so much in Love with a People, whose Wit is cast in so different a Mould from his own, and who have not the least Relish of the *Latin* Purity, which you endeavour to copy with so scrupulous a Care, and so exact a Niceness. I don't doubt, but that you will shew these *Northern* Gentlemen, as likewise those Pretenders on the other Side of the Mountains, who fondly think that all, but the *Italians*, are meer *Laplanders*, after what Manner Men talk'd in *Augustus's* Age, when Learning and Eloquence were at the Height, and before the *Roman* Palates came to be debauch'd. Besides that Propriety of Words, and Chastity of Stile, which gives so much Perspicuity to every Thing you write, it must farther be own'd, that your Thoughts are so bold and free, that one would almost swear, that the antient Republick of *Rome* spoke the very same, when she commanded the whole Universe; and that the Senate us'd the same Language in the Injunctions they lay'd upon Kings, and the Answers they sent to all the Nations of the Earth. But we will talk more of this when you come to my Habitation, where I long to see you, and where for the Flowers, the Fruits, and the delicious Shade I am preparing for you, I expect you will bring me all the Riches of Art and Nature. To use the Expression of my Lord Cardinal *d'Offat*, I give you a good Night; but must make bold to tell you, that if you look out for any sorry shifting Excuses, to hinder your coming down to see me, I am resolv'd to be no longer

Your most humble Servant,

Balzac.

A

A Letter of Monsieur Balsac, to Cardinal
de Richelieu.

The Argument.

Balsac here thanks his Eminency for condescending to write a Letter to him, wherein he was pleas'd to express himself in Favour of his Works. As I have already observ'd, Perrault opposes this Letter to that of Cicero to Lucceius; but with what Justice, the Reader will easily discover.

My Lord,

THE Letter you did me the Honour to write to me, has done me as much Credit, as if the Publick had erected a thousand Statues to me, and I had been assur'd from some infallible Authority, that my Writings deserv'd Commendation, To be prais'd by the Man, whom our Age opposes to all Antiquity, and whom Heaven may safely trust with the Government of this sublunary World, is a Happiness which I could not have wish'd, without Presumption; so that I can scarce resolve my self as yet, whether it is a Reality, or only an Illusion of my Fancy. But if it be true, that my Eyes don't deceive me; and if it be likewise true, that you have pass'd your Judgment in my Favour; you, who have been chosen by all France, to carry her Petitions and Prayers to the King, and by the King, to carry his Dispatches and Orders to his Armies and Cities; I must own to you, my Lord, that you have over-paid me before-hand for all the Services I shall ever be capable of doing you; and I should be the most ingrateful Creature upon the Earth, if after I have receiv'd so distinguishing a Favour, I should
pre-

pretend to complain of my Fortune. And indeed, since the Preferments and Honours of this World are, generally speaking, either the Inheritance of Folly, or the Recompence of Vice; and Virtue is forc'd to content it self with bare Esteem and airy Praises, ought I not to think my self fully rewarded; I, who have receiv'd from your Goodness, that which our greatest *Generals*, when they come Home attended with *Conquests*, can hardly hope for? In short, when I have every Thing, which your Eminency might expect for your great and immortal Actions, if there were another Cardinal *de Richelieu* to reward you for them. But, my Lord, this last is a Happiness, which will always be wanting to your Glory; so that after you have appeas'd the Fury of an enrag'd Multitude, by your single Presence; after you have perswaded the *European* World, by the Force of your Arguments, to carry their Arms to the *Holy Land*, and deliver from Servitude that Country, which had the Honour to behold our Saviour's *Cradle*: After you have brought over to the Church an intire *Body* of People, as well by the *Authority* of your *Example*, as that of your *Doftrine*; who is it that can pay to your Merits that Incense, as they deserve? Or where can you find any one to relate the Miracles of your Life, as I have done, to encourage my poor Studies, and small Performances? This gives me a Satisfaction which I cannot conceal; and my Joy is too just to be secret. Is it possible, that so great a Genius, to which *Heaven* has prescrib'd no *Bounds*, and which was ordain'd from its very Youth, to perswade *Kings*, to instruct *Ambassadors*, and teach the Statesmen of four succeeding Reigns? Is it possible, I say, that so great a Genius should have an Esteem for me? In whose Esteem his very *Enemies* agree; and who, where he is pleas'd to bestow his *Approbation*, effaces all Diversity of Opinions? If so inconsiderable a Man as I am, pretended to disturb the Kingdom,

dom, I should strive to ingratiate my self with the Malecontents; and if I design'd to make a Figure in a populous State, I should find my self oblig'd to court the good Opinion of all sorts of People. But, my Lord, give me leave to tell you, that I never took any delight in Confusion and Disorder; and that it has been always my Ambition to please a few Persons, and those too of the most exquisite Judgment. Since you have been pleas'd to declare your self in my Favour, and have brought over the better Part of the Court to your Side, I am not at all concern'd at what the rest of the *World* think of me; but leave them, like so many *Turks* and *Infidels*, who make up by far the greatest Part of Mankind, to go into their Errors. But, my Lord, I have the Vanity to believe, that there is not in all *France* one Man so well conceited of himself, or so fondly addicted to his own Opinion, but will be convinc'd, that I am not altogether without Merit, since your Eminency has vouchsaf'd to write me so obliging a Letter, and will readily acquiesce in so authentick a Testimony. If it is certain, that even the Truth it self would not be able to keep the Field against you, I make no Question, but where these two concur, the Judgment they pass, will be own'd and approv'd by all the *World*. Thus, my Lord, I repose my self safely on this Foundation: And whatever Enemies the Reputation you have bestow'd upon me, has created me; yet when I consider who you are, and what an Influence you have upon all that know you, I am not in the least apprehensive of carrying my Cause, since you have been pleas'd to espouse it. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble
And most Obedient Servant,

BALZAC.

To

To Monsieur de A-- , at Paris.

Being a short Account of the principal Things he observ'd in England.

IF the People of London talk'd French, a Man would almost fancy himself in the midst of France. Both Sexes go exactly dress'd as they do in Paris ; and bating a few Things, the Manner of living is the same. Since our Arrival here, we have seen all the remarkable Places in this Town, as *White-Hall, Somerset-House, St. James's, Westminster-Abbey, St. Paul's, Temple-Bar*, the two *Exchanges*, and several other Buildings, which we shall give you a large Account of at our Return: One Thing we much exceed Paris in ; and that is, the great Number of pretty Ladies, who are most plentifully furnish'd with Bubbies. As this is a cheap Commodity here, and very scarce in France, I was thinking to buy a good Quantity of them, and send them you in a Vessel pack'd up by two and two, with red Ribbons between them. I concluded that so delicious a Merchandise would not be unwelcome to you, and that you would be very well pleas'd to furnish some of your Acquaintance with them, who want them, and would willingly lay out their Money that Way. But upon second Thoughts, considering that your Custom-House Officers, who let nothing escape them, without examining, would fuly them with their unrighteous Hands, I laid aside this Design ; knowing full well, that such nice Commodities would be spoil'd with handling, and lose all their Charms and Beauty, before they could come to you. It was a sensible Mortification to me, that this Obstacle oppos'd my Design, and hinder'd me from affording you
this

this Satisfaction. Since I have mention'd the *English* Ladies, I must inform you, that they are terribly cruel in their Temper; but 'tis not such a Sort of Cruelty, as gives Occasion to mournful Elegies; that makes the disconsolate Lover hang or drown himself; that delights in the Martyrdom of Hearts, and the Complaints of desponding Wretches; for according to the best Advices I can receive, they make none of their Gallants die, but by overloading them with their Favours. But they are cruel, according to the Genius of their Nation: They love Blood and Slaughter; and after the Manner they talk of it, one of their humble Servants cannot give them a more agreeable Diversion, than by stabbing some body or other in their Company. And this is so certainly true, that a Stranger cannot but observe, how this barbarous Inclination reigns even at their Plays, and in their Theatres. You know, my worthy Friend, that 'tis an inviolable Rule of our Stage, not to expose any tragical Objects to the Eyes of the Spectators: And therefore our Poets that know the Sweetness of our Temper, never exhibit any bloody Representations upon the Stage, nor suffer any Murders, or violent Actions to appear there. On the contrary, the *English* Dramatick Authors, to flatter the savage Humour, and Barbarity of their Country-men, make no Conscience of shedding Blood upon their Theatre; nay, adorn their Tragedies with the most cruel Catastrophes that can be imagin'd. Hardly a Play is acted, but some body is either *hang'd* or *torn* to pieces, or *murder'd* in it; and at such Passages, the Ladies clap their Hands for Joy, and are ready to burst their Sides with laughing. I had almost like to have forgot, that they never fail, once or twice a Week, to see the Prize-Fighters hack and mangle one another at the Bear-Garden, who, to please these good-natur'd Spectators, cut large Collops out of one another's Carcasses. By this, you may judge
of

of the Temper of the *English* Women. However, I would not have you conclude from hence, that they are *cruel* in all other Respects; for, as I have already observ'd, they are *favourable* enough to Lovers. 'Tis a frequent Thing to carry them to the Tavern, where they'll take their Brimmers heartily, 'till they can scarce find their Way out of the Room; and then to be sure, they are not in a Humour to deny their Gallants any Thing. There is a famous publick House, near *Moor-Fields*, where the Master keeps a parcel of *Fidlers* and *Dancers* in constant Pay, who have nothing to do from Morning to Night, but to divert those that come thither to drink. Here the whole *Quintessence* of their Gallantry is to be seen at one View: They are never without abundance of merry Fellows, that carry their Mistresses thither. The House is somewhat built after the Manner of an Amphitheatre; and the principal Sport being in the Middle of the Room, the Company behold it at the greatest Ease imaginable. I have been there, and had my Share in the Diversion it affords. We likewise went to see *Hampton-Court*, where the Court is at present, and which is the *Fountain-bleau* of *England*. We had the Honour of seeing their Majesties there: The young Queen is low, and of a brown Complexion; and by her Face, 'tis easy to discover, that she has a great deal of *Goodness* and *Sweetness* in her Nature. She has brought some four or five *Portuguese* Ladies with her, that are the most deform'd, ill-look'd Devils, that ever bore the Name of Women. When a Man sees them among the *English* Maids of Honour, that attend her, he would be apt to swear, that Heaven and Hell were jumbled together, and that Angels and Furies were lately reconcil'd to one another. But this is not all the Trumpery which the Queen has brought with her out of her own Country; for her Majesty has a Consort, as 'tis call'd, of Citterns, Harps, and the Lord knows what

what Instruments, that make the most wretched Harmony that ever was heard. Going to hear Mass, we were oblig'd to suffer this vile Persecution; and tho' I have none of the nicest Ears, I never heard such hideous Musick since I was born. As for *Hampton-Court*, 'tis a magnificent Pile of Building; but, upon my Word, comes not up either to our *St. Germain's*, or *Fountain-bleau*, no more than *White-hall* is to be put in the same Scale with the *Louvre*, or *St. James's House* with *Luxemburgh Palace*. When I was shewn that dismal Place, where the late King had his Head cut off, I could not forbear to pour out a thousand Imprecations against this Rebellious Nation; and was infinitely pleas'd to see the City-Gates, and other eminent Places, adorn'd with the Heads and Limbs of those execrable Regicides. *Cromwell's* Head, of accurs'd Memory, was, very much to my Satisfaction, plac'd over *Westminster-Hall*. I wish that the publick Examples of these Criminals may deter all Rebels for the future, and secure the Peace and Dignity of the *British* Throne, which has hardly recover'd the terrible Shock it receiv'd in the late calamitous Disorders. And now, Sir, having seen all that is worth the seeing, we begin to think of taking our Leave. Our Pockets have been most cruelly emptied since we have been here; for *Shilling* is the Word upon every Occasion. 'Tis impossible to make a Visit to an *Englishman*, unless the *Shilling* marches in the Van. For my Part, tho' I understand as little of their Language as I do of *Arabick*, yet methinks they talk of nothing but *Shilling, Shilling, Shilling*, everlastingly. In short, for this, and twenty other good Reasons, 'tis high Time for us to prepare for our Departure; but alas! 'tis with some Regret we take up this Resolution. The Sea us'd us so discontentedly in our Voyage hither, that we would not, if we could possibly avoid it, expose ourselves

selves again to its Fury : Therefore, Sir, if you desire to see us once more in *France*, you must, with all Expedition, build us a Bridge from *Dover* to *Calais* : Otherwise I don't see how we shall get over.

I am,

Your most Obedient Servant.

To Monsieur des A—, from *Antwerp*.

Giving a Description of what our Author observ'd in Flanders.

WE are now at *Antwerp*, and, in a few Days, intend to visit *Holland*. 'Tis worth any curious Man's while to make the *Tour of Flanders* : Here are a World of noble Cities, infinitely finer than ours in *France*. I had sent you a large Account of them, 'if my Friend Mr. L. B. had not prevented me in my Design ; for he has acquitted himself with so much Care and Exactness, that 'tis impossible to add a Syllable to what he has written. By Virtue of his Letters, you'll see every Thing as distinctly and plainly, as if you had it before your Eyes ; so that they give you all the Pleasure of our Voyage, without ever stepping a Foot out of *Paris* for't. However, I am afraid that, at our Return, he'll make you pay your Part of the Expence ; for 'tis not reasonable you should contribute nothing towards it, who receive the same Satisfaction as we, yet suffer none of the same Inconveniences. Thanks to the Relations he has sent you, from Time to Time, you have beheld every Thing that is beautiful and remarkable in *Flanders*, sitting perhaps at your Ease in your Elbow-Chair at *Paris*, while we are jumbled to Death in some cursed Waggon, that almost shocks us to Pieces : Not to inflame your Reckoning, by telling you, that we are forc'd to take up with the

the most Pagan Food that ever was known, to have Butter mingled in all our Sauces; Butter in the Beginning, and Butter in the Conclusion. To this I might add, that in abundance of Places, they understand our Language no more than *Greek* or *Hebrew*; so that if I desire the Servant-maid of the House to bring me a little Water, ten to one but the Gipsy lays a huge Loaf before me. Not but that we have that necessary Animal, call'd an Interpreter, with us: But Heavens! what a damn'd Plague is it to talk by an Interpreter? If the Fellow leaves you but a Moment, all that while you must lose two of your Senses, and resolve to be deaf and dumb: Besides, Sir, consider how it must put a Man to the Blush, to ask for certain Things, that shall be nameless, by an Interpreter? And what a cruel Penance is it to a Person of my intriguing Temper, not to be able to whisper a few civil Things into the Chamber-maid's Ears, especially if she's handsom? Thus I have shewn you some of the Inconveniences we lie under. However, our Friend Mr. L. B. as tender and nice as he is, has perfectly inur'd himself to all these Hardships. That sickly Gentleman, who could not have rid from *Paris* to *Drancy* for his Heart, and who would not have gone a Mile without a Coach, to purchase the *Indies*, is the easiest Man in the World now, when he's in a Waggon, stow'd up between some Tumbelly'd Monk, and some jolly *Flemish* Hostess, lying upon a wholesome Bundle of Straw, where he displays all his Stock of *Dutch* at once, to make himself understood in such illustrious Company. Would you not be wonderfully pleas'd now to see him in this merry Equipage? But, as I hinted to you above, he that was so mighty squeamish and sickly at *Paris*, is grown as robust as *Hercules* in his Travels; and, I can assure you, has no other Illness about him, but that of not sleeping so well a-Nights; but the Mischief on't is, that he makes

me baer a good Share of his Illness. When he can't sleep himself he wishes all the World were awake, and is stark mad to see any one enjoy his Rest, when he's without it. And yet one would think he uses Exercise enough, in all Conscience, to make him sleep; for we hardly pass thro' any Town of Note, but he must make the Tour of it upon the Ramparts, and this, for the most part, on Foot; for a Coach is a Convenience that is not always to be had. This is not all; he must get you up to the Top of the highest Towers and Steeples, that are of a prodigious Height, in this Country. Five hundred Steps of Stone or Wood, and above these five hundred Steps, four or five confounded Ladders, with some thirty or forty Rounds in each, terrify him no more, than if he had serv'd an Apprenticeship to a Mason. 'Tis to no Purpose to tell him, that unless he had learn'd to dance upon the high Ropes, he must expect to break his Neck, and that he would not get a Minute the sooner to Heaven, for dying so high above Ground. All Remonstrances of this Nature, are perfectly lost upon him; nay, what is worse, he obliges me to follow him in all these Frolicks; me, I say, who, to purchase all the Wealth of the Universe, would not be hit in the Teeth with dying in the Air, for Fear of dishonouring my Family; and who, besides, am not altogether so curious as he is, to see the Fortification, Plan, and Situation of ev'ry Town we pass through. These are his constant Recreations every Day that passes over his Head, and yet he does not sleep a jot the better for't. The perpetual jangling of the Chimes too, in all the great Towns of *Flarders*, is no small Ear-sore to us. 'Tis a Sort of Musick, that pleases a new Comer for twice or thrice; and one that was never us'd to it before, must needs be surpriz'd, to hear a Set of Bells play all the Notes of a Courant or Jig, as distinct-

ly

ly as a Spinette or Harpsichord : So that the Fellow that looks after the Clock, may let every Family, in any of their Towns, a Dancing, without putting them to a Farthing Expence for Violins, and other Instruments. As I told you, 'tis a pleasant Surprize enough ; but, take my Word for it, a Man soon grows weary of the Noise ; for this Harmony stuns one every Quarter of an Hour : So that the Lord have Mercy, say I, upon all good *Christians* that live near these Steeples ; but especially upon such, as, like our Friend Mr. L. B. have no great Inclination to sleep. Heaven be prais'd, we shall remove into another Country to-morrow, where the Bells are not so clamorous and importunate. Before I leave this Town, I cannot but own to you, that *Antwerp* is one of the finest Cities a Man can desire to see. The Magnificence of the Churches, the Cleanness of the Streets, the fine Furniture of the private Houses, is a quite different Thing from what we have in *France*. There is hardly a Tradesman's House, without a abundance of good Pictures in the Rooms ; for most of them have a natural Genius to Painting. The People are honest and Industrious ; the Women beautiful and free ; and for that Reason, not given to Gallantry, whatever Stories you may have heard of the many Conquests the *French* made at *Brussels* among the Fair Sex. I think 'tis impossible to give a stronger Demonstration of their Chastity, than that there are certain Societies of Religious Women, call'd *Beguines*, here. In some Places, you may see eleven hundred of them lodge together, who take no Vow upon them, go about the Town when they please, receive Visits from Gentlemen in their Chambers, and use all the innocent Freedom imaginable ; yet it was never heard, that they were suspected of the least Gallantry, or charg'd with any the least scandalous Disorder. Having told you this, you may easily

fly conclude, that the *Flemish* Ladies have no mighty Inclination to Love. I dare pawn my Reputation, that if we had such Houses in *France*, where young Women might dispose of themselves as they fancy best, without any Guardian, or Husband to controul them; that Intriguing would be much more in Vogue among them, and that our *French* Ladies would not be altogether so reserv'd and cold, as those of *Flanders*. I am

Your, &c.

To the Same.

A Description of Holland.

THE Persecution I suffer from Mr. L. B. daily increaseth upon me. A Man that travels in his Company, ought to renounce Sleep for good and all. Because, forsooth, I sleep a little better than he does, he immediately concludes, I take too large a Dose of it, and everlastingly buzzes in my Ear, that it may be prejudicial to my Health. Ever since we came from *Delft*, where, besides the famous Tomb of the Prince of *Orange*, we saw that of Admiral *Tromp*, whose Epitaph begins with, *Hic jacet qui vivus nunquam jacuit*, he daily recommends him to me as an Example to follow; and to qualify me for having such an Inscription upon my Tomb when I am dead, would never have me go to Bed, by his good-will, while I am alive. Let me conjure you, Sir, the next time you write to him, to desire him to give civil Quarter to your humble Servant, and endeavour to persuade him, that such Persons as I, who have more Body than Soul, ought to be allow'd half as much Sleep again as other Mortals. You may back this, if you please, by representing to him, that during our Stay in *Holland*, he ought, at least, to give me Liberty of Conscience, which is the best

best and most staple Commodity of these Provinces. Since I have mention'd the Word *Liberty*, it may not be amiss to observe to you, that these fat Gentlemen keep a furious Pother about it. A Man that hears them talk of the *French*, and their Government, would swear we were nothing else but a Pack of Slaves and Vassals, with the Rod always at our Posteriors, to make us mind our Business; and that no People are so fit to command the Universe as the *Dutch*. They talk of *Crown'd Heads* with as much *Arrogance*, as the antient Citizens of *Rome*. They rail incessantly at our Constitution, at our selling of Offices, and other Places, pretending I know nor how many Abuses are occasion'd by it; and say, that nothing but true Merit and Virtue advances a Man's Fortune in their Country. If what they say is true, 'tis certain, that only those that have the biggest Bodies, and greatest Bellies, have the most Merit to recommend them; for I have remark'd, that there needs no other Qualification, to make a Man a Counsellor, or Burgomaster, but a mighty Paunch: For which Reason, if our Friend *L. B.* has a Mind to continue in these Provinces, I believe, without flattering him, he may justly pretend to the highest Preferments of State; for altho' he sleeps very little, yet the Butter, Cheese, and Beer, upon which, at this present Writing, he feeds as heartily as a natural *Dutchman*, have so exceedingly improv'd the Bulk of his Person, that you'll bless your self to see him at his Return. However, I don't believe he'd settle his Abode here, tho' to possess himself of the highest Post in the Government; for as you know him to be a very good Catholick, the Difficulty of going to Mass here will be an invincible Obstacle in his Way. The Truth on't is, I am exceedingly scandaliz'd, that those Sons of Circumcision, the *Jews*, should be allow'd more Elbow-room at *Amsterdam*, than honest Catholicks. Your Bawdy-houses at *Paris*, live not

in half the Dread of that Heathenish Animal, the Commissary of the Ward, as the poor Mass-houses here. However, I have had Leisure enough to observe, that not the Men, but the Government, has this Aversion for our Religion. The *Hollanders* don't so much hate *Rome*, as they do at *Madrid*; and, for my Part, 'tis an Article of my Faith, that they would sooner be prevail'd upon to submit to the Pope, than the King of *Spain*. Happening to be in Company with some *Butter-Boxes*, t'other Morning, a Friend of ours, that was in the bantering Strain, told them, that the Inquisition was certainly going to be put down; that a Protestant Minister had lately got Leave to preach publicly at *Madrid*: In short, that his Catholick Majesty was upon the Point of declaring himself a *Hugonot*. Upon this, a fat *Hollander* in the Room, twirl'd his *Whiskers*, and in the Fulness of his Heart, reply'd, That if the *Spaniard* turn'd *Hugonot*, the *Hollanders* would find themselves oblig'd to turn *Catholicks* the next Moment after. And now, Sir, I leave it to you, to determine, whether they have any real Affection for their own Religion, or any positive Aversion to ours. It may justly enough be affirm'd of them, that they hate nothing in the World, but the *Spanish* Tyranny, and love nothing cordially, but their *Silver*. Were it not for this, they would infallibly be the *honestest* Fellows in the Universe. As for their *Women*, you may take it for a general Rule, without Exception, that they are fair Complexion'd, and pretty to a Miracle. In *North-Holland* particularly, all the Lasses have such delicate Heads of Hair, and so agreeable a Mixture of White and Red in their Cheeks, that the most indifferent among them, would pass for a topping Beauty at *Paris*. At the same time, I must frankly own to you, that the generality of them are little better, than so many Images in Wax-work, and have no greater a Share in *Understanding*, than merely to distinguish Beer from Wine, and Butter from Cheese;

Cheese ; so that a Man needs not put himself to any great Expence in Oaths, to persuade them that he's in Love with them. Altho' they have no great Inclination to Gallantry on Nature's Side, yet 'tis no difficult Matter to draw them into the Net. They do, out of downright Stupidity, that which our Women in *Paris* do out of Gaiety ; but then their Carcasses are so cold and phlegmatick, that they have so wick-ed a Relish of Joy, that, as I am credibly inform'd, in the very Crisis of Pleasure, and in the most transporting Moments of Bliss, they'll eat Apples, and crack Nuts. But this is not all I have to surprize you with. In the Business of Gallantry, nothing can be so diametrically opposite to *Paris*, as *Amsterdam*: For here none but your young Maidens will grant you any Favours ; but when once they are got within the Circle of Matrimony, and have pronounc'd these terrible Words, *for better for worse*, you may sooner borrow Money of an Usurer, than prevail with them to shew you the least Civilities. While they are at your own Disposal, you may make them fetch and carry, lie down, and do what you please ; but when they have taken the dismal Name of Wives upon them, all the Wealth in the *Indies* will not tempt them to injure their Husbands. And indeed, they derive no little Advantage from this politick Self-denial ; for they govern their Husbands at Discretion, who are such tame passive Creatures, that, to this very Hour, it was never known, that a marry'd Man in *Holland* bestow'd any Conjugal Discipline upon his Wife. If a Man should administer a few transitory Kicks to his crooked *Rib*, tho' the Provocation were never so just, he must expect to be sent to *Bridewell* for his Pains, and do two or three Years Penance in Prison: And the Reason is, because no Man is allow'd in this blessed Country, to do himself Justice. Nay, a Master, or Mistress, that should be so ill-advis'd, as to give their Footman or Servant-Maid a Box on the Ear,

Ear, would certainly be call'd *coram nobis* for't, and
 forc'd to pay them a Year's Wages, tho' they had
 liv'd but five Days in their Service. After this, I
 leave you to judge how insolent these Vermin are,
 and whether you would chuse a Valer out of *Hol-*
land? But if this Custom is faulty, they have o-
 thers that deserve to be imitated. As for the Cro-
 ses and Afflictions of the World, they have the best
 Maxims that can be imagin'd. Not to displease
 those worthy Gentlemen, the *Stoicks*, who have
 preach'd so long upon those Thread-bare Topicks
 of Constancy and Resolution, the *Hollanders* have
 put that in Practice, which the others have only
 recommended in Theory. Certainly, no People
 in the World receive Misfortunes with less Emo-
 tion. Let what Accidents soever befall them, they
 comfort themselves, that something worse might
 have happen'd to them. If they chance to break a
 Leg or an Arm, they think themselves favourably
 dealt with, that they did not break their Necks. If
 a Tempest at Sea sinks some of their Vessels, they
 thank Heaven for sparing the rest; or if their Hou-
 ses are burnt down by Fire, they are well enough
 pleas'd that they escap'd it themselves. Thus, Sir, you
 see what admirable Consolations they give them-
 selves in *Holland*, which are not so commonly practis'd
 in our Climate. I should swell this Letter to too enor-
 mous a Bulk, should I pretend to set down all those
 useful Maxims, that are establish'd here for the Re-
 pose of human Life: For then I should be oblig'd
 to waste a great deal of Paper, to acquaint you
 with those just and solid Notions they have of
 Love and Honour; how much they despise these
 two foolish *Chimera's*, and how they laugh at us
 for paying a servile Adoration to a Brace of worth-
 less Idols of our own making. Besides, if the
Hollanders can't boast so ready a Wit, and and so
 fruitful an Invention as ours, yet they may justly
 boast a greater Application to Business, and more
 In-

Industry than we. 'Tis indeed prodigious to observe, that a Country, which hardly produces any Thing of its own Growth, should yet have Plenty of all that the Universe affords; which is intirely owing to their infinite Trade, and the good Constitution of their Government. The Limits of a Letter are too confin'd, to recount to you a thousand remakable Things; as the Magnificence of the *Stadt-House*, at *Amsterdam*; the Neatness and rich Furniture of their private Houses, which are built so as to answer one another; the Beauty and vast Numbers of their Canals, in the midst of their Streets, all of them planted with great Trees, on each Side so regularly, that a Stranger can hardly tell whether he sees a City in a Forest, or a Forest in a City. To this I might add, with what Art, as well as Expedition, they can build you a Ship or a House; the vast Expence and Trouble they are at in keeping their Dikes, and what wonderful Correspondence which their Traffick gives them in all Corners of the World. In short, Sir, I should be forc'd to write an entire Volume, to give you a tolerable Account of all the Wonders of this little Republick. But I may very well spare you the Trouble of my Relations; for you are in great Danger, let me tell you, of meeting a greater Persecution than you expect. Our worthy Friend Mr. L. B. is almost resolv'd, since he's in the Humour of Travelling, to make a Visit to *Denmark*, *Sweden*, *Poland*, and the rest of the Northern Countries. However, I am in good Hopes we shall make the best of our Way to *Liege*, thro' *Bois-le-duc* and *Maastricht*; and when we are got safe thither, we shall soon determine how to dispose of our selves. Thus, Sir, you see that, in Spite of the Proverb, I am like to leave *Holland*, without making my Fortune there; not that I have been wanting to my self, in any Respect to bring it about; but the Mischief on't, is, that I have

have not as yet been able to find out any Employ^tment that suits my Inclination, except it be that of teaching your young Wenches of about Fifteen or Sixteen, the *French Language*, with whom their Masters take all the Familiarity you can wish, and persuade them to do every Thing they have a Mind to do, provided they tell them 'tis the Mode and Fashion of *France*. If I knew but a little *Dutch* to introduce me, this would be the fittest, as well as the most agreeable Way of turning the Penny : But as 'tis my Misfortune to be able to speak no other Language, but what I learn'd of my Nurse, and a few Fragments of *Latin* which I pick'd up at a College, I am forc'd to leave *Holland*, as I told you before, without making my Fortune there. However, I can honestly assure you, that I am not, in the least, mortify'd at it, since I should be asham'd to find it any where else, but in your Friendship, as being, with the utmost Sincerity,

Your most humble,

And most obliged Servant.

A Letter to a Gentleman, wherein is describ'd the Humours of a drunken Rencounter.

Dear Jack !

O mihi post nullos.

TH O' at this present juncture, *superos, & conscia sidera testor*, I am in no very good condition to write Letters, *secessum scribentis & otia querunt*, because my Head akes, *accessit fervor capiti*, and with lasts Nights drinking my Hand trembles *quid non ebrietas designat*, yet I cannot forbear, *tenet insanabile multos*, to send you an Account of our meeting at the Sun, *forſan & hac olim meminisse juvabit*, and what happen'd upon it, *Exitus acta probat*, but I'll endeavour to be as brief as I can, *summa ſequar feſtigia rerum*, for I hate Prolixity and all its Works.

Works. You must know then, that a parcel of young Fellows of us, *in cura curanda plus aequo*, met at the Sun to drink some Tokens sent out of the Country, *O rus quando ego te aspiciam*. At first we were exceeding chearful and merry, *nunc te Bacche canam*, the Glasses troll'd about like lightning, *nec mora nec requies*, we drank Prosperity to old England, *dulce & decorum est pro patria*, nor was the best in Christendom forgot, *spelunca alta fuit, vastoq; immanis hiatu*. So far then every thing went well, *hac Arethusa tenus*; but you know the old saying, Pleasure has a Sting in its Tail, *nocet ampla dolore voluptas*, People seldom know when to give off, *O quantum in rebus inane*, for mark what follow'd, *felix quem faciunt*, we had the Devil and all to do before we parted, *Alecto stygiis caput extulit oris*, nothing but Bloodshed and Desolation, *bella horrida bella*, and a Woman occasion'd it all, *dux femina facti*. One in the Company it seems was deeply in Love, *omnia vincit amor*, so he began his Mistresses Health in a Bumper, *Navia sex Cyathis*, swearing she was an Angel, a Goddess, and I know not what, *trahit sua quemq; voluptas*; but his next Neighbour, like a Fool, refused to Pledge him, *quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit*. Upon which Rogue and Rascal strait ensued, *nulli tacuisse nocet*, one ill Word begot another, *verba accusandi genitivum regunt*, after which Bottles and Candlesticks flew like Hail, *jamq; facis & saxa volant*, and some undermining Moles in the Company, that no Body cou'd tell what to make of, *incerti generis sunt talpa*, blew up the Coals to make more Mischiefe, *spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*, till at last all of us were hooked into the Quarrel, *O miseri, quae tanta insania, cives!* 'Twas to no purpose to preach up Peace and Moderation, *in campo si quis assellum*, for the Wine was in, and the Wit was out, *fecunda calices quem non fecere?* One with his Maz-zard demolished, *quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*, fell down on the Floor, *dat gemitum tellus*, and lay as flat

flat as a Flounder, *procumbit humi bos*; r'other with his Nose dismounted, *quis cladem illius noctis*, fell a swearing like a Dragon, *tercentem tonat ore deos*, and flung the Monteith at his opposite, *furor arma ministrat*. A third had his Eyes clos'd up, *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*. A fourth his Lac'd Cravat and Perriwig torn to pieces, *quis funera fando explicet*. In short, the Distraction was universal, *peste vacat pars nulla*, it reign'd from Dan to Beersheba, *ab ovo usq; ad mala*, for by this time all of us were at pell mell, *legitq; virum vir*; but such a Noise, and such a Confusion, good Lord! *ferit aurea sidera clamor*. I warrant you there was Work enough for the Chirurgions, *multa vi vulnera miscet*, but it's an ill Wind, you'll say, that blows no Body good, *aliquisq; malo fuit usus in illo*. At last the Man of the House appear'd, *vir gregis ipse caper*, with a Constable and a Mob of Watchmen at his Heels, *una eurusq; notusq; ruunt*, commanding us in the King's Name to keep the Peace, *tolite barbarum clamorem*, and not to fight like Beasts or Dutchmen over our Drink, *pugnare Thracum est*: What, says he, do ye think there are no Magistrates in the Neighbourhood, *Creditis avertos Danaos*? Or do ye know my Lord Mayor and the City no better, *sic notus Ulysses*? Come pack up your Awls and be gone, *ille regit distis animos*, or I shall send you all to the Counter, *horriseno stridentes cardine portæ*. Upon this the Mutiny was soon squash'd, *omnis pelagi cecidet fragor*, and to conclude, this was the issue of this Tragical Night, *hæc finis Priami factorum*; but who the Plague could have foreseen it, *quid si futurum cras fuge querere*. However, I shall have more Wit for the future, *piscator sapit ictus*; so begging your pardon for this tedious Letter, *veniam petimus dabimusq;* vicissim, I promise you, *Ne quid nimis* shall hereafter be the Word, with

Your most humble

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L. I.

The End of the First Volume.

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